

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

[See poem next page.]

NEW YEAR'S RHYMES.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

*Pertinent, if not pretty, touching, with an unconventional brush, peculiar attributes of the season,
and presenting them in an interior view.*

The New Year's treasures are all unsealed,
And a wealth of love and mirth revealed;

The girls and boys,
Absorbed by their toys,
The tribute of admiration yield,
Shouting their glee in voices as gay
As those that gladden the airs of May,
When birds do sing, and waters play,
In the season's vernal holiday.

* * * * *

"Happy New Year!"
Rings sharp and clear,
As, swinging wide the yielding door
And pattering barefoot o'er the floor,
Childish forms, with faces bright
Glowing there in the morning light,
Great paternal eyes,
That, with assumed surprise,
Look out upon the messengers in white,
And bless the spectacle that greets their sight.
"Happy New Year!"

And in its tone of cheer
Sweet sympathies expand, and we respond
With tone as eloquently fond,
But tearful, loving, with a thought they have
not conned.

* * * * *

New Year's day!
Ye mortals, say—
Ye who, o'er life's troubled main,
Do haply deign at times to turn again
To where the home-fire burns still bright—
Seest thou, in looking back,
One spark along the track [flight,
Like this which yearly marked time's rapid
When joy,
That then knew not alloy,
Urged the full heart-beats of the generous boy?

* * * * *

Such treasures before eye ne'er hath seen!
The great, great earth,
For our exclusive mirth,
Hath all the year long toiling been,
To make us happy as king or queen,
If it be no hoax
To call such happier than other folks:
Brought from places near or far,
From a rocking-horse to a toy-cigar,
A china set or a railroad car,

A milkmaid, warrior or tar,
An ark, or a tavern minus the bar,
A croquet box or a perfume jar,
A doll that's crowned with a golden star,
The glory of the gay bazaar—

Humble and high,
They tempt the never-tired eye
Of children wheresoe'er they are!
Richard has a brau new boat,

A sloop of unpretentious guise;
To him 'tis the fairest craft afloat,
A real A1-der in point of size;
And Tom unlocks
From his New Year's box
A pleasing and familiar toy,
To tickle the fancy of a boy—
A tor!

And he holds it up in a tempting way,
Its many beauties to display,
Praising it as the merchant may,
(That he will become some distant day,)
His codfish, calico or bay,

Asking Richard to swap!
The Yankee bud in germ displayed,
To blossom some day in the airs of trade.
But Dick is far too bright a chap;
He has a head beneath his cap—

His lot 'twill be
To sail the sea,
And bring back indigo and tea—
And therefore, being "up to trap,"
He tells his brother, with aspect grim,
His top-sale is too much for him;
He'll hold his sloop, nor let it slip,
And, like brave Lawrence, "ne'er give up the
ship."

* * * * *

O New Year's wishes and New Year's gifts,
Golden words and works are ye!
Like sunshine breaking through golden rifts
Of clouds that hang o'er life's dark sea;
Lighting up shores of glad some green,
Sky of beauty and crystal wave,
With loving breezes to cheer the scene,
Giving strength life's ills to brave.
O happy season of the heart!
That in thy praise itself outpours;
A starting-point in time thou art
For other and more blissful shores.

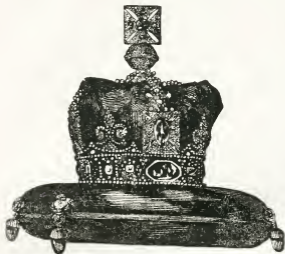
[SEE ENGRAVING.]

CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND.

It has ever been a weakness with the English monarchs to love jewelry, and plenty of it, but for its intrinsic value, as a convertible

thing their fine things under glass cases for show, entertained the idea that they would be better in some more convenient locality, and under their own eyes, where they could appropriate them at convenience, without the trouble of calling upon inquiring cabinets to help them. The weakness, however, is what Mr. Samuel Weller would call an amiable one, inasmuch as every one is disposed to love jewelry, especially if it is intrinsically valuable, though when included among taxable assets, and subject to the dooming of the assessor, its equivalent in greenbacks is far preferable.

The ancient monarchs had very little regard for heirlooms; and transmitted jewels, though associated ever so closely with their royal predecessors, however remote, passed away before the simoon of necessity, that terminates with the smelting-pot. Diamonds and gems, pledged on loans of money, were, however, redeemable, and those of one generation were taken up by the rulers of the



QUEEN'S, OR IMPERIAL CROWN.

medium that might at pleasure be turned into money, to meet any exigency of state, or any "corner" requiring funds. British royalty,



OLD IMPERIAL CROWN (Charles II).

unfortunately, always has required considerable money to carry out its role of magnificence, and the ancient kings, instead of put-



PRINCE OF WALES'S CROWN.



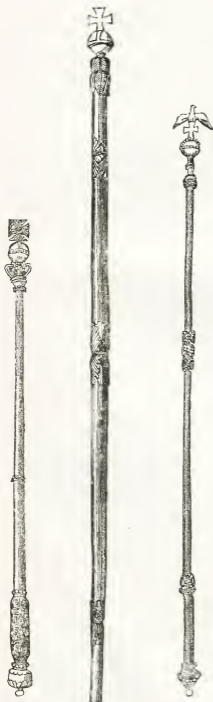
QUEEN'S DIADEM.



QUEEN CONSORT'S CROWN.

next, through good-natured parliaments and lenient chancellors, to be again "spouted," as the exigency might offer. Thus, when Henry III., who had quarrelled with his nobles, judiciously confided his jewels to the care of the Queen of France, he obtained a supply of money upon them from the French merchants sufficient to meet the expenses of the rebellion, leaving them to be redeemed by his successor.

Edward I. was a prudent monarch, and made no such speculating transfer of the brilliant "portable property" pertaining to the crown. He owned no less than four crowns; one set with rubies, emeralds and pearls; one set with Indian pearls only; a third mounted with emeralds and rubies; and, most valuable of all, the great crown of gold used at his coronation, ornamented with



Temporal Sceptre. St. Edward's Staff. Spiritual Sceptre.
(Victoria.) (Victoria.) (Victoria.)



IMPERIAL ORB.

emeralds, sapphires, rubies and large eastern pearls. We publish an inventory of his smaller wares, as transmitted us by history: gilt combs and mirrors, pearl-covered ewers, silver-gilt mugs, knives and forks in silver sheaths, crosses set with precious stones, silver girdles and trumpets, gold clasps and rings, and a fine collection of amethysts, topazes, sapphires, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, carbuncles, garnets and chalcedonics. These were deposited in Westminster Abbey, from whence many of them were stolen by the monks of London, during the absence of Edward. Some were found upon receivers, who were imprisoned in the Tower, but the fate of the real thieves is not known.

Following the fortunes of succeeding monarchs, we find Edward III. raising war-sinews by pawning his crown and jewels to the Flemings. His grandson redeemed them, but

pawned them for ten thousand pounds to the Bishop of London and the Earl of Arundel. Richard II. was improvident, and pawned his jewels. Henry V., when about fighting for his claim on France, pawned his "Rich Collar" for £2800, to the Mayor and Commonwealth of London, and another collar, garnished with rubies, sapphires and pearls, to the Bishop of Winchester and the city of Coventry. The former he redeemed the next year; the latter was in pawn when he died. His son, the sixth Henry, was always in the market. He borrowed of his "uncle," in a double sense, the rich cardinal, Bishop of Winchester, seven thousand marks (\$22,540), pledging therefor the "Rich Collar," a gold sword garnished with sapphires, known as the sword of Spain, the Sklyngton collar, three gold tablets — St. George, Our Lady and

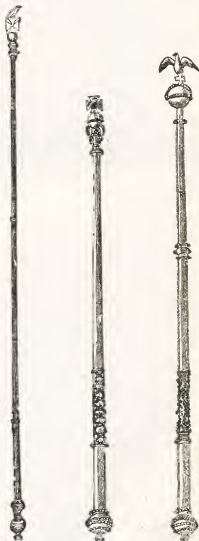
lords and ladies. The Earl of Suffolk was asked to replace a quarter of a million's worth. He did not replace them, however, but put in a plea of condonation. Among the crown jewels inventoried by the order of James, were a crown imperial of gold; two circlets of gold;



QUEEN CONSORT'S ORB.

Christ's Passion—a great alms-dish, "made in manner of a shipp full of men-of-arms feyghtyng upon the shipp side," and divers chargers, dishes, chalices, pots, basins and saucers. The bishop was an extortioner, and conditioned that the pledges should become his property if not redeemed within a year. Later, Henry "put up" two gold basins, a gold tablet, and a little bell of the same material, to the Earl of Buckingham, as security for the payment of himself and soldiers for services rendered in France.

Down to Elizabeth, the monarchs made no loans; perhaps because the supply had become exhausted. Elizabeth lent money, instead of borrowing, and left behind her a cupboard full of plate, belonging to the house of Burgundy, which she held as security for advances made to the states of Brabant. James I., immediately upon his accession to the throne, ordered an inventory of all the jewels and valuables left by Queen Bess, and to collect those she had allowed to remain in the hands of certain



Marie d'Este's Sceptre. Temp'l Sceptre. Spirit'l Sceptre
(William IV.) (William IV.)

fifteen gold collars; "a great and rich jewel of gold, called the Mirror of Great Britain, containing one very fair table diamond, one very fair table ruby, two other large diamonds, cut lozeng-wise, garnished with small diamonds, two round pearls, and one fair diamond cut in

fawcetts," a great two-handed sword, garnished with silver, presented to Henry VIII. by the pope; and three pieces "esteemed to be of unicorn's horn." In the year 1617, James was much offended with the aldermen of



AMPULLA.

London because they refused to advance him a hundred thousand pounds upon the crown jewels, that sum being wanted to defray the moiety of the cost of his progress into Scotland. However, he contrived to raise sixty thousand pounds upon them in some other quarter.

His majesty's "progresses" were extensive affairs. On the occasion of making a petty journey to Otelands, Oking and Windsor, his purse-bearer wrote, "We are driven to hardships for money, and all too little, so that we are fain to make sale of jewels for twenty thousand pounds to furnish out this progress."

Charles I. borrowed money freely on the crown jewels, without the advice or consent of his counsellors, with his customary imperiousness denying their right to interfere. He sent the Duke of Buckingham to the Hague to negotiate loans upon them, but it was with the greatest difficulty that the sum of £38,000 was raised. The delayed payment of the interest on this caused a threat of distress, and to save the honor of the crown, Charles ordered the sale of four thousand tons of iron ordnance to the States-General for £120,000. With this sum the honor was redeemed, but the recovered plate went to the smelting-pot to appease other Dutch creditors. Charles was an imperious and unscrupulous fellow. Not satisfied with pawning the crown jewels and plate,

scallop-shells, with the saint hanging to it by a couple of little chains; also, a gold lorayne or double cross, set with diamonds and rubies; an old jewel in the shape of the letter M; a circlet of gold "new made for our dear mother

Queen Anne, having in the midst eight fair diamonds, eight fair rubies, eight emeralds and eight sapphires, and garnished with thirty-two small diamonds, thirty-two small rubies, and sixty-four pearls, and on each border thirty-two diamonds and rubies;" and a girdle of rubies in the form of red and white roses — possibly

first worn by Elizabeth of York, whose marriage with the victor of Bosworth field united the white rose with the red. Charles was a great patron of jewellers, when the poorest, to one of whom he sold two large diamonds for £12,454. The very year that Buckingham was begging the Dutch money-brokers for loans on the crown jewels, he ran in debt for a diamond worth £8000, a gold ring £400, a jewel set with diamonds £9500, and a looking-glass set with diamonds £2500. These jewel-



CORONATION SPUR.



ANOINTING SPOON.

lers were greatly troubled to get their money, and Sir Thomas Rowe, after waiting patiently for three years and a half, complained bitterly that he saw no prospect of obtaining £2500 for jewels that he had procured for the queen, paying actually £3000 for them out of his own purse. In 1642, the fatal year for Charles, he authorized Queen Henrietta to sell his great collar of rubies and other jewels she had conveyed abroad, for the purpose of raising money for the purchase of arms for his adherents, when parliament interfered, emptied the jewel chest, and sold the contents, calling on all those who had any of the crown jewels to return them. Among the historic regalia confiscated by this act of parliament, were "the imperial crown of massy gold," commonly called King Edward's crown (this dated from Edward III.'s reign; the original Confessor's crown disappeared long before); King



CORONATION BRACELETS.

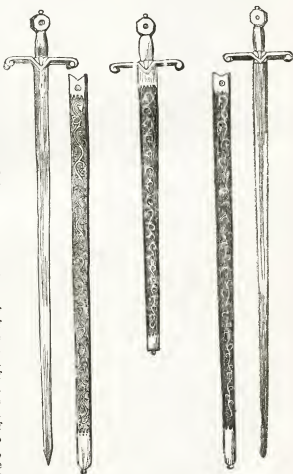
he "put up" his regal ornaments as long as he had any. Among these discarded ornaments were twelve pieces of goldsmith's work, like friar's knots, with ninety-one pendent pearls, being part of a collar of gold; two great half-round pearls, taken from the Mirror of Britain; four gold collars, including that of the Order of St. Michael, composed of twenty-four knots of gold, and twenty-four double

Alfred's crown of gold wire-work, set with slight stones and two little bells; the queen's crown; Edward VI.'s crown; and Queen Edith's crown, "formerly thought to be of massy gold, but upon trial found to be of silver-gilt, enriched with garnetts, foule pearl, sapphires, and some odd stones." Four sceptres were also broken and defaced, and the perpetrators of this destruction discovered that one of them was only silver-gilt; that a large, dove-headed staff was wood inside and silver-gilt without; and a smaller one, decorated with the *fleur-de-luce*, was iron within and gilt without, instead of being "massy gold," as they had fondly imagined.

The Protectorate introduced a new order of things, and during the nine years of its existence there probably was not much crown jewelry to be disposed of. That was aljured, with other vanities of the flesh, by Cromwell. Iron and lead suited the grim old puritan better than the baubles of an effeminate and luxurious royalty, and the jewel chest was not replenished.

The restoration of the house of Stuart restored the tastes of the Stuarts. The necessity of regalia was an essential of the time, and the people, simple and modest under the stern and unostentatious rule of Cromwell, grew suddenly in love with insignia, and made no murmur when goldsmith Vyner's bill, in the first year of the restoration, was put in, to the extent of £31,078, 9s. 11d., for regalia. Besides that, twelve hundred pounds had to be paid for some borrowed stones lost during the coronation ceremonial. Charles II. seems to have lost no time in doing something toward restocking the jewel-house. He bought a valuable oriental ruby, and a large heart-diamond of great perfection, and decorated his stirrups with three hundred and twenty diamonds. In the third year of his reign, we find one Mary Simpson petitioning his majesty to award her £15,595, for jewels supplied to him by her father and

uncle; and three years later, another jeweller presented a small account for £12,179. Every effort was made by the "Merry Monarch," in a very severe way, to have the crown jewels of his father restored. Edicts were issued, and arrests were made, but little came from it. He nearly lost his own crown jewels soon after, which were stolen by the notorious Col-



TEMPORAL SWORD
OF JUSTICE.

SWORD OF MERCY
(SHEATHED)

SWORD OF SPIRITUAL
JUSTICE.

onel Blood, whom the king subsequently rewarded with a pension, leaving the faithful keeper of the jewel-house, who had risked his life in defence of the royal treasure, to go unrewarded.

The crown jewels have, since Charles's day, remained pretty much unmolested, with occasional additions of a gem, but with no sales. The Koh-i-noor and the great Rajah diamonds



STATE SALT CELLAR.

King George the Fourth. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixty trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons, consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds. In front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, A. D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt, A. D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively one hundred and twenty-four and one hundred and thirty brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of a French *fleur-de-lis*, with four rubies in the centre, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively eighty-six and eighty-seven rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns; the leaves containing seven hundred and twenty-eight rose, table and brilliant diamonds; thirty-two pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is one hundred and eight brilliants, one hundred and sixteen table, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendent pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond cups, containing twelve rose diamonds, and stems containing twenty-four very small diamonds. Above the arch stands the



STATE SALT CELLAR.

are the latest additions, and are objects of admiration to thousands of visitors to the Tower of London, wherein the jewels have been kept for centuries. Formerly, a high price was charged for admission to see them, but there were few who cared to pay it. The government, of late years, realizing the sound philosophy of the motto of Oak Hall, "small profits and large sales," reduced the price, and the result is a handsome income. The first object of interest to the spectator is the Imperial Crown, represented on page 7. This was made for the coronation of Victoria, in 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished for the occasion. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, set in silver and gold. It has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is thirty-nine ounces and five pwt., Troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls, and the upper part of the band a row of one hundred and twelve pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the crown by



STATE SALT CELLAR.

mound, containing in the lower hemisphere three hundred and four brilliants, and in the upper two hundred and forty-four brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of thirty-three rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants and one hundred and eight smaller brilliants. Summary

of jewels comprised in the crown:—1 large ruby, irregularly polished; 1 large broad spread sapphire; 16 sapphires; 11 emeralds; 4 rubies; 1364 brilliant diamonds; 1273 rose diamonds; 147 table diamonds; 4 pear-shaped pearls; 276 pearls.

The old Imperial Crown (St. Edward's), page 7, was made for the coronation of Charles II., and has served for coronation purposes from his day to the crowning of Victoria. It is of gold, and consists of two arches crossing at the top, and rising from the rim or circlet of gold, over a rim of crimson velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine. The base of the arches on each side is covered with a cross pattee. Between the crosses are four *fleurs-de-lis* of gold, which rise out of the circle. The whole of these are splendidly enriched with pearls and precious stones. On the top, at the intersection of the arches, that are somewhat depressed, are a mound and cross of gold, the latter encircled with a fillet, the former richly jewelled, and adorned with three pearls, one on the top and one pendent at each limb.

The Prince of Wales's crown, page 7, is of pure gold, unadorned by jewels. Its cap is of purple velvet, spanned by a ribbon of gold, surmounted by a mound and cross. It is encircled by Maltese crosses and *fleurs-de-lis*, upon a gold band profusely wrought, and turned up with ermine. On occasions of state, it is placed before the seat occupied by the heir apparent to the throne, in the House of Lords. Those occasions are so rare, however, that it seldom makes its appearance in public.

The Queen's Diadem, a circlet of gold, rep-

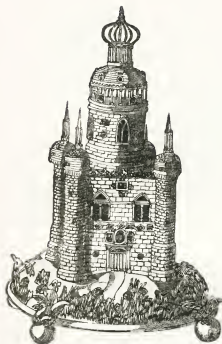
resented on page 7, was made for the coronation of Marie d' Este, consort of James II. It is richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, and the upper edge of the circlet is bordered with a string of pearls.

The Queen Consort's Crown, same page, is the one used in coronations when the sovereignty is vested in the male branch. It is of gold, set with diamonds of great value, intermixed with pearls and other costly jewels. The cap is of purple velvet, faced with ermine.

The Imperial Orb, or Mound, as seen on page 8, is an emblem of sovereignty, said to be derived from Imperial Rome, and to have been first adorned with the cross by Constantine, on his conversion to Christianity. It first appears among the royal insignia of England on the coins of Edward the Confessor, but a picture "made" in the year 996, represents that prince kneeling between two saints, who bear, severally, his sceptre and a globe surmounted by a cross. Representing supreme political power, it is not used by the present monarchs of England, the last entitled to it being William and Mary, for the latter of whom the smaller orb on page 9 was made. They hold, however, their place among the royal jewels. The Imperial Orb is a ball of gold six inches in diameter, encompassed with a band of gold, set with emeralds, rubies and pearls. On the top is a remarkably fine amethyst, nearly an



STATE SALT CELLAR.



STATE SALT CELLAR.

inch and a half high, which serves as the foot or pedestal of the rich cross of gold, three and a quarter inches high, encrusted with diamonds, having in the centre, on one side a sapphire, and an emerald on the other, four large pearls at the angles of the cross, a large pearl at the end of each limb, and three at the base, the height of the orb and cross being eleven inches. The Queen's Orb is of smaller dimensions, but of similar form and materials.

The sceptres, six in number, on pages 8, 9, are objects of interest. "The sceptre" is spoken of as representing rule, but it is usually regarded in its figurative sense. Here we have the veritable articles emblematic of the sway of authority. The first represented is the Temporal Sceptre of Queen Victoria, of gold, two feet nine inches in length, the staff very plain, but the pommel ornamented with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The *fleurs-de-lis*, with which this sceptre was originally adorned, have been replaced by golden leaves, bearing the rose, shamrock and thistle. The cross is variously jewelled, and has in the centre a large table diamond. Her majesty's Spiritual Sceptre, Rod of Equity, or Sceptre of the Dove, is also of gold, three feet seven inches long, ornamented with diamonds and

other precious stones. It is surmounted with an orb, banded with rose diamonds, bearing a cross, on which is the figure of a dove with expanded wings.

The sceptres, temporal and spiritual, of William IV. differ somewhat from the preceding, as may be seen in the engravings.

St. Edward's staff is a large golden rod, four feet seven and a half inches long, with a pike of steel at the lower end about four and a half inches. From the length of the engraving, we were obliged to cut off the portion representing the latter. The staff has foliated ornaments, and a mound and cross at top. This



SALT SPOON.

rod is borne before the sovereign in the coronation procession.

The Queen's Ivory Sceptre was made for Marie d' Este, the queen of James II., and though claimed by some that it belonged to Anne Boleyn, it is not authenticated. It is of pure ivory, mounted in gold, and terminated by a golden cross, bearing a dove of white onyx.

The Ampulke and Spoon, on page 10, for anointing the sovereign, are interesting relics. The former is an antique vessel of pure gold, and used for containing the holy oil. It resembles an eagle with expanded wings, and is finely chased. The head unscrews at the middle of the neck for the purpose of pouring in the oil, and the neck being hollow to the beak, the latter serves as a spout, through



STATE SALT CELLAR.



CORONATION TANKARD.

which the consecrated oil is poured into the Anointing Spoon, from which it is conveyed to the sovereign head. The spoon is of pure gold, and has four pearls in the broadest part of the handle. The bowl is finely chased within and without. It is very thin, and bears the marks of great antiquity.

The Coronation Spurs, page 10—one of which is represented by our engraving—are of gold, elaborately wrought at the edges and the fastening. They have no rowels, but end in an ornamented point, being what are called “prick spurs.” We also give a representation, on the same page, of the Coronation Bracelets, or Armille. These are of solid fine gold, chased, an inch and a half in breadth, edged with rows of pearls. They open by a hinge, and are enamelled with the rose, thistle and harp.

There are four Royal Swords, though but three are depicted, on page 11, viz., the Sword of Mercy, which is sheathed, the Sword of Justice, spiritual, obtuse, and the Sword of Justice, temporal, sharp at the point. The Sword of State is the one worn at coronations, with which the monarch is girded after being anointed. The rest are only borne, as insignia, by appropriate officers.

With the regalia, in the jewel-house, is also exhibited a fine collection of ancient plate, that did duty at the old coronation festivities, and other things of interest. Hence we have the State Salt Cellars and Salt Spoon, also interesting as specimens of ancient work.

The Coronation Tankard and the Sacramental Flagon, this page, are handsome and substantial specimens of former workmanship. They are profusely ornamented, the former indicating a period of great antiquity.

These relics form but a portion of the treasures of the jewel-house. There are other rare and costly articles there, which it is needless to describe, as we have not the engravings of them; but enough have been given to show the character of the whole.

When the Duke of Cumberland became King of Hanover, he claimed as the property of Hanover certain jewels, that came into the possession of England on the accession of that house to the British throne, as heirlooms, and certain others bequeathed to the house of Hanover by Charlotte, Queen of George III. Among the latter were Queen Anne's necklace, and a star made for her husband, Prince George of Denmark; also a valuable set of jewels, bought by George III., in 1761, of his uncle the Duke of Cumberland, father of the late King of Hanover, which were worn by Queen Charlotte on her marriage, and are said to have been given to her as a present by the king. Opposed to this, it was said that they were paid for out of the British exchequer to the amount of £54,000. The claim was settled by compromise, as many of the gems had gone to the formation of new crowns.

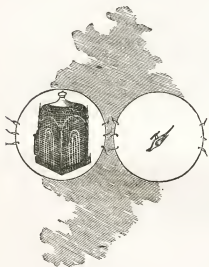
We devote thus much of room to these “valuables,” confident that our republican readers will be interested in what is of such especial interest to their transatlantic cousins.



SACRAMENTAL FLAGON.

PARLOR MAGIC.

The science of optics is full of interesting and extraordinary facts, which admit of many amusing demonstrations. We need only mention the magic lantern, an instrument that should be possessed by every school; the



kaleidoscope, whose changes are not to be counted, and by whose means a few bits of broken glass and pearl buttons, in fact, any small things having color, may be made to assume the prettiest of shapes, always changing, and never twice the same. These and

some others are beyond the reach of many, and therefore we illustrate the Thaumatrope or Wonder-turner, because every child can make one for himself.

Cut out a piece of cardboard of circular form, and affix to it six pieces of string, three on each side. Paint on one side of the card a bird and upon the other a cage, taking care to paint the bird upside down, or the desired effect will not be produced. When showing the toy, take hold of the centre strings between the fore-finger and thumb and whirl the card rapidly round, and the bird will appear snugly ensconced in its cage. The principle on which this effect is produced is, that the image of any object received on the retina or optic nerve is retained on the mind about eight seconds after the object causing the impression is withdrawn, being the memory of the object; consequently the impression of the painting on one side of the card is not obliterated ere the painting on the other side is brought before the eye. It is easy to understand from this fact how both are seen at once. Many objects will suit the Thaumatrope, such as a juggler throwing up two balls on one side and two balls on the other; and according to the pairs of strings employed, he will appear to throw up two, three, or four balls; the body and legs of a man on one side, and the arms and head on another; a horse and his rider; a mouse and trap. But we leave it to the ingenuity of our readers to devise for themselves.

 KAFFRARIA.

This is a populous and fertile country of Southern Africa, adjoining the colony of the Cape of Good Hope on the east. Its people, comprising many tribes, are called Kaffres, by some Kafirs, derived from the Arabs, signifying infidels. The name Kaffre, however, only properly applies to the tribes who occupy the maritime region, from the mountains to the sea between the eastern frontier of the colony and the British settlement at Natal, and who have one language and a common descent. The breadth of the territory from the mountains to the sea is about 80 or 90 miles, and 250 long; its area 20,000 square miles. The Keiskamma and Kat rivers form its western boundary.

The mountains which, running parallel to the sea-coast, bound Kaffraria on the north-west, are called by the colonists the Winterberg, and, further northeast, the Stormberg. The natives do not seem to have a general name for the range, but a considerable portion of it, next the colony, is called by them Ivaqu. These mountains rarely exceed the height of 3000 feet. The level plains terminate about 20 miles from the sea; then follows a land of hill and dale, extremely varied and picturesque. Numerous rivers cross this country to the sea. On its westerly side, indeed, or between the Keiskamma and the Great Kei, though the brooks are numerous in the hills, the lower tracts still resemble the colonial

districts in deficiency of water; but this defect rapidly disappears as we advance to the north-east, where the country grows at every step more fresh and irriguous. The chief rivers beyond the Kei are, the Bashi, Umtata, Umzimvubu, Umtavuma, and Umzimkulu. These rivers all run in deep beds, with steep banks, and, in the rainy season, swelled by the countless mountain-streams that join them, they become immense torrents. But their course is rapid, the floods soon pass off, and, in the dry season, the lower part of the river often exhibits but a chain of pools. None of the rivers of Kaffraria are navigable even by small vessels, except perhaps the Buffalo.

The country between the Fish River and

the hippopotamus and the elephant. The chase of these animals is a source of profit to the Kaffre; the abundance of wild honey, found in the clefts of rocks, or in hollow trees, and in the search for which he is guided by the honey-bird, adds also to his resources. But horned cattle constitute the Kaffre's chief wealth. The Kaffre cows are ordinarily very large, but there is also a small breed, and the colonial breed has also been introduced by stealth or purchase. It is said that the native breeds yield much less milk than the European, ascribable to the want of sufficient food. Horses, purchased or stolen from the colony, multiply rapidly in Kaffraria; where, on the other hand, there are no sheep, goats, pigs or



A KAFFRE VILLAGE.

the Keiskamma is nearly all thicket, or "bush," of thorny acacias. Between the Keiskamma and the Kei the country is more open. The banks of the river are shaded by large trees; in the small thickets, scattered over the elevated grounds the aloe and euphorbia are conspicuous. On the downs at the mouth of the Kei the banana grows wild. The cattle live on the young shoots of the grasses and browse rather than graze.

As the vegetation rapidly improves north-easterly from the colony, increasing in vigor and abundance, so also the animal species undergo a change. On the west of the Keiskamma, the quaggas and smaller antelopes, of many kinds, are numerous. On the east are the large antelopes, the dorcas, cland, etc.;

poultry. The Kaffres, with the simple tastes of a pastoral people, loathe strange articles of food; they will not taste small game, hares, birds, etc., nor fish; which, though abundant in their rivers, they hold in abhorrence.

The chief subsistence of the Kaffre is milk, and that taken in the curdled state. It is kept in baskets made of rushes so closely plated as to be water-tight. These baskets, when frequently used, imbibe the lacteal fluid, so that the new milk poured into them soon curdles. Venison, beef, watermelon, marmelade and various fruits vary the Kaffre's diet, but milk and a little millet are the staff of his simple life.

The business of a Kaffre man's life existence is very little—divided between war and

cattle. Cattle constitute the Kaffre's wealth, and are the constant object of his thought and admiration. He is always happy when he looks on his cows. He knows how to train the growth of the horns by nicking them. He teaches the bullocks to race, and constantly rides them. Instances are not wanting of great chiefs who classed their horned cattle in regiments, according to color, and trained them to join in the dance.

The Kaffre dress is very simple, and the wardrobe is not cumbrous with changes of costume. A fashionable Kaffre lady would not occupy much room with her baggage in travelling. The men are always bareheaded and wear a cloak of skin, called a kaross, which they wrap close around them in winter,



A KAFFRE WARRIOR.

with the hair inside, the exposed side being reddened with ochre. They are often tattooed on the shoulders, and wear copper, iron or ivory rings and strung shells on their arms and legs. The kaross of the chief is generally of the leopard's skin. The chief distinction of female dress is the cap of lynx-skin, with a tuft falling over the eyes.

On page 17 we present a view of a Kaffre village. It is composed of spherical huts, framed of branches of trees, plastered with mud and cow-dung, and covered with rushes or palm-leaves. The women have exclusive care of the houses, and on them also devolves the cultivation of the fields and gardens; but the soil is very rich and affords them little trouble. The women also prepare the skins used for clothing, beating and rubbing them

until they have completely pulverized the inherent gluten.

The people possess very beautiful forms—the men large, the women small—resembling the negro only in the thick lips and knotted hair. Their color is a dark iron-gray. The females are pronounced perfect in point of physical beauty, but, like Eastman's Fanny, they don't "know a thing." Some years since, the late Mr. Cutting introduced several specimens of the Kaffre—"Cape Bushmen" called—to Boston, among the rest a young Zulu, one of the three tribes included in the territory of Kaffraria proper, whose manly beauty attracted the attention of every one. He was upwards of six feet tall, and had the carriage of a king. He claimed to be the son of a chief, and when adorned with his feather helmet, somewhat similar to that shown in the engraving on this page, his wild and manly grace awakened the profoundest admiration. From these people we learned a great deal of the manners and customs of the Kaffres; their modes of conducting warfare, their hunting, their marriages, their prophets, exciting the deepest interest, it was so new. The poor fellows suffered greatly from our cold climate; one committed suicide, one was sent to the Bridgewater alms-house, and the two or three survivors were sent back, among them the princely Zulu.

Marriages among the Kaffres are never affairs of the heart, unless it be the heart of the parents, who have the making of all the marriages, the lady's option not being consulted in the premises. Inconsiderate marriages are, therefore, not very liable to take place, and with content, from the long custom that sanctifies the practice, comes happiness. A recent writer thus describes the Kaffre marriage ceremony:—"Marriage ceremonies, like other native customs, vary among the different tribes; but the principal features are usually the same. The day having been fixed, the bride, attended by her friends, goes to the bridegroom's kraal, when the ceremony may take place immediately or be postponed to the next day. It consists mainly of dancing, an amusement that bears little resemblance to anything you have seen at home. The feet are lifted up one after another, and descend with a heavy stamp; sometimes the performers leap or jump up and down on each foot alternately. In all dances the men hold

something in their hands, sometimes it is a stick only, at others they have a shield in the left hand and a stick assagai in the right; but whatever they carry it is kept in constant motion, while the lungs are occupied with a chant or song. The exertion required is very great, and makes this amusement a real labor.

"We have now reached the kraal, and must go into the central inclosure or cattle-fold. The ceremony has begun. The bridegroom and his companions, you observe, are squatting on the ground at the upper end of the inclosure near the calves' pen; the bride's friends are dancing before them in a semi-circle. The men are arrayed in their best, with shields and sticks. You wouldn't like to pound the earth with your feet and leap into the air as they do. The men, you observe, are in the middle of the semi-circle, the women being at the extremities. Their movements differ from the others. Notice those old wives outside the line of dancers; they belong to the bridegroom's party, and are chanting a song for the special behoof of the young lady; they are informing her that she has made an exceedingly good match, and must take care that it does not make her proud; she must conduct herself with becoming humility in her new position.

"The dance now stops, and the bride's father steps forward to make a speech. He counsels the bridegroom not to beat his daughter too much; he tells him that she will make an excellent wife, she has been so well brought up; he must remember that she belongs to a good family, and he ought to give far more cattle than he is likely to do. That young woman who leaves the semi-circle is the bride herself. She dances towards the bridegroom, and shows her future lord how well she can do it; but he is not master yet, and to prove this she kicks the dust in his face. He rubs his eyes, but he had expected some such practical joke, and perhaps congratulates himself that it was no worse.

"The bride's party now take the place previously occupied by the bridegroom's, while the latter perform a dance. This does not differ from the former one, and we need not stay to see it. When it is done an ox will be slain for the marriage feast, and the essential part of the ceremony concluded. Two other oxen have to be provided in connection with

the marriage." The men have as many wives as they can buy, but polygamy among them never runs to excess.

The doctors, or prophets, of which we introduce two specimens on this page, are the incarnation of craft and cunning. They are not without knowledge, but their lives are a trick and a deception, which their knowledge aids. They must be the sons of prophets, and educated for the seership by being set apart, and devoting a period to association with the spirits, through which they profess to receive their power of seership. By spics and informers they obtain information of everything occurring in all the families of



KAFFRE SORCERERS.

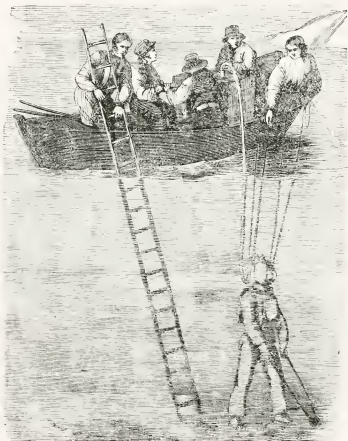
their tribe, and by ingenious shrewdness they completely pull the wool over their simple countrymen's eyes, giving them an idea of their profound wisdom.

The Kaffres believe in witchcraft, but witchcraft, with them, is simply the power of doing injury to others. Regarding this they frequently consult the prophet. The injury may be affected by means of roots, a crocodile's liver, a piece of skin or bone, or almost anything. They know nothing of the nature of poisons, and deem their effects are the effects of witchcraft. The prophets, with their superior intelligence, may operate through this ignorance to an indefinite extent, and work or prevent all manner of evil. The power of

poisonous roots, the natives believe to proceed from the individual using them, rather than from the roots themselves. They see this power, and in their ignorance believe that the same individual can exert the same influence through the most simple objects. Some say that the evil-doer derives his power from the spirits of his ancestors; others think that he is taught by his own bad heart. The name the evil-doer bears is *aba-takati*, a title which no decent Kaffre covets.

Though a pleasant, cheerful and happy race, the Kaffres are all warriors, the three tribes, under their several chiefs, numbering some 50,000 active men. One in every six is a warrior, a boy of sixteen being deemed the best. They are determined and persistent fighters, and the British colonists of the Cape find the Kaffres a people not easily controlled. Their wild and constantly aggressive habits tend, in a great degree, to keep the Cape people in a state of wholesome preparation.

REMOVING ROCKS IN BOSTON HARBOR.



The engraving on this page represents a party engaged in removing rocks and obstructions in the channels of Boston harbor. The United States authorities have taken up the matter, at the earnest solicitations of the

city government, and are now vigorously prosecuting the work. Hundreds of tons of rock have been removed from the channels, and in some parts the water has been deepened eight or ten feet at low tide.



SO AS BY FIRE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAX.

CHAPTER I.

FOAM O' THE SEA.

WHEN Burns apostrophized teeth-ache as the "hell o' all diseases," he could not have known what sea-sickness is.

He whose grinders or incisors are to him for the time the root of all evil may experience hope, desire, rage; but the victim of sea-sickness knows not hope nor fear, and if any desire visit his afflicted bosom, it is the desire for immediate annihilation. Pride and dignity fly as we approach this inferno, modesty and delicacy wither like flowers in the frost in the breath of its atmosphere, and the only sounds heard there are sighs, and moans, and ejaculations of despair. There is no curling of hair nor tying of shoe-strings in this nightmare domain, and its nectar and ambrosia are brandy and salt-fish eaten and drunk in bitterness, and rejected by the stomach with retching and agony unspeakable. Affection dies in the hearts of the sea-sick, man nor woman delights them not, and loathsome is he who would entertain them. They have no eye for the beauties of nature, and sublime sentiments are an abhorrence to them. A woman in sea-sickness is capable of going without her wig and teeth, and a man in the same will forget to listen when money is spoken of.

All this preamble is preparatory to introducing Miss Cora Ware to the reader, without detriment to that young lady's reputation for dignity, modesty and good taste.

The steamer *Don Carlos* encountered a storm (on her way from New Orleans to Boston), which for one day made her saloons and decks a solitude. On the second day, with a fair wind and sunny sky, a score or more of wretched beings made their appearance in dishabille in the morning, and by evening most of the others crept out in demi-tollet.

The next morning the passengers, with few exceptions, were as gay and lively as the fishes through whose element they were

cutting their way. This gala-day went out with a gorgeous sunset, the sky a curd of fire from western horizon to zenith, and melting through scarlet, rose, crimson and violet, to the eastern horizon. The passengers were grouped about chatting with old acquaintances, manœuvring to form new ones, or watching the scene of air and water.

The only person who seemed to do neither was a gentleman who sat in an arm-chair in a corner of the after-deck next the saloon. This was a noticeable man both in make and expression. He was nearly, or quite, six feet tall, and although athletic, his height gave him an appearance of slenderness. It was only when a really slender man passed by him that one noticed how muscular he was. His complexion was fair but slightly tanned, his hair flaxen and soft, brushed in a smooth wave across his forehead, and pushed back at the sides, his long beard and mustachios of a warmer color, very nearly approaching gold.

I am not sure that I altogether admire the gentleman's eyes, which are a cold light blue; but his nose is perfect, rather long, showing ability, curved in the nostrils for spirit, high between the eyes where phrenologists locate form and color, and with that faint classic curve upward in the centre which makes the line of beauty. The general form of his head and face is long, but the forehead swells out at the sides in the inventive and mechanical regions, showing which way his ability is most likely to be effective.

A superficial observer would conclude, from a strong compression of the mouth and a certain fixedness of the face, that the man is stern and reserved; one better acquainted with him, or looking more closely, might guess that these characteristics, if they exist, are but consequent on a mingled pride and self-distrust, which may themselves be less the nature of the man, than the result of circumstances.

This gentleman's dress is a rough gray

travelling-suit, with a black felt hat drawn low over the brows; and one finical in such matters would be pleased to observe that he has a neat foot well-booted, and that these boots rest on the deck and not in mid air. Indeed, Mr. George Francis Burkmar, as his baggage is marked, is as notable for an air of quiet good-breeding, as for good looks.

He sat leaning back in his chair, his eyes wearing that envious veiled look which some persons can assume at will, when, without appearing to notice, they are really watchful of everything that goes on about them. He did not stir, though ladies practised all their wiles to induce him to turn his head, but suffered the promenaders to move about him as the waters part and wash around a ledge. He appeared to think nothing worth a glance unless it was some far-off craft, or the glittering froth churned up by the steamer wheels, or the gay little frigate that danced past them and away southward, near enough for them to see the waving of handkerchiefs and hear a faint cheer across the glorified water. If his eyes dwelt for a moment on persons at the extremity of the saloon, he lost interest in them as they approached.

There was one exception, however, to his general disregard of his fellow-passengers, when two, who had been invisible since their departure from New Orleans, appeared in the door of the saloon and looked about for seats. One of these was a magnificent colored woman, a dusky Juno who towered above most of the men present, and leaning on her arm and shoulder was a lady who might in any other companionship have shown stately in height and build, but who looked delicate beside her slave.

Will the reader be so good as to remember what was said about sea-sickness at the beginning of this chapter? Miss Cora Ware has been suffering from it during the whole voyage, suffering more than ever during and since the storm, and is now only half alive. She needs this excuse, for her dress and manner are anything but conventional.

A trailing wrapper of purple cloth hangs loosely about her, the only half-drawn girdle indicating, but not defining, a superb form. There is a glimpse of a white hand and wrist almost lost in the voluminous hanging sleeve, the point of which nearly reaches the deck. A mass of dark brown hair is tucked carelessly behind the ears, and twisted into some sort of nondescript knot at the back of the head—rich, moist hair, and triumphantly her own,

but by no means, at this time, of satin smoothness. These particulars of toilet, with that air of mingled languor and recklessness peculiar to those in whom physical suffering has for the time deadened the fear of the terrible "*en dit*," the gentleman whom we have been observing took in at a glance; but the face demanded more than a glance. It was, of course, pale and weary; but through all its pallor and weariness shone a protesting fire and strength. Her manner showed the enforced submission of one unaccustomed to submit, and hating the restraint which she is unable to throw off.

This lady stepped haughtily, though unable to stand alone, and staggering a little occasionally, and looking for a seat, glanced about with a pair of eyes that were gray, bright and angry as an eagle's.

Nearly all the seats were occupied by ladies, but they did not find the air of this newcomer conciliating, so remained sitting. There was one vacant seat in the corner of the bench that followed the deck-railing, and toward that the lady directed her steps, sinking heavily into it when reached. The slave stood beside her mistress, forming a dusky bulwark between her and the other passengers, and tenderly supporting her with a strong arm.

"I shall tire you, Juno," said the lady, almost fretfully, yet in a voice of silvery music.

"No, honey! You jist lay still," was the reply. "I'se a gwine to stan' right here 'n hold your head. Lor, I aint no more tired now than that 'are post. This is restin', this is."

The lady sighed faintly, and resigned herself to be taken care of, leaning more upon her attendant, and looking off over the water with heavy, homesick eyes. Her complexion was a pale olive, and as she sat slightly in the shadow, her profile against the glowing sky looked like some fine bronze. The line of the profile was straight, with forehead and chin rather full, the upper lip short and curled back, and the nose straight and well-proportioned.

Mr. Burkmar, sitting motionless in his arm-chair, never took his eyes from this lady, watching her, it seemed, with a more critical than admiring gaze. He marked that her attitude was graceful in spite of its air of exhaustion, that her wrapper fell about her as though an artist had arranged its folds, and that the eyes were heavier than mere illness

warranted. They looked off as though seeing, not the waters, but something that lay beyond them, and there was an anxious and shrinking expectation in their gaze. Once she shivered as he watched her, and, closing her eyes, half turned to cling to her sable friend.

As she sat there, a young man who had been for some time hovering about her, drew nearer and stood so close to her side that she could not help noticing him. Her eyes lighted, her face flushed, and she gnawed her underlip with white and glistening teeth. Evidently humility and patience were not among Miss Cora Ware's more salient virtues.

"Madam," the intruder began, suavely, after having satisfied himself that he had attracted her attention, "we are having a very fine sunset."

Without making the slightest reply to this indisputable assertion, the lady stared at the speaker with that expression of cold surprise which is more repelling than any words can be; and when he had fully recognized her meaning, turned her face from him and looked off over the water again.

The young man's face flamed with anger and mortification.

"An impudent slave-owner!" he muttered, in a sufficiently audible voice.

Juno's black eyes snapped round at him.

"I wish you joy of your mistress, Dinah," he said, insolently. "She's got a fine temper."

"My name aint Dinah," retorted Juno, wrathfully. "An' you're no great, goin' round talkin' to ladies you aint interduced to."

"Hush, Juno!" said her mistress, looking after the retreating puppy with an expression that showed more of incredulous wonder than any other feeling. "Why, if my father, or Uncle Frank, or Cousin Albert had been here that—person would have been caned for his impertinence."

"I will take charge of him if he speaks to you again," said a voice at her elbow.

Looking up with a quick glance of surprise, Miss Ware saw Mr. Burkmar standing by her. He was not looking at her, but off to where the discomfited candidate for her acquaintance stood trying to hide his mortification under an appearance of laughing indifference. Mr. Burkmar persisted in that steady gaze till the young man, at first resenting it by an effort to outstare him, finally cowed down entirely and left the deck.

The lady looked earnestly at her stalwart

defender till he turned towards her again. Then she said, quietly and rather coldly:

"Thank you! but perhaps I had better return to my stateroom. I supposed that it would be quite safe for me to come out with my servant to take the air."

"It is safe," he replied, promptly, even a little sharply. "There is no reason why you should go in unless you have staid out as long as you wish. That fellow won't trouble you again."

"I need the air," she said, hesitatingly. "I have been very sick. But I had rather suffer anything else than intrusion or impertinence."

"No one shall be impertinent to you while I am near, madam," he said, with cold stateliness, "and I will not myself intrude."

"I did not mean—" she began, hastily, then stopped. Her pride was as quick as his own. She could not speak conciliatingly to one who curled his lip that way.

The gentleman seeming to take for granted that she would stay, brought his arm-chair for her use, placing it so that her servant could stand between her and the company.

She hesitated about taking the chair, seeming half inclined to resent his bringing it, but, after a glance in his face, relented. He was perfectly matter-of-fact, but also perfectly respectful.

"You will find that chair easier," he said, waiting to see her take it.

With a quiet word of thanks she seated herself, and he crossed the deck to a place from whence he could see her, or any one who should approach her.

Juno smiled and nodded to him, doing her best to atone for her mistress's frigidity by her own beaming looks of thankfulness and admiration.

Miss Ware sat about fifteen minutes longer, letting the fresh breeze play over her face, and the flecks of sunlighted foam from the shattered waves gem her hair. Then she rose languidly to go in, seeming as entirely oblivious of the presence of others as she had been at first, till she reached the door of the saloon. Then she glanced toward Mr. Burkmar with a faint, graceful acknowledgment of his politeness.

Faint as it was, this greeting changed for an instant the whole character of her face. There was no smile, but a softening of the mouth and eyes that was sweeter than a smile; and at the almost imperceptible droop of the head and the eyelids the *hauteur* melted to a modesty, almost a slyness, that was inex-

pressibly captivating. The next instant she seemed to have forgotten all about him.

Not so the gentleman whom she had so favored. Although his face had undergone no change while she looked at him, and he had merely nodded very slightly to her bow, as soon as she looked away a color leaped into his cheeks in a pink as delicate as any lady's blush, a spark flickered in his cold eyes, and he sat upright, drawing in a deep breath. Then, as if ashamed of his emotion, or afraid that some one would notice it, he started up, after pacing the deck awhile, crossed over and resumed the chair which he had relinquished.

The sun went down, the sky faded, and the May twilight began faintly to film the glories of sea and air. The fiery crests of the waves were quenched, and a coolness crept into the breeze. The gong sounded for supper, and the eager throng pressed through the saloons toward the dining-room, leaving the deck deserted. Mr. Burkmar alone retained his seat, pleased to have the deck to himself, perhaps thinking it possible he might see his afternoon visitor again.

He was not disappointed. In a few minutes the two appeared, the lady this time wrapped in a large shawl, and evidently quite ill. She crossed the deck, supported by her attendant, and almost dropped into a seat near him, leaning her head back with a moan of pain, and closing her eyes. He immediately approached her with an offer of assistance.

"If you will, sir!" she said, faintly. "I have no one to see to me but Juno, and I am almost dead, it seems to me."

"I will do anything you tell me," he said, earnestly. "Don't hesitate to make me useful in any way."

"I am so sick in my stateroom that I cannot stay there," she said. "I must have the air. If you are not engaged, would you be willing to stay near me for awhile? I am afraid to stay here with no gentleman on whom I can depend."

"I am entirely alone and unengaged," he replied. "I will stay out here as long as you like. Will you allow me to do what I think is for your comfort?"

"O, I don't care!" she said, desperately, sinking into Juno's arms with that long, miserable moan of utter helplessness and distress.

The gentleman used no more ceremony, but took matters into his own hands. By some magic, chairs and benches were arranged

so that the invalid could take an easy reclining position. Shawls and pillows were disposed around her, she was allowed air, but shielded from the breeze, and her corner of the deck was made impregnable to intruders. A seat was placed near her head for Juno where she could attend to the wants of her mistress, and another chair set at an easy but respectful distance where their protector could ward off all approach.

"You have eaten nothing?" asked the gentleman, then.

"I couldn't!" replied the invalid, faintly, and with an air of loathing. "I have taken nothing but brandy and crackers since we left New Orleans."

He went away, and in a few minutes returned with a plate on which were a piece of cold chicken, a slice of toast, and a spoonful of currant jelly.

She protested at first, but ended by eating every bit of the luncheon, surprised at not being ill after it.

"When the stomach is exhausted by seasickness," he said, "I find that there is nothing better than beefsteak, oysters, or plain cold meat of any kind, and a not too sweet jelly or preserve is refreshing. My treatment of the disease is to keep the stomach full of proper food. Liquors, acids, and such chips as salt fish and crackers, are irritating and produce inflammation. Are you comfortable?"

"Yes," she said, smiling. "I am perfectly easy."

She closed her eyes, and he took his seat by her. The people began to come up from supper, most of them going to their staterooms, some coming out again on to the deck. The glow of sunset had all faded, and evening was creeping down. Already they began to notice the washing sound of the water, which we scarcely observe when we can see what produces it, but which darkness brings to the sense, a solemn undertone that widens as we listen, and sets the imagination astir. For nearly half an hour Miss Ware had been lying perfectly still and silent, apparently sleeping, but she suddenly aroused herself.

"I can't bear to listen to that sound!" she said, sitting upright, and turning toward her silent guardian who, leaning back in his chair, had been gazing upward into the sky thick with stars. "Is there a more awful sound than the sea rustling about so? I have been almost half asleep, just far enough gone to forget where I am, and I was dreaming, or I

had a vision. There was no action, but I stood in the midst of a pink grove of oleanders. The trees were covered with blossoms, and I could see nothing else. They even arched over my head. For a little while all was still, and I was thinking that there never was such a stillness and such a blush, when the breeze began to stir them, and they rustled and rustled their petals together, and struck their long leaves, and I came out of my dream, and the sound was not of oleander blooms, but of the sea. Ugh! It is so cold, and salt, and weary."

"If the sea is cold, the land is hard," said the gentleman with some hint of hidden bitterness. "And there is no weariness like that we find when we look for rest. Is New Orleans your home, madam?"

"No," she said, slowly, half sinking back again, and eyeing the water askance over her shoulder, with a shrinking shiver. "No," she repeated, answering again more collectedly; "it is not my home now, though it has been for many years. I am to live in Boston."

She drew her shawl closer on pronouncing the last word, as if the name chilled her.

"I have also been several years in New Orleans," the gentleman said, "and am going to live in Boston—if I like to stay. It is twenty years since I was there, and my impressions of the city are not pleasant. Do you know any one there?"

"I have an aunt there, with whom I am to live, Mrs. Millard Granger."

At this name Mr. Burkmar darted a bright glance at the speaker. "I have business with Mrs. Granger's son," he said, quietly. "I have also had dealings with the late Mr. Moulton Granger of New Orleans."

"Mr. Moulton Granger was my uncle and adopted father," the lady said, and turning hastily away, leaned her face on the railing and looked down into the sea.

"You may have heard him mention me," the gentleman said, after a pause. "My name is George Francis Burkmar."

Miss Ware immediately raised herself upright, and without turning or saying a word, wrapped her shawl about her and sat for a moment motionless. The change was slight, but significant. She seemed to cast off all the help he had given her, and to be restrained from giving him any more than a tacit repulse by some sense of courtesy or of fear. She sat there erect and motionless, with her face turned away, as though she were collecting herself to decide how she should treat this

man, or controlling herself to treat him as she knew she must.

"He had nothing to accuse me of," he went on in a measured tone. "If I was hard, he had provoked me to it. He was the aggressor. I do not know, of course, what impressions you may have received, except that they are likely to have been adverse to me. There are two sides to every question, you know; and no one should be condemned unheard."

Still she sat without a word, rapidly summing up in her mind what she had heard of this man. He was a Northerner and a leveller. He had been in business in New Orleans, but had declined society. Those things would of themselves have prejudiced her against him. But his offences had come nearer. He had mocked at her uncle's pride of family, and walked with unscrupulous feet over all his notions of caste. Lastly, he had been her uncle's creditor to a large amount, and through that had been the cause of his ruin.

Cora Ware knew that if there had been one man in the world whom Mr. Moulton Granger had hated utterly, this was the man. She had seen the thin-skinned aristocrat shiver and whiten with impotent rage at the mention of George Burkmar's name. That he was the possessor of almost fabulous wealth, only rendered him an object of more bitter dislike, for it gave him consequence and the power to annoy.

Miss Ware did not know, or did not remember, the origin of the disagreement between the two gentlemen, nor had she been told the particulars of its progress; but her impression had been that this Mr. Burkmar was a vulgar, rich man, who hated a gentleman instinctively, and who had pursued her uncle with a vindictive rancor which could only dwell in a narrow and jealous mind.

The end she remembered clearly, for it had changed the current of her whole life.

They had lived in elegance, but her uncle had heavily mortgaged his large property, in order to enter into some fashionable speculation. By some means his mortgages had fallen into Mr. Burkmar's possession, the bubble of speculation burst, the creditor put his business into the lawyer's hands, and the greater part of her uncle's fortune was swept away in a day.

Mr. Granger had said that with any other creditor he could have accommodated matters, and had openly accused the man he hated of having bought up the claims against

him in order to have revenge for his fancied slights. Events had followed each other rapidly. Mr. Granger's only child, a son, was at that time travelling in Europe. His father had no longer any power to make provision for his adopted daughter. The wreck of his fortune was but a pittance for his son, and Cora, instead of being an heiress, must not only be a dependent, but must go North to live with the only relative left her. In four weeks from the time of his losses Mr. Granger was dead, and in three months the son was on his way home, and Cora on her way North.

This man was surely an enemy. With what words was she to greet him? or should she scorn to utter any word? By what miserable fatality had he, of all others, crossed her path? and how should she endure to remain in the same city with him, should he remain in Boston? He had said that he had business with her cousin, Frederick Granger. What did Frederick mean by having anything to do with him?

With these thoughts rushing through her mind, a new suspicion arose and forced her to speak.

"Did you know who I was before I told you?" she demanded.

He reddened angrily at her tone and manner.

"You must be utterly ignorant of my true character, as well as of the facts of the case between myself and Mr. Granger, or you would not ask that question," he replied, as haughtily as she had spoken. "I would not knowingly have approached or noticed a connection of his."

"I will relieve you from all further trouble," she exclaimed, flinging aside the wraps he had placed about her, and making an attempt to rise.

There was a momentary struggle in his mind between pride and a desire to conciliate her, and the latter prevailed.

"You misunderstand me," he said, in a softer tone. "I would not have approached had I known you, because I should expect to be unwelcome. When I knew your name, I immediately told my own, that you might not be cheated into treating me with courtesy. I have meant you only kindness. Of course you can return as much scorn as you please."

She looked at him doubtfully. In the full radiance of the moonlight, the expression of his face was clear to her. It was proud and noble, and the eyes, through all their fire,

showed an underthought of reproach. She felt that he was as much hurt as angry.

"Pardon me!" she said, involuntarily. "It is true you have been kind to me, and I thank you for that. But it was when we did not know each other. Now I can receive from you nothing, not even the courtesy which strangers show each other."

"You condemn me unheard!" he said, with a haste that was almost passion.

"I will not say that you are altogether wrong," she replied, calmly, rising and folding her shawl about her with an effort to subdue her bodily weakness, and appear to be independent of help. "But it is natural I should think you in the wrong. It is with me a feeling, not a conviction, but it is a feeling that I shall not try to conquer. If I mistake, I could only right you by blaming the dead." "Justice is better than mercy," the gentleman said, with bitterness.

"Yes," she replied; "but justice cannot be done when one who could tell his story is dead. If I could hear both sides together, I would, but as it is, I wish you a good-evening."

"You have certainly done what you could to make my evening delightful," he said, bowing lowly.

"O Miss Cora, you're too hard on de poor gentleman," whispered Juno. "He's a proper handsome man, and I dar'say master was down on him. Master Granger was mighty sharp on folks he didn't like."

In spite of herself, Miss Ware glanced back as she reached the saloon door. Mr. Burkmar stood where she had left him, looking after her.

CHAPTER II.

A CLOUD ON THE HORIZON.

SERENO STREET does not belie its name. It has quaint, broad pavements, brown stone houses, occupied by suave, leisured, low-voiced people; it has vine-draped balconies, and wide doors that swing on noiseless hinges; it has plate glass; it has stone lions at its doors (whatever they're there for); it has classic marble vases in its little garden plots; it has pillars and pediments; it has flutings and furbelows; it has jewels; it has rings; it has many pretty things.

In one of the finest of these houses lives Mrs. Millard Granger, a lady who considers herself to be the happiest person in the city. She is old enough to have got past the flutters and troubles of youth, but not old enough to

experience the staleness and inanities of age. She has arrived at that serene middle-age which, in the lives of the prosperous, is the golden season. True, she is a widow; but her marriage was an exceedingly sensible rather than a romantic one, and her husband's death has not broken her heart. Besides, the lady believes in compensations, and liberty is pleasant. She has ample wealth, and only one child, Mr. Frederick Granger, a person who suits her admirably. He is gentlemanly, an affectionate son, and able enough to excuse a mother's partial pride, but not so brilliant as to cause her any serious uneasiness on his account. Mrs. Millard Granger has a mortal terror of what is called genius.

"If I had an Edgar Poe for a son," she would say, "I should go down with sorrow to my grave. Fancy my Frederick reeling home intoxicated at mid-day, and sitting up all night to write about ravens and black cats!"

There was not indeed the least danger of Mr. Frederick Granger doing anything of the sort. He was far too fond of his comfort, as well as too tenacious of his dignity, for that. He was also of too phlegmatic a temperament for any troublesome enthusiasm. The nearest he could come to a rapture was on the subject of his Cousin Cora. He had been down to visit his uncle two years before, and had seen the girl among her oleanders and her slaves, moving like a younger Cleopatra, served like any queen, adored like a goddess. That picture of her had remained in his mind in all its glowing coloring, and blurred many a fair northern scene.

When Cora arrived, he was on the wharf awaiting her with a warm welcome to her new home, a welcome which she sadly needed. The poor girl's heart had sunk within her at sight of the city as it rose over the waters of the harbor, and she had remained in her stateroom till the last minute, clinging to Juno, and shivering at the sound of every coming step.

"O Juno," she said, "we change places now! You are free, and I am a servant!"

But her presentiments were all at fault. She found herself received with open arms. The most favored and welcome visitor could not have been met with more joyful kindness and courtesy. She was made at home at once.

"Would you like a northern or southern room, dear?" her aunt asked, when they went up stairs after breakfast. "The south-

ern looks on the street, but the northern looks into the garden, and there is a better light to dress by. Take your choice. Don't hesitate about expressing your wishes. You are my daughter now, and you must feel a daughter's freedom in coming to me with your wants. Remember, child, this is your home, and you have a right to it."

Cora Ware's lip trembled so that she could not utter the thanks she essayed to speak. Her uncle had been kind, but the kindness of a man is not like that of a woman; it forgets many things. Mrs. Granger forgot nothing.

"I would thank you if I could, Aunt Isabel," the girl faltered; "but I cannot speak."

Mrs. Granger kissed the beautiful, tremulous mouth. It pleased her to have so lovely and brilliant a *protege* to introduce to her friends; and, besides, the lady really liked to do good, if it did not put her too much out of her way, and to see those about her happy. She liked to be amiable, and to be called so. Whether she would have been as happy and as sweet had she been unappreciated, is matter for doubt. It is easy to bloom where one is shone upon. The good lady had vaguely before her mind's eye some such picture as this: Miss Cora Ware, sweet, proud and lofty, sitting with folded hands, and speaking in this wise to any one whom her aunt might think worth pleasing. "Dear Aunt Isabel is an angel! She is more than a mother to me. Such generosity and such delicacy combined! O you're no idea! I consider my aunt a most remarkable woman."

Of course, in the face of all this kindness, Cora could not say to them, "I know that you like this person whom you call Mr. Francis Burkmar, but I detest him. I know that he is considered a very desirable acquaintance, but I request that you drop him immediately, and forbid him the house." She could not even keep silence on the subject, and turn her back on the gentleman when he appeared in Mrs. Granger's drawing-room or at her table, as he often did. She must treat him with civility, albeit coldly, and listen to hear him praised without making dissent. This was the one bitter drop in her cup. To see that man looked up to, hear him lauded, and not be able to enter her protesting sneer or toss of the head—to have to allow him to bow to her, and be obliged to salute him in return—it was hard.

She spoke to her aunt about it as gently as possible.

"My dear," Mrs. Granger said, very sweetly, but very decidedly, "I quite understand how difficult your position is. Of course it is proper for members of a family such as ours to stand by each other, and resent any outside affront; but there are times when such a course does us more harm than good. In this case we must positively put it aside. In the first place, nobody here knows of the trouble but ourselves, so no remarks can be made. I own, if we lived in New Orleans, we could not receive Mr. Burkmar without awkwardness. In the second place, he was undoubtedly in the right. My brother-in-law was a very irascible man, and he had the faculty of assuming a manner of unparalleled insolence. Of course I know and respect his virtues. I was very much attached to poor Moulton. Then he had an idea on first meeting Mr. Burkmar that he was a mechanic, and an abolitionist, two things which inflamed him beyond all self-control. Mr. Burkmar is not a mechanic, though his talents are for the physical sciences, and his invention is one of common use. At their first meeting, Moulton, without inquiring if his impressions were correct, spoke in the most insulting manner. It was not in human nature to endure it. Mr. Burkmar retorted, and with a good deal of spirit. He has said to me that he regrets he had not been more forbearing, and made no reply at all. But in that case, Moulton would have felt himself insulted by what he would have interpreted as a contemptuous silence. It all took its rise there. When your uncle found out his mistake, he still hated the gentleman for what he called his insolence. At the end, Mr. Burkmar deserved his gratitude, and received only abuse. He had held Moulton's notes for some time after they were due, notes which he had taken from another man who owed him. He says it seemed a fatality that Mr. Granger's papers should fall into his hands. He did not want them, and knew that they would lead him into trouble; but men holding them and owing him were failing, and of course no one could expect him to lose a fortune for a scruple like that. He kept the papers some time, then intimated as gently as he could that they were in his possession. He would not even remind your uncle that his notes were due, and that it was time to foreclose his mortgages. Moulton had not known where his papers were, and when he learned he was frantic. He instantly accused Mr. Burkmar of buying them up out of revenge,

and with the intention of ruining him. Of course Mr. Burkmar resented this indignantly. Poor Moulton was ruined already, and so far from his having any chance with another creditor, he would not have found another so lenient. Mr. Burkmar offered to extend his time, and was accused of trying to humble his debtor; he wrote, explaining himself, and his letter was returned unopened; he went to the house, as a last resort, and was turned away from the door. He had done enough, and more than another would have done. He had but one more step to take. He put the business into his lawyer's hands. You will perceive, dear, that your poor uncle was quite in the wrong from first to last. You should know how unforgiving he is."

Cora well knew that Mr. Granger had disowned his own sister, Cora's mother, when she married a man he hated; and it was not till her husband had been dead for years, and she herself just about to die, that he forgave her and offered her child a home. Cora remembered that her blood had risen more than once at his allusions to her father.

She sat with downcast eyes, pained, almost convinced, yet still with a feeling of resentment toward the man who, if he had not wronged, had humbled them. A proud nature would rather suffer a wrong than be convicted of committing one.

"If Mr. Burkmar were less generous," Mrs. Granger pursued, "I should really feel very unpleasantly to see him. But I know he would wish to dismiss the subject entirely from his mind, if he were allowed, and I hope that you will be able to overcome this feeling. I do not in the least wonder at your having it, and I do not expect you to be at once cordial with him. I only hope that Albert will be reasonable."

"Poor Albert!" sighed Cora. She was fond of her cousin, and could understand what a blow his change of circumstances and his father's death would be to him. "I wish I could be there to comfort him."

Verifying the saying that a certain person is always near when you are speaking of him, the servant here announced Mr. Burkmar.

Mrs. Granger met him with smiling cordiality, her niece with quiet civility; but a deep red burned in Cora's cheeks as she returned his salutation. She withdrew a little, and watched the two talking together.

We have not described Mrs. Granger, but she is well worth it. Picture her to yourself as she sits in her stately drawing-room, en-

thrown in a blue satin *fauteuil*, against which the soft gray of her many-flounced dress, and the rose-colored ribbons of her breast-knot and headdress, make a delicate but lively contrast. Hair of soft, pale brown, as yet scarcely touched with gray, and only showing those faint touches on a close examination, shows in a shining coil at the back of her head, and a light fleece of ringlets hangs and tosses at each side of her handsome face. Mrs. Granger's face and form are full, her features regular and soft in outline, her complexion as delicate and her flesh as tender as an infant's, her eyes a clear, pleasant gray, her forehead low and beautifully-shaped. She has a sweet, smooth voice, a gentle manner, and a very winning smile. Indeed, she is a thoroughly amiable woman, as the name goes. I doubt if she ever inspired or experienced any deep or devoted attachment; those universally smiling women seldom do; but she was liked, and that suited her.

Cora sat a little apart, and glanced from one to the other of these two. As much as she loved her aunt, and as grateful as she felt toward her, she could not help comparing her face to a smiling mask. There was something superficial in her sweetness, her compliments sounded hollow, her desire to please seemed to the critical eyes of her niece to be too evident. The other was by far the finer character, she could not help owning. No one could doubt the sincerity of George Burkmar's face. If anything, it was a trifle too sincere for the lady who was trying to please and flatter him. He received her smiles with scanty return, and though he evidently liked and respected her, there was no appearance of any marked feeling of complacency toward her.

"He is grand looking," thought Cora, then felt vexed with herself the next minute for the admission.

Mr. Burkmar's manner was unusually constrained that day. He was not a man to be delighted with Mrs. Granger's style of conversation, and at any time he found it not easy to reply to her compliments. Now it was more than ever difficult, with that pale and haughty creature sitting opposite, with her cool, bright eyes scanning him, and her ears taking in every word he spoke. Miss Cora was rather surprised and disconcerted presently, to see the gentleman suddenly turn his eyes on her with a frowning look. She was not aware how intent her gaze had been.

Mrs. Granger looked at the clock at the

same moment, with an exclamation of dismay.

"Bless me!" I shall have to leave you to Cora, Mr. Burkmar. I am so sorry, but I know that you will excuse me. We have a meeting of the committee of our church charitable society, and I am the chair—woman, I suppose I must call it. We have a great many poor in the city. They call on me so seldom, that I feel it my duty to go. Perhaps I shall find you here on my return. Wont you stay and have dinner?"

The gentleman gravely excused himself, being already engaged elsewhere, and seemed about to take his leave then, but changed his mind. Half way to the door, and after having bowed to Cora with freezing coldness, he deliberately returned to his seat.

She looked at him in surprise, and waited for him to speak.

"I am glad to have the opportunity to speak to you alone," he said, coldly, but with some embarrassment. "I am aware that I am trespassing in taking advantage of that opportunity, since your dismissal of me from your presence was so explicit, at the time we were on our journey. Have I your permission to speak? or shall I go without saying any more?"

"If you have anything to say to me, you are at liberty to say it," Cora said, loftily. "My aunt's visitors have every claim on my courtesy."

Seeing that she moved uneasily to avoid the sunlight from the window, he rose and lowered the curtain so as to shade her face, but leave the golden light on her bosom and on the fair hands that were folded on her lap. Instead of resuming his seat again then, he came nearer and leaned on the high back of a chair opposite her, his lofty form showing to full advantage in that position. His manner changed, too. The greater freedom and superiority he felt when standing, banished his momentary embarrassment. He smiled slightly, and did not try to conceal the involuntary expression of admiration with which he saw how lovely and picturesque she was in that light. She wore black, and the monotony of color allowed the eye to dwell more entirely on the perfection of her shape. But, plain as her dress was, every detail was exquisite; he saw that. From the smooth braids of her hair, to the tiny puff of white crape at the wrists, and the jet buckle of her shoe, everything was dainty and harmonious. The pallor which her face wore when we first saw her, is there no longer, though Miss Ware

cannot be called rosy. But there is a faint bloom over her cheeks, which tells of health, and full, swift-flowing pulses. She has evidently a rich vitality, and a sound and healthy frame. The idea she gives is of one sweet and sound, as a woman should be. She quite justified Mr. Burkmar's admiring gaze, and he did not spare it. He seemed, indeed, willing to cause her a momentary embarrassment, since she had so often disconcerted him.

"Miss Ware," he began, quietly, but with an air of superiority that nettled her, "have you any objection to my visiting here?"

She hesitated and colored slightly at this very plain putting of the question.

"I have no right to forbid your coming," she said, then, with a not very successful effort to be quite at ease.

"I am not asking what you have a right to do, but what you desire," he went on. "I wish that you would be frank with me, and tell me how you feel in the matter. I know that you don't like me, but I do not quite understand the extent of your aversion. I would never come to the house, if I thought that my coming caused you serious annoyance. I might think you unreasonable and unjust, but I should remain away. Of course I should find reasons enough for doing so, without complaining that you had banished me. I like Mrs. Granger. She is a pleasant acquaintance, and hers is an agreeable house to visit; but it would not break my heart to lose both. So you need not fear doing me a great injury in that way. Shall I remain away in future?"

He had spoken gently and quite as a matter of course at first, but the last question was put almost angrily; and glancing up at him, Cora saw his form proudly erect, and a flash in the eyes that dwelt on her.

"I think you misunderstand me, Mr. Burkmar," she said. "I have no desire to banish you from the house. I prefer that you should come just as though I were not here. I do not deny that I feel a coldness toward you. It is natural I should. Still I am willing to own that I may have mistaken, and blamed you unjustly. But that does not alter the fact that you were the man most disliked by the one who stood in the place of father to me. It is my intention to treat you with courtesy when we meet. Have I failed in that?"

She had been looking down while speaking, but at this question she raised her head with

something of a toss, and flashed back his own glance to him.

A faint tremor passed over him, and a deep breath that ended in a half-smothered sigh heaved his breast. Her words, and the thinly veiled coldness with which they were pronounced, showed him the vast difference between what he desired and what she accorded.

"Pardon me!" he said, "I have no right to ask of you more than justice. But, O, how generosity would become you!"

His glowing eyes rested upon hers and made them droop. She sat flushed and vexed, biting her lip, and utterly unable to reply, or even to rise when he went out. But as soon as the door closed behind him she started up and watched him walk down the street. The color was beaming richly in her cheeks, and her full lip was crimson under the teeth that angrily pressed it. She half hated, and wholly admired this man. How he towered above others in the street. How gentlemen took off their hats to him. How lofty and noble-looking he was, and what grace was in that free and swinging step of his.

"He is the finest-looking man in the city," she whispered to herself. "And I do believe that—that he likes me. How terribly awkward it would be! I hope I may mistake. Some men have that way of looking at ladies they don't care for. What should I do? He is one to be in earnest in such a feeling, and I should be tormented to death. What an insolent tone he takes with me. I do wish I had not acted so much like a bashful simpleton."

Going up to her own room after she had watched her visitor out of sight, Cora found a letter on her dressing-table. "Dear Cousin Albert!" she said, tearing it open with eager hands. It was the first letter she had received from him, and from its postmark she first learned of its arrival at New Orleans. He wrote that he had started for America before learning the news from home, and on reaching New Orleans had been saluted with the story of all his misfortunes. His father was dead, his home broken up, and Cora gone. He did not tell her that this last blow had been the least hard to hear, but she knew he meant that.

"There is one subject which I can scarcely trust myself to mention," he wrote. "I am not myself when I think of that man who pursued my father with such vindictive hatred, never resting till death snatched his

prey from him. Scarcely resting then, it seems. I hear that he went North in the same steamer with you. It must have been purposely, in order to insult you by his presence, O, if I had been there! Be sure, Cora, he will rue the day he insulted a Granger, the base-born, insolent villain! He will find that there is young blood in the family, and that he has not to deal with a lady, or an old man. Next month I am coming to satisfy both love and hate. I cannot rest till I have seen you—and him."

Cora Ware's face grew pallid as she read. Albert had inherited his father's pride and his fiery temper. It was impossible to guess how far he might go. She could scarcely hope that he would listen to reason, or be influenced by any explanation she could make. It seemed more likely that if she were to defend Mr. Burkmar, it would only exasperate her cousin still more against him.

"What can I do?" she thought, in distress. "If I tell Aunt Isabel it will do no good. She would only think Albert unreasonable and violent, and he never would be able to listen to her long, cool apologies. It would seem to him that we have all turned against him. Would there be any use in warning Mr. Burkmar? In his way he is as fiery as Albert; but perhaps, for my sake—"

She started up impatiently, reddening over her pale cheeks. "What folly am I talking?"

A photograph card had dropped from her letter as she tore it open, and she now first perceived it as it fell from her lap. Even in her trouble she smiled involuntarily as her eyes fell on the pictured face. It represented a young man in blouse and slouched hat, with alpen-stock, and a kuapsack strapped to his shoulders. One side of the hat brim was caught up, letting a strong light upon his face. It was an ideal face, as exquisite in shape as any creation of sculptor or painter, and possessed of a spirit such as few artists could reproduce. The large and brilliant eyes, black, you would rightly guess from the picture, had that languid yet alert expression which we see in the half-closed eyes of the lion and tiger, the small mouth under its drooping mustache was not more fine than firm in its curves, and the chin showed will and temper.

"He has grown handsomer in this last year," she thought, contemplating the face with pride; "and that jaunty air is becoming to him. This was taken in Europe. Poor Albert! I fear he wears a different look now."

"Come, honey, it's mos' time for dinner," said Juno's voice at the door. "An' dare's Mr. Granger 'quirin' about ye, and all de folks passin' squintin' up at the parlor winders."

When Cora went down to the parlor, she found a stranger there with her aunt and cousin. Miss Helen Jameson, they named her; and Mrs. Granger added with emphasis:

"A very dear friend of ours, Cora. Her mother and I were and are like sisters. Mrs. Jameson's father was my guardian."

Cora did not need her aunt's recommendation to treat this girl with cordiality. She took to her at once, with a singular feeling, too, of having met her before. There was something familiar in the face, but whether in features or expression she could not decide.

Miss Helen Jameson could not have been much over twenty, though she was one to look younger than her years. She was rather undersized, but plump and well-formed, and there appeared at first glance something childish in her face. It was only after awhile that one would perceive how much character there was in those small and delicate features, and that the decision apparent in her ringing voice and ready speech was not contradicted by the clear glance of her blue eyes, the steadiness of her pink lips, or the rather high manner in which she carried her head. There was nothing drooping nor hesitating about Miss Helen Jameson.

"Where have I seen you before?" Cora could not help asking as the two went down together to dinner. "Your looks are so familiar."

Helen gave a little laugh.

"It must be because I look like nine hundred and ninety-nine other people," she replied. "You have heard of the man who said 'Smith—Smith—seems to me I have heard that name before.' So with you on seeing me. I look just like all short, dubby, light-complexioned girls. Nature turns out my kind by the gross, I think. I never go into the street but I meet twenty who might sit for my portrait. I couldn't possibly distinguish myself unless I should pull out my eyebrows."

"You are not common looking," Cora said, touching the massive braid of yellow flaxen hair that almost over-weighted the small head. "Your hair is enough to distinguish you. Do you know it is of a very rare shade? And you have a transparent look. Your name should be Clara."

Mrs. Granger told her niece Helen Jameson's story after the girl had gone. It was comprised in a word, and that word was one well calculated to awaken Cora's sympathies. The Jamesons were of good family, and had been wealthy, but about five years before had met with a sudden reverse of fortune. In one of those panics which sometimes come like earthquakes in the commercial world, toppling over whoever stands highest, Mr. Jameson had come down with a crash. The ruins of his fortune buried him. He could not survive such hopeless destruction. There were friends enough who would gladly have assisted his widow and her daughter, but they were too proud to take anything without paying for it. They took rooms in a lodging-house, and supported themselves by doing fine sewing and embroidery.

"Of course they don't go to shops for it," Mrs. Granger said. "Poor Annie's friends give her their work, and pay her large prices for it. She makes and marks all our linen. We could not think of their soliciting employment; for, of course, her change of fortune makes no difference in her position in society, though they go but little into company. Mrs. Jameson's troubles have quite broken her, and Helen doesn't like to leave her mother."

"Is there no other child?" Cora asked.

"No; Mrs. Jameson had a son, but he died many years ago. I am in hopes," Mrs. Granger said, lowering her voice that Frederick might not hear her, "that Helen may marry well. She ought to have a rich husband."

Cora lifted her eyebrows, and nodded smilingly toward her cousin.

"O no!" her aunt said, quickly, and with a slightly heightened color. "They are like brother and sister. I have not quite made up my mind who I wish her to have."

Mrs. Granger was generous and kind-hearted, and no one would have resented any slight to her old friend's daughter quicker than she. But, even in devotion to one's friends one must stop somewhere, and Mrs. Granger stopped when it became a question of her son's marriage. Of these two portionless young ladies, the mother would have preferred infinitely to have Cora for a daughter-in-law, indeed, would have made no objection had such a match been proposed. Poverty in a lodging-house, sewing for its bread, is a far less imposing sight than poverty dwelling in a brown stone palace, and clad in purple and fine linen, even if somebody else has to pay for such expensive housing and draping.

GIDEON GRINDEM'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.

THE white-faced clock on the City Hall stared grimly out into the night, and its truthful hands informed the people in the neighborhood that it was eleven o'clock on Christmas eve. It was a genuine old-fashioned Christmas eve, at that, and the streets of New York were white with snow, and the wind was whirling the drifts about fantastically, to the evident discomfort of the old apple and hot-corn women by the Park railing, who lingered at their posts in spite of the lateness of the hour, hoping to turn another honest penny from some passer-by before midnight. The old ballad-vender had packed up his stock in trade and betaken himself homeward long ago, and most of the New Yorkers had followed his example, so that the streets were almost deserted.

One man, at least, was abroad in the storm,

and as he turned into a gate of the Park to make a short cut over to Broadway, where the stages were still running, the old apple woman, thinking she might find in him another customer, began a vitifol petition to him to buy of her wares, when he turned to her sharply, and the lamplight fell full upon his face. A glance satisfied the woman, and it needed not his cold rebuff to cause her to shrink back from him with a frightened look. The man passed over to Broadway, and pausing a moment for a stage to come up, entered the clattering vehicle, and settled himself in his seat as if totally unconscious of the presence of the other passengers. His entrance seemed to cast a chilling influence over them, for soon they grew silent, and wrapping their coats and shawls closer around them, wondered if it was not growing colder.

At last the stage paused, and the man descended from it. Turning into a cross street, and walking slowly as if careless of the storm, he reached a large brown stone mansion, where he rang the bell. The door was opened by a fine-looking servant in livery; but as soon as he saw the man, the domestic shrank back timidly, and made room for him to enter. Throwing off his overcoat and hat, and divesting himself of his wet boots, the man gave them to the servant.

"A cup of tea, David, in the library," he said, coldly, as he passed into a luxuriously-furnished apartment opening from the hall.

It was a beautiful room, and great taste had been displayed in its adornment. The book-cases and furniture were of the choicest kinds, an open fire burned in the handsome grate, and even to the minutest article, everything was in its place. Perfect order reigned throughout, but there was in everything that coldness and sternness that marked the owner of so much comfort.

The man drew a large arm-chair before the grate, and sinking into it, raised his feet to the fire. He never looked about him, but kept his gaze fixed steadily before him. Only once he raised his eyes to glance at a portrait which hung over the mantel. It was a woman's face—a face so pure and tender in its loveliness, that one could but wonder if it was really that of a human being. Only once the man gazed at it, and as he did so his eyes filled with tears, and his cold, hard mouth wore an expression of intense pain. Then he sank back in his chair, and his eyes fell upon the fire. The domestic entered and placed the refreshments his master had ordered on a small stand at his side, and seeing the man so wrapped in thought, withdrew noiselessly, without disturbing him, and still with that frightened, timid look he had first worn.

He was a very lonely man, this Gideon Grindem, in spite of all his wealth. He was a proud, cold man, and his unhappiness was chiefly of his own making. Years ago he had married a woman much younger than himself, but such a woman as one meets but once in a lifetime, and having seen, can never forget. Had she lived, he might have been happier and better, but she had been dead twelve years, and no other living being had filled her place in the merchant's heart. She had left him one child, and, despite his coldness, he had lavished upon this little one a love only less strong than that he had borne her mother. At eighteen this girl had mar-

ried, against his will, a poor clerk that he had taken into his employ. He had cast her off forever, and now her name was never mentioned in his house. For four years he had not seen her face save once, when she came one cold winter night to beg for aid and forgiveness. He crushed the yearning of his heart for her, and turned her into the street, as he would have done to a dog that had strayed into his house. It was a cruel act, and since then he had been harder and sterner than ever. He had no friends. His acquaintances shunned him, and sought his presence only when business made it necessary. No visitor ever crossed his threshold; no happy sounds or lights were ever heard or seen within the walls of his dwelling. Even his servants feared and avoided him. He was alone in the wide world, and he knew it. He knew he must live alone, and that when he came to die, he must go to the grave with not one loving or pitying heart to cheer his last moments, or miss him when he was gone. It was a sad, sad thought to him, and somehow it came to him to-night with redoubled force. This was why his eyes clouded and his face twitched with pain when he looked at the picture of his dead wife.

The refreshments by his side remained untouched, and the merchant sat with his hands folded wearily, and his eyes fixed absently on the fire—so still, so tranquil, that one might have thought him asleep. And as he sat there, through the storm, and through the closed and curtained windows of the room, came the sweet tones of the midnight chimes of Trinity. The music of the bells filled all the air, rising and falling with the wind. It was a glad and solemn song they sung, for it was a glad and solemn tale they told; for they sang that the Christ-child was born.

"Gideon Grindem!"

The voice was so soft, and yet so distinct and sweet, that it thrilled the merchant to his inmost soul. "Gideon Grindem," the voice said, "are you glad that Christmas has come again?"

The voice came from the fire, and the merchant glanced down at the hearth.

There, standing just below him, was a strange, but beautiful figure. It seemed like an angel, for its face was radiant with purity and beauty, and its garments were of spotless white. It was scarcely a foot high, and its eyes were so small that they seemed like diamond points. Yet they looked straight into the merchant's soul, and read all that was

passing there, and the proud man knew it, and shuddered.

"Gideon Grindem," said the voice again, "are you glad that Christmas has come?"

This time the tone was so reproachful that the tears started to Gideon Grindem's eyes, and he bowed his head and replied:

"Alas! Of all the world, I alone have nothing to rejoice for to-night."

"Listen to me," said the little figure, softly. "I am Conscience, and I have come to speak with you. We have been strangers for a long time, but I have come back to you again. You must hear me to-night, for you cannot drive me away until morning; and O, if you are wise, Gideon Grindem, do not drive me away then!"

The merchant sat silent and trembling. He knew he was powerless, and he could not take his eyes from the little figure on the hearth. But it was little no longer, for it grew in size every moment, until it assumed a gigantic form, and a mien so stern and terrible that the merchant almost shrieked with terror as he gazed at it. Yet he could not turn his eyes away. One thing only remained unchanged; the voice of the figure was as sweet and solemn as ever. The merchant felt that he would give all his wealth to escape from its presence, but he could not move a limb.

"What do you want with me?" he gasped.

"I will show you," said the figure, solemnly. "Come with me!"

The merchant felt a strong hand grasp him by the shoulder, and the next moment he was borne through space with a speed so rapid that it deprived him of the ability to cry out. Suddenly there was a pause, and he opened his eyes. He started in astonishment at the scene before him.

It was a little, plainly-furnished room. Everything betokened contentment, though at the same time an absence of riches. A bright fire burned in the open grate, and the soft light of a pleasant lamp lit up the room. A woman, neither old nor young, sat by the fire, and at her feet knelt a child, with his little hands folded in prayer. There was a look of quiet happiness in the pale face of the woman, and her soft eyes were bent tenderly upon the child at her feet, as he whispered his prayer so low that only she and the angels heard it. The merchant gazed at the scene in utter bewilderment. Then his eyes grew misty, and a great sob swelled up from his heart. He had recognized the two—the boy

was himself, and the woman was his mother.

"Do you ever pray now, Gideon Grindem?" asked the voice of the figure; and the merchant knew that Conscience was still with him.

"Pray!" he shrieked. "Pray! O my God!"

The woman turned to him slowly, and he stretched out his hands imploringly.

"O mother, mother!" he sobbed. "Let me be your innocent boy again!"

But the sweet face clouded with a look of mingled sternness and horror, and the hand that had rested so tenderly upon the boy's head was raised with a repellant gesture. The merchant shrank back with a groan, and the vision faded.

"It is a terrible thing, Gideon Grindem," said the voice of Conscience, "for a parent to turn away from a child."

The merchant shuddered. He was thinking of his own child, and how he had turned from her prayer for mercy. The figure laid its hand upon him and drew him away. He knew they were now in New York again, and that they were hurrying through the city in the midst of the storm; for he could feel the snow driving furiously in his face, and the keen wind chilled him through and through. They passed into one of the lowest quarters of the city, and entered a miserable dwelling. The figure led him up long flights of stairs, until finally they entered a chamber, so wretched and mean, that the merchant shrank back with disgust.

A flickering tallow dip shed a feeble light through the room, adding to its misery an hundred fold. On a low bed a man lay, wan and emaciated. A woman sat by the candle, sewing busily, her pale, wan face seeming even more ghastly by the uncertain light; and on a low pallet two children lay asleep—for the while unconscious of the suffering around them. The fire in the stove was dying away, and the room was growing colder every moment. Gideon Grindem gazed with horror at the scene, and turned to fly from it, but the figure laid its hand heavily upon him, and drew him up close beside the sorrowful woman, as she sat sewing her life away; and as he gazed, the merchant saw that, in spite of the marks of care and suffering which it bore, the woman's face was wonderfully like that of his dead wife. No wonder, for the woman was his daughter. A cold sweat stood on his brow, and his heart seemed to stop still. It was fearful to stand thus and gaze on such a dreadful scene.

A slight movement of the man in the bed called the woman to look up.

"Are you awake, George?" she asked.

"I have not been asleep, darling," replied the man, sadly. "I cannot rest for thinking, and the knowledge that I am so helpless makes me wretched. Our fuel is out, and we can get no more until the day after to-morrow, and we shall freeze in this weather, and on Christmas day, too. I could bear it for myself, Nellie; but when I think of you and our children—"

His voice failed him, and he sobbed with bitter anguish. The woman dropped her work and bent over him, trying to soothe him.

"We must trust in God, George," she whispered. "He will not desert us."

"If your father was human, if he were not a fiend—" exclaimed her husband, fiercely; but she interrupted him.

"He is my father, George," said the wife, softly. "I forgive him all the wrong he has done us, and I pray God to bless him and to soften his heart."

Gideon Grindem groaned, and turning to the figure, cried imploringly:

"Let us go away! I cannot bear this!"

The figure silently led him from the room, and down the long stairs, out into the street again. It was no longer night there, for the sun was shining brightly, and the thoroughfares were thronged with busy crowds hurrying to their accustomed avocations. The air was keen and frosty, and the extra wrappings and comforters which the people wore, assured the merchant that it was very cold.

The figure led him into a large store on one of the business streets, and only stopped when they reached the counting-room, where several merchants were collected around the stove. Gideon Grindem and his companion paused beside them, but the gentlemen did not seem conscious of their presence.

"What was that you said about Gideon Grindem?" asked one.

"I said he is a heartless brute!" replied another.

"What new thing has he done?"

"He has killed his daughter, and her husband, and children. They froze to death yesterday, in a miserable hovel near East River. Think of it!—on Christmas day, too!—and old Grindem rolling in wealth in his sumptuous home!"

"He has a tough conscience," said the first speaker; "but I would not like to be in his place when he comes to die."

Gideon Grindem's heart stood still.

"It is true," said the figure, solemnly. "In the sight of God you have murdered your children!"

The merchant's brain seemed on fire, and he shrieked aloud with anguish, for the terrible words burnt into his soul like red-hot irons. The figure at his side was so stern, so terrible, that he could not bear to look at it.

"Have mercy on me!" he groaned. "My heart is breaking!"

"Your heart, miserable man!" exclaimed the figure, sternly. "Would you see your heart?" And without waiting for a reply, the figure placed its hand heavily on the merchant's head, and bowed it so that it seemed to turn his eyes inward. He could but look, and, to his horror, he saw in the place where his heart should have been, a hideous mass of corruption, so foul, so horrible, that he shuddered to look at it.

"It has changed greatly since you gave it to your dead wife, Gideon Grindem," said the figure, sadly.

"Have mercy on me!" the merchant pleaded.

"Were you merciful to your child?" asked Conscience, sternly. "Have you kept the vow you made to your dead wife, to love and protect her child always?"

The merchant was silent. He knew he had been pitiless and cruel.

"Come with me," continued the figure, "and I will show you what shall be the end of all this."

Again the merchant felt himself borne swiftly along, and when he opened his eyes again, he found himself in his own home.

He stood in his chamber, and involuntarily he marked the contrast between its luxurious comforts and the miserable garret in which his daughter had frozen to death. He saw, to his surprise, his desk, where he kept his private papers and a considerable sum of money, open, and one of his servants searching eagerly among the contents. He tried to spring forward to stop the man, but he could not move, and when he endeavored to speak, his voice failed him. The figure pointed silently to the bed, and Gideon Grindem looked helplessly in that direction.

A man lay on the bed, silent and motionless. His hands were clasped mutely on his breast, and his eyes were wide open and staring blankly at the ceiling. Gideon Grindem bent over and gazed at the countenance, but he shrunk back in horror and

dismay. Never had he seen such a look of despair as that dead man's face wore. So still, so terrible was it, that it seemed to be something supernatural. The merchant shrank back with a groan; for the face upon which he looked was his own.

"Is this to be the end?" he moaned.

"This will be the end," said the figure, solemnly. "To die alone, neglected and unloved, and without hope hereafter. God help you, unhappy man!"

The figure slowly faded away, and Gideon Grindem looked up with a start. He was sitting in his library, with the untasted refreshments on the stand by his side, and the embers cold and lifeless in the grate before him. The gas was burning in the chandelier with a sickly glare, and through the curtained windows streamed the broad, full light of the Christmas sun. The merchant rubbed his eyes and stared around vacantly. Then his gaze rested on the portrait of his dead wife, over the mantel-piece. The golden sunshine fell lovingly upon her face, and the eyes of the woman who had been so dear to him, seemed full of sweetness and tenderness as they shone down upon him, carrying light straight into his heart that had been so dark. Involuntarily he placed his hand on his heart, and remembered how he had seen it, then a great sob burst from him, and he cried:

"O, God be thanked! it was but a dream."

Another look into the dear eyes of the woman who had loved him, and he sank down on his knees and bowed his head lowly and reverently. Gideon Grindem was praying.

It was still early morning when the handsome carriage of the merchant drove by the Park on its way to East River. The old apple woman, rejoicing in the sunlight that had followed the storm, was spreading her wares on her table, when she was startled to see the handsome equipage pause before her stand, and to hear the same voice that had repulsed her so rudely the night before, call to her to approach. She did so tremblingly, and when the merchant bade her cheerily, hold out her hand, she obeyed because she

feared to refuse. But her surprise was redoubled when she saw lying in her withered palm a bright golden eagle, which sparkled joyously in the Christmas sunlight.

"What is this for, sir?" she faltered.

"To keep Christmas with, old lady," said the merchant, cheerily. He signed to the driver to move on, but as the carriage set off again, he caught a faint "God bless you, sir!" in the tearful tones of the old woman.

Down through the vile streets, reeking with filth, and crime, and misery, that mark the worst quarter of the great city, the splendid equipage passed, amid the wondering glances and remarks of the denizens who marvelled to see it in such a place. It paused before a miserable dwelling, and the merchant sprang out with a flushed, excited face, and hurried up the rickety stairs, fearing that one part of his dream might be true, after all. He pushed open a door and entered a miserable room. A glance satisfied him that the blessed day had brought no joy to the inmates of this sad abode. A woman, pale and careworn, sat by an empty grate, with a look of hopelessness on her sweet, young face, while a man, wan and sickly, lay on the bed with closed eyes, and two children rested on a rude pallet, still happy in their innocent slumbers.

Startled by the noise, the woman looked up. Gideon Grindem's eyes clouded, and he held out his arms and faltered:

"My daughter, forgive me!"

With a glad cry she sprang into his arms, and the penitent father felt that he was forgiven.

In half an hour, the carriage returned to the mansion in Twenty Fifth street, but this time it was full of happy hearts, who left the scene of their misery never to return to it again.

The princely mansion had never seemed so gay before as on this blessed Christmas when it rang with the merry shouts of the children, and echoed the soft laughter of the elder ones; and as Gideon Grindem listened he lifted up his heart and blessed God for the dream he had sent him to bring back so much happiness.



THE LADY OF LINDENWOLD.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a plain, poorly-furnished chamber in which Amy Clair sat at her sewing, casting ever and anon hasty and anxious glances at a thin, delicate face, lying wearily against the back of her chintz-covered easy chair. Presently the brown eyes opened suddenly and detected the look.

"Amy, darling, you are worrying yourself too much about me. Why do you, when Doctor Gray says I am so much more comfortable. And my cough is really a great deal better," smiling a wan sort of smile, that was meant to be very hopeful, but which sent a shiver of terrible apprehension over her sister.

"O Alice! when I see you fading away so like a beautiful flower, my heart is wild with pain. Perhaps if we had never left dear old Lancaster you might have been strong and bright, instead of looking so like a pale Christmas rose. I wish sometimes that we had stayed there. O Alice! I long so for a sight of those graves under the daisies—"

"Amy, Amy, hush, dear. *They are not there.* They are just as near us now and *here.* Indeed, I sometimes fancy they are very near me. And at such times I feel so happy, and so content to bear all this pain and weariness, because I know it is, somehow, best, and that it is only for a little time."

"O Alice! How can you talk so calmly! I cannot bear it! You *must* get well! How could I live in this strange land, alone and friendless?"

"No, not alone, Amy; we are never that. There is always one true friend—very tender and very pitiful. And then, dear, you forget kind Mrs. Vanstone, who has helped and befriended us so much since that terrible night when we came near perishing in the flames. And then, Mr. Russel, Amy; could one give stronger proofs of friendship than he did, though we were comparative strangers?"

There was a bright blush now on the pure check of Amy, and a tender sweetness hovered around the grieved mouth.

"I thought he would be here to-day," Alice continued.

"Perhaps he will, darling," brightening visibly. "You know he is to bring Miss Livingston to see us sometime."

"Yes, I know," was the rather rueful reply. "They say she is very cold and haughty."

"Mr. Russel says she is the most elegant lady he ever saw," Amy replied, with a little unconscious sigh.

There was a low rap at the door, and the sisters started nervously, half expecting it to be the very persons they were speaking of, but were sensibly relieved when the broad, good-humored face of Timmy Bryne appeared instead, with a mysterious covered basket on his arm, which he solemnly uncovered, and revealed a score of great golden pears, flanked by twice their number of amber and crimson apples as big as one's two fists, while on one side, half hidden in glossy green leaves, were long purple and white clusters of the most delicious grapes you ever saw. Amy uttered a little cry of admiration, and Alice's pale lips quivered and her great brown eyes filled with tears.

"O Timmy!" they both said, in a breath, "why did you go and bring all these nice things here? You ought not to do so, Timmy. You are always bringing us something nice, and we can never do anything for you."

"It's pay enough, and more than such an ugly fellow as I am deservin', to get a smile from your sweet faces," was the gallant reply; and Timmy protested stoutly that a friend of his had so much of such kind of stuff lying about, that it was an actual privilege to give it away. He did not mention that his *friend* was a fruit dealer, or that he gave him five bright shilling pieces for the privilege! But they understood and appreciated his delicacy and generosity, and after he had gone, Alice said, with a feeling of self-reproach:

"We never mentioned Timmy among our friends."

"And yet I doubt if we have one other so utterly devoted and unselfish. I never see the brave fellow but I think how grand he looked as he went steadily down that ladder of flame, never shrinking a hair though the

cinders were searing his flesh and scorching the hair from his uncovered head. I could think of nothing but the pictures I have seen of the old martyrs, and, to my eyes, there will always be a sort of halo about his scarred face, for he saved your life, darling, and—"

A well-known step on the stairs sent the quick color to Amy's face, and interrupted her speech. She knew it was Mr. Russel's step, and half suspected the clear, silvery tones, that mingled with his deeper one, were Miss Livingston's. She was correct in her impression, and the elegant lady, clad in rich and costly robes, with jewels on her fingers and at her throat, came gracefully and cordially into the humble chamber.

She was social and courteous, but with a little air of condescension that made Amy glad when the call was over, and the last rustle of her silken robes had died away on the stairs. And beside, she could not help seeing how eagerly Paul Russel watched every movement of the graceful figure, and, though he evidently tried to appear as usual, his interest in Alice's spiritual condition was plainly eclipsed by his interest in Miss Livingston's material one.

"Amy, dear, I am afraid it is very wrong, but I think I don't like Miss Livingston very well."

Amy did not reply immediately, she was thinking; by-and-by she said abruptly:

"Alice, where have I seen Miss Livingston?"

"She was on the Bermuda with us, you know."

"I don't mean that. I was ill, you know, nearly the whole voyage. I do not remember noticing her once, and do not think I saw her. But somewhere I have seen that face. It seems a great while ago, as everything does that happened in those old happy days, before we knew how long, and weary, and hard it was possible for them to be. It was in a crowd that I saw her, and I distinctly remember that Harry was with me, and he has been dead near three years. I recollect, because he called her some sort of a queen—ah! I have it now! Alice, don't you remember when Harry and I went to the "Royal" to witness the debut of Mademoiselle Olivia? and how you were ill and could not go? Well, there is where I saw that face. I should know it among a thousand."

"O Amy, you must be mistaken. It is not at all likely that Miss Livingston was ever an actress. There may be a strong resemblance—such things happen unaccountably some-

times—but it is only a resemblance, be sure of that."

"I tell you, Alice, I *know*! Now, that I have the clue, every tone and gesture comes back to me perfectly, and I know there are not two women in the world so entirely and utterly alike in look, tone, gesture and carriage. But, Alice, O how white you are! I am so thoughtless; I might have known so much excitement would tire you. Lie here on the lounge—let me arrange the pillows. There, is that right, pet?" stooping down and kissing the white, thin lips.

A faint smile flickered over the wasted face, as with an air of utter exhaustion she lay back among the pillows, whose snowy whiteness scarce rivalled the pure, shadowy face pressed against them.

When Miss Livingston stepped into her carriage she ordered the driver to make the tour of the principal streets, including Carmarthen street; adding, by way of excuse, that having seen the main characters in the drama, it would be in keeping to end by visiting its locale. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Vanstone's office was in that immediate neighborhood had some slight influence in her decision. Certain it was, a visible nervousness possessed her as she neared that locality, which Mr. Russel attributed to her quick sympathy with suffering. But he did not note the deepening crimson in her cheek, or the softened light in her eyes, when, a moment after, she bowed, with one of her brightest smiles, as a thoughtful student face, with clear, truthful gray eyes, looked suddenly up from their writing at one of the little dingy windows.

They rode leisurely through the broad streets, pausing occasionally to admire some fine view. Perhaps it would have been difficult for Paul Russel to analyze the peculiar feelings with which Olive Livingston inspired him. That she attracted him powerfully he did not attempt to deny. Her presence overpowered and intoxicated him, and her voluptuous beauty held his senses in thrall. But the very intensity of the attraction tired and exhausted him. He did not realize it while the spell was on, but after he had left her presence a sense of nerveless languor and a sort of restless dissatisfaction oppressed him. It was so different from the feeling of rest and strength, the earnest longing for greater purity and holiness of thought and life, that burned in his soul when he sat in that humble chamber in Germain street, and, while he

taught, learned himself, of heaven from one who had already tasted of its joys. And then he loved the sweet face at the window, with its shifting lights and shades, its flushing and paling, its tenderness and its pain, drifting like ripples across the surface of some pure, woodland lake. He loved to watch the pretty, changeful face and busy fingers, that were always stitching, and think how much better and purer a man might be who had such a sweet face and true, earnest spirit always in his home.

But some strange glamor was upon him while with Miss Livingston—a subtle something which he could not, or at least did not, resist, drew him towards her. And that day, as she sat beside him in her splendid carriage, her magnificent beauty enhanced by the richness and elegance of her attire, he forgot, while looking into her glowing face, all lofty thought, all noble work, all pure aspiration—forgot in short everything but the passionate, bewitching face of the woman beside him.

CHAPTER IX.

OLIVE LIVINGSTON had had too much experience with the world not to understand the symptoms which Mr. Russel exhibited. But while it gratified her vanity, it awoke no answering sentiment in her own bosom. The only love that was worth anything to her—the only eyes which she cared to have look their passion into hers—worshipped at another shrine. What was all her wealth, and position, and beauty worth, so long as this Mordecai failed to bow down before it. And like another Haman she began the construction of a gallows for the accomplishment of her desires. Quite unexpectedly she found a workman to her hand—one who had served a long apprenticeship with his master and was very ready at his work. It happened in this wise.

One evening after she had sat at her window and watched, with burning eyes, the figures of a youth and maiden, sitting in an unmistakably lover-like attitude under the little vine-covered porch of the Wallace cottage, she was measurably relieved, by the announcement of Asa, that a man was at the door who wanted to speak with the mistress.

"Bring him in here!" she said, sharply.

"Into the drawing-room, miss?"

"Certainly. What is there remarkable about that?"

"Nothin', as I know of, only the man!"

"What of him?"

"He's rather a hard-looking chap. I shouldn't want to meet him in an out of the way place. He looks 'villain,' whether he is or not."

"I am not afraid of Satan himself, to-night! Bring him in."

Notwithstanding her assertion, a sudden shiver ran over her when the man, who came in with a stealthy, cat-like tread, lifted a pair of bleared, blood-shot, deep-set gray eyes to her face with a curious, continued gaze. He was a large, muscular man, though evidently worn by dissipation. He was coarsely dressed, and his unkempt hair of heavy iron gray fell low over his dark, lowering brow. Take him all in all he was not exactly the man for a lady's boudoir, but he sat down, however, with an air of quiet assurance that annoyed Miss Livingston exceedingly, and she mentally resolved to get rid of him as speedily as possible.

"What is your business with me, sir?" she demanded, haughtily, stepping back as he approached.

"I am in want of some money."

"A beggar!" she ejaculated, contemptuously.

"Not exactly, my proud lady. You are the owner of Lindenwold?"

"I am, sir. Did you come here to ask that? Any countryman could have told you thus much."

"Every countryman doesn't know quite as much about it as you and I," he replied, with a leer.

"Did you come here to insult me?" she cried, with flashing eyes.

"On the contrary, I came here to make a bargain with you."

"What, sir?"

"A bargain, ma'am; which, if I mistake not, will be for your interest full as much as mine."

"You are drunk!" she exclaimed, turning to the bell rope. He put out his hand—his black, grimy hand—and actually laid it on her white, dainty shoulder. She faced suddenly round, trembling with passion at the indignity. "How dare you!" she demanded, her eyes flaming.

"By heavens! miss, you'd make your fortune on the stage. If *anything* happens, you can try it, you know."

Her first thought was, "this is some miserable trick of Geoffry's to extort more money from me," and she smiled to herself to think

how little she cared for Geoffry's secret. If she only succeeded in her plans—and she *would* succeed if she perilled her soul in the attempt—she could defy Geoffry and his secret.

"Come, now," said the man, "don't be so fiery. I did not come here to quarrel with you; on the contrary I am in want of a little money, and thought perhaps I had something you would like to purchase."

"You! Perhaps you would condescend to inform me," she said, scornfully.

"Certainly. Silence."

"Silence! Are you insane? What can you know that will affect me, if you proclaimed it upon the house-tops?"

"I know who who is the heir of Lindenwold," he said, coolly, looking at her from under his shaggy brows.

She paled perceptibly, but still kept up a show of bravery.

"Really, your knowledge is not so very wonderful, since it is a commonly established fact."

"It is *not* an established fact, but it is in my power to make it so. I hold in my possession *certain papers*, that once given to the *true* heir, would turn you from Lindenwold as much a beggar as I. It rests with you to accept my offer or reject it. I do not bear the man who really owns Lindenwold any goodwill; but money I must have, and if you are not willing to pay it, probably be is."

"You are mistaken," she said, with an effort to be calm; "the mother and child never arrived here; they both perished on the passage, if indeed they ever left there at all, of which there is no proof."

"The mother died, but the child did not. He lived, is still living, and *you know him*."

"I do not! You think to extort money from me by threats. I tell you there is no proof that they ever left Liverpool."

"Liverpool! Who said anything about Liverpool? You are on the wrong tack altogether. Perhaps it would be worth your while to listen to what I have to propose."

Faint and giddy with a suspicion of the truth, Olive Livingston sank into a chair and motioned him to proceed. The man told his story in a low, bitter tone, watching his listener steadily with those keen, deep-set, gray eyes. But all he could see was the white pallor of her face, which was turned toward the window. She did not speak until he had concluded, then she said, without moving or turning her head:

"Well!"

"What do you think of the story?"

"I am ready to pay for it."

"You do not doubt it, then?"

"No, I know it is so. I knew it before. I thought I held the only clue; it seems I am mistaken. How much will satisfy you?"

"It is a large property, I expect," he said, with a disagreeable smile.

"That is not the question. Name your price—or stop. You say you do not like this man?"

"I said that I *hated* his parents, and hated him because he was their child!" he said, in a tone of compressed passion.

"Well, if you could do something to injure him—I don't mean bodily injury—it must not be that, mind!—but something to strike at his heart, to make him suffer as you have suffered."

His eyes fairly blazed with excitement, and his hands clenched nervously at the table by which he sat. Miss Livingston so far overcame her repugnance as to take a chair beside the table where her strange guest sat, for the purpose of forming this singular alliance. If I had as much faith in a personal devil as some people have, I should say, unhesitatingly, that *he* came and completed the party!

The next day Miss Livingston rode into the city to do some shopping, and made it in her way to call at her lawyer's, Mr. Vanstone's, and seemed quite surprised when Arthur St. Orme answered her summons. She could not have been more so, if she had not happened to know that Mr. Vanstone had gone up to Frederickton for a week!

It was quite astonishing how very perplexing and unintelligible she found her business affairs, and what an amount of explanations were necessary, even involving the necessity of St. Orme's coming up to Lindenwold that evening. He hinted that perhaps Mr. Vanstone would understand the matter better, but she was quite sure he would do equally as well. And so he promised, with perhaps a little secret feeling of pleasure at the prospect of a *te-te* with so beautiful and high-bred a lady as Miss Livingston.

Then Miss Livingston drove to the Commercial and drew a hundred pounds, which she carelessly thrust in a heavy, crimson silk purse, and stepped into her carriage, and was driven leisurely up Prince William street. She looked pleased and satisfied, and a smile hovered, like a tender thought, about the full, crimson lips. It was an elegant carriage, and

the span of noble chestnuts did not disgrace it. Many an admiring eye was turned toward the carriage and its charming occupant. She knew it, and her darkening eye and heightened color told that the love of admiration was one of the ruling passions of her life. Perhaps she was not displeased, when a crowd in Duke street caused them to pause an instant, to see the fine face of the young rector at her carriage window. In the midst of her cordial greetings, the door of a drinking-shop, but a few feet from her, opened, and a young man of some seven or eight-and-twenty emerged with an unsteady gait, and crossed the street directly in front of her horse's heads. If only something would startle them! The thought flashed through her brain, and for the moment Olive Livingston was in heart a fratricide. Something about the horses attracted the man's eye, and he glanced back. A look of surprise lighted his stolid face, and lifting his hat, he made a ludicrous bow and flourish towards the occupant of the carriage. Miss Livingston tried to put on an indifferent manner, and to appear amused, but there was an angry red in her cheek, and a fire in her eye that she could not quite hide, and which embarrassed both parties so much, that both felt relieved when the street was clear, and the interview thus necessarily terminated.

"Am I to be disgraced and insulted in this manner, in the public streets, by *him*?" she muttered, through her shut teeth. "Would it be much of a crime, I wonder, to rid the world of such a fellow?" She shuddered and drew her shawl closer about her—these autumn winds were getting really chilly.

That evening Arthur St. Orme came out to Lindenwold. Miss Livingston herself had appointed the hour, and it was so close upon office hours, that he had not time to run down to the cottage even for a moment, although he promised himself that he would hurry through the business, and step in a moment before he went back to the city. He wanted to look in Annie's blue eyes, and perhaps, with a lover's freedom, hold her in his arms a moment, before he went back to the bustle, and confusion, and weariness of another day's toil. He stopped at Mr. Vanstone's a large portion of the time now, only coming home Saturdays, and once or twice for an evening in the course of the week.

But his thought of seeing Annie that night was defeated, for never was business in such urgent need of attention as Miss Livingston's, and never was client so agreeable and suave

before. And long before Miss Livingston had released him, the lights in the cottage were out; but poor little Annie sat at her chamber window, watching the red glow which came through the crimson curtains of the Lindenwold library, with a heavier heart than five months before she had sat, that first night of *her* coming, and watched the steady tramp, tramp, of a pair of unconscious feet through the June dew.

CHAPTER X.

In the humble chamber in Germain street, there sat an unbidden guest. And yet, stern and unrelenting, he waited in grim silence, while choking sobs and pleading prayers fell alike unheeded. The fair face among the pillows was little altered, save that a serener smile parted the pale lips, and the great brown eyes mirrored more the celestial brightness of that heaven to which they were so near.

"O Alice, if you could only take me with you! You will see them all—father, and mother, and Harry—and I shall be toiling on here *alone*, all alone!" And the sweet voice died away in a sad, unutterable wail.

"Amy, it is His will. You must not murmur at it, darling. Maybe, if I am permitted, I shall come back to comfort you. I have suffered so much that—perhaps it is selfish—but I am glad, save that it grieves you, to be released. You will not want for friends, dear—"

A frowsy head rose suddenly from the window-seat, and a choking voice exclaimed:

"If there is ever anything the likes of me can do to be of service to such a sweet young creature—" And then the voice quite broke down, and the frowsy head, with its broad, scarred face, went suddenly down on the window again.

"God bless you, faithful, tender friend!" said the steady voice of the dying girl. "Come here, Timmy, I want to look in your honest face once more."

She took his big hand in her thin, white one, and carried it reverently to her lips. He made a deprecatory gesture, but she said:

"They saved my life once, and they have served me often since. It is a poor return, but it is all I have to give; but my heart is in the act, simple as it is, and you will think of it sometimes, and of the little girl who gave it you with her dying breath?"

"O my sweet, darling young lady, it's a rich man I am with so priceless a gift, sure! I'd

gladly go through a thousand fires, if I could save your precious young life!" he said, with a wistful look on his tearful face.

But no such sacrifice could be accepted, for while the grave, solemn words of prayer went up from the lips of the young rector, who sat by her bedside, with a smile still on her lips, and the seal of eternal peace on her stauless brow, the pure spirit of Alice Clair went noiselessly out with the waiting messenger, and only the beautiful clay remained.

It was a small procession that followed the young English girl to her humble burial place—for Amy insisted on going as far as she could into the valley of shadows with her dead. Miss Livingston came in to the funeral, and very considerably called and took Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone, and Arthur St. Orme. Paul Russel went himself with Amy, who, poor child, chided herself for the faint glow of happiness that crept into her bleeding heart, as she leaned on his strong arm, and listened to his earnest words of faith and hope. And Paul Russel, forgetting for a time the blandishments and fascinations of Olive Livingston, felt his heart glow with a tender, protecting fondness for the lonely little orphan, and thought it would be very sweet to comfort her always, in all her sorrows, and have her lean as confidently upon him as she did then. And Timmy Bryne, who was just behind them, thought, as he lifted his face for a moment from the damp folds of his red silk handkerchief, that the rector "deserved a good roasting in purgatory, that he did, if he left that sweet English violet for the haughty lady of Lindenwold!" For Timmy had very keen eyes, and saw what perhaps the parties themselves had never more than half suspected.

But while this was transpiring in the city, a strange thing happened to Lindenwold. The servants were all away, save Asa, and he might as well have been, for he was sound asleep in the stable loft.

Annie Wallace, who had taken to watching Lindenwold almost constantly of late, saw from her chamber window, a man go round the north wing and enter the house by the side entrance. At first thought, she supposed it to be Arthur. He had been there several times of late, and somehow she fancied that he seemed annoyed when she had spoken of it. And so she called her pride to her aid, and grew cool and distant, and even went so far as to refuse to see him upon one or two occasions, when he had come out on purpose

to see her. At first, Arthur had a dim suspicion that it might be because of his visits at Lindenwold, and he would have explained to her, only she would not give him the chance; and beside, Miss Livingston had once or twice intimated that Annie was really getting quite partial to young Randolph, the son of a neighboring farmer; but then, she added, "Annie was but a child yet, and probably didn't know her own mind;" adding, with one of her peculiar glances, that "probably *his* interests were safe, as Annie would obey her mother, and everybody knew her mother's preferences."

Arthur knew that John Randolph had at one time been deeply in love with Annie, and the uncertainty of his own success had given him more than one heartache. But that was a long time ago, and since the day when she had put her little hand in his, and declared that "she didn't care for John Randolph one bit," admitting at the same time, with many a shy blush and smile, that she *did* care for somebody else, he had never doubted her until since Miss Livingston came. And so a coolness grew up between them, and Miss Livingston, looking on, smiled quietly to herself, and thought how very soon she should be able to defy Geoffry, his claims and his secrets.

The three months which she had asked, were, indeed, only a clever little ruse to gain time, which Geoffry, shrewd as he was, did not suspect. It was this thought that gave the exultant flash to her eyes, as, glancing from her carriage window on her return from the burial of Alice Clair, she saw him walking leisurely down the street. That same night Arthur St. Orme had resolved to see Annie and have a full explanation. He had tried to put the thought out of his mind, but his love was of too long a growth to be thus easily eradicated, and he had resolved to see Annie, and if she no longer cared for him, to leave the old home and all its tender associations, for some place—he hardly knew or cared where—where everything did not so continually remind him of the happy past. Somehow, as he thought it over, all his troubles dated from the arrival of Miss Livingston. It was not, therefore, with any very joyful feelings that, half way to Lindenwold, he met Miss Livingston, who, looking out with a pale, excited face, informed him that she was coming to town expressly to see Mr. Vanstone, but that he would do equally as well; and bidding the driver turn the horses' heads, she

opened the door, moving so that he might sit down beside her.

Auntie had been thinking a good deal about the man she had seen enter Lindenwold that afternoon. She knew now that it was not Arthur, for she saw him when he came out, and he was taller and darker. It might have been a burglar, although a burglar would hardly come so boldly, she thought. However, she resolved to go up and inform Miss Livingston of what she had seen. Nearly opposite Lindenwold House she met John Randolph, and almost at the same moment, Miss Livingston's carriage came from towards town and turned up the drive.

John had a light buggy, and, in a friendly manner, invited her to take a drive to town with him.

"No, John," she said, kindly, "not to-night. I have got to go up to Lindenwold;" glancing in that direction just as St. Orme was handing Miss Livingston from her carriage. A sudden change swept over her face, and the blue eyes flashed as royally as ever Miss Livingston's did, as, with a strong effort she controlled herself sufficiently to say, in an indifferent tone:

"I think I *will* go, John, after all. It will be just as well to go up to Lindenwold in the morning, and one might as well enjoy this fine autumn weather, before the long, dreary winter shrieks over its forgotten grave." She

shuddered slightly, and drew her shawl closer about her, as John gathered up the reins and drove off.

A shadow of disappointment settled over the face of St. Orme, which was not lightened by the meaning look that Miss Livingston cast after them.

"Did I not tell you?" she said, softly, laying her hand lightly on his arm.

He started as if some one had struck him, shaking off her arm with a slight shiver.

"Pardon my rudeness," he said, instantly. "I am hardly myself to-night. I believe I am nervous." And he tried to smile, but it was a pitiful abortion.

Miss Livingston saw it, and her white teeth set themselves savagely together, and a dark look flitted across her face.

"I will know to-night," she said, mentally, "even if I humble my pride in the dust. If he still prefers that little unsophisticated fool, with her pink and white baby-face, then there is but *one* alternative. And, after all, it is perhaps the safest way, for I hate *him*, and always did, and I *will not* be conquered and outwitted by him. I know he will not hesitate to use, for his own interest, what I verily believe Satan helped him to get. And to think I was such a fool as to trust him, and leave *that* where he could get at it! Well, to-night—yes, this very hour, must decide my fate—and his!"

OUR CO-TENANT AT THE TOWERS.

BY MISS AMANDA M. HALE.

I WAS always a stubborn disbeliever in ghostly appearances until I went to live at the Towers, but my experience there was too much for my incredulity.

The first time I ever saw the Towers was upon a sweet, summer afternoon, more years ago than I like to think. We had been driving over miles and miles of country road, climbing breezy hills where lonely farmhouses sat overlooking the quiet, pastoral landscape, home-like and happy in their seclusion, swooped down into green hollows where merry rivers ran noisily, and mills clattered, and the horses' feet echoed on the crazy wooden bridge, and the clematis, in full flower, whitened the thickets, and the gentians made the meadows blue, and loitered through dim

forests where the birches whispered in the wind, and great oaks uprose, and the silence and religious light awed one like a cathedral; and at last, when the afternoon was in its prime, when the whole western sky was a field of gold, and church spire and tree-top were defined upon it with exquisite distinctness, we came upon the village of Landsdowne.

First there came neat white houses set in vines and shrubbery; straggling, moss grown stone walls dividing the pleasant mowing-fields; lines of graceful English elms, garlanded about their brown boles with young green leaves, and tempting paths curving prettily between margins of soft turf. And so presently we reached the Towers.

I did not know, at the time, that it owned this soubriquet; afterward I learned that it was the ancestral home of a family more remarkable for influence and wealth than for goodness, a family now quite extinct.

It was a massive three story house, with the end walls of brick; two narrow, tall wings, exceeding the main structure in height, flanked it; the windows were many-paned and old-fashioned; it stood close upon the road, the grass-grown yard, as trim, and green, and velvety as a gentleman's lawn, unclosed. There was a low, insignificant porch over the front door, curiously disproportioned to the height of the building. A girl sat in a chair in front of the porch busy with some needle-work.

All around there were homes which must have been the centres of warm, happy life, but the street was utterly still; as if the people were all locked in a Rip Van Winkle sleep.

From far-off mowing fields came the clunk of the whetted scythe, now and then an audacious bird dropped a song into the silence; but nothing else stirred.

Years after, when I was soul-sick of noise and worry, I did not forget that picture of idyllic quiet. And when one day I happened upon a newspaper with an advertisement settling forth that house called the Towers, with all its appurtenances was to let, I seized upon the thought at once.

We were a large, rollicking, fun-loving family, and we had countless relations. I remembered the long stretch of front wall, and was sure of bedrooms adequate to our bestowment. If I could secure it, one summer was happily provided for.

I wrote to the agent, leased the house, and the first of June we all migrated countryward. In an incredibly short space of time we had scattered ourselves all over the house, explored to the attic, taken an inventory of closets—it being a theory of mine that houses are built chiefly to contain those convenient apartments—and made a raid on the orchards and garden. But there being, as Charlie said, no fruit ripe except a few green currants, we did not prosecute our investigations any further in that direction.

Returning to the house, we renewed our adventures within it. There was a low wing, joining the main body of the house, where the humbler parts of the work could be performed. It was divided into apartments, the largest and most remote of which had once

been used as a kitchen. This was in a pretty dilapidated condition. The plastering was cracked, and in some places falling from the walls. The huge beams that crossed the ceiling were black with ancient smoke, and tapestried with cobwebs. There was a wide, open fire-place with ponderous crane and foot-hooks.

"And what's this?" cried Charlie, laying hold of a rusty iron door. It yielded to his urgent hand and disclosed a yawning entrance to a dark cavern.

"Why, it's the oven, Charlie."

"Sure enough! Hold your candle here, sis." I did so.

"Why, the place is large enough to roast an ox whole," Charlie said.

It was, indeed, and at the further part lay a pile of rubbish, of what sort we could only faintly discern.

"Who knows but there are treasures hid there?" said Charlie, with enthusiasm. "I've a great mind to creep into the den and see."

"No indeed, Charlie! With your best clothes on, too," I remonstrated.

"Whew!"

Charlie looked down at his new gray suit in dismay, then cast a longing, lingering glance at the mouth of the oven.

"There are only ashes there I dare say, Charlie, and you may not get another new suit of clothes when you want them."

"No! It's just possible I mayn't," and Charlie turned heroically away.

"Stay!" he said. "We must put up the door first. Help me, Lu."

I stooped with him and lifted one side of the heavy door.

"Why, you needn't try so hard, Lu," said Charlie, looking at me in surprise.

"I? I was thinking that I wasn't lifting a bit," I returned, also surprised.

Charlie stared at me.

"Didn't you breathe hard and fast, and lift almost the whole weight? I thought you were trying to show your muscle."

"Nonsense!" I answered, with indignation.

"It was you who breathed like a locomotive, and tugged and strained with every sinew."

"Upon my word it wasn't, Lu!" said Charlie, vehemently.

We looked at each other in a sort of confused surprise.

"You look as if you had seen a ghost, Lucilla," said Charlie, at length.

I shivered. I felt an unaccountable, sudden depression.

"Come! Let's go away!" I said, hastily.

We turned to go out. Charlie passed first into the next room, and I had stepped over the threshold, my hand upon the door, just ready to close it, when it was wrenched from my hand and slammed violently upon us.

"My God—what was that?"

It was Charles's exclamation. The young, red blood had all left his face. I was trembling too much to speak, but I tottered out somehow, and holding to Charlie's hand made my way into the light, airy room which we used as our kitchen. Patty, our maid of all work, looked up from the biscuit she was moulding and exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Lu, your cheeks are like snow, and it's ill you'll be after all this work."

I looked at Charlie; he was discreetly silent.

Just then mother's bell rang, and I ran up stairs to her. Mother was the invalid of our family. She was not our own mother, but a little delicate woman whom my father had taken to his heart during the last years of his life, and dying, left on our hands. There were three children, too, the youngest a merry morsel of fun. The others were respectively six and eight. Then we had Sophia and May, the twins, just sixteen, and Hugh who was twenty-one, and a tall, blue-eyed, moustachioed fellow whom we called the colonel. He was then marching and countermarching between the Potomac and Richmond.

I had plenty of things to worry about, mother's ill health, Charlie's flightiness, the problem as to how the twins were to be educated, and whether Hugh would ever be anything but a dreamer; then Winnie, and Jack, and Janie were always encountering frightful perils by field and flood. And when these all failed I could always be miserable about Will.

I was never called up stairs by mother's bell without suspecting a letter containing bad news. I ran up hastily, therefore, and my complexion wasn't any ruddier when I presented myself at her door.

This little stepmother of ours was a wonderfully delicate creature. She was past her fiftieth birthday now, but her cheeks were as fair as a girl's, and had that wavering pink color in them which is so delicious. Her life was always on the point of going out, and she required to be guarded from all rude shocks with the tenderest care. So when she exclaimed at my pallor, I made out to smile and said I supposed I was tired.

"I'm sure you are, dear, and no wonder. But now we are here in this fine old country-place you really ought to begin to pick up. You must insist on the twins doing more—such great, red-checked girls ought to do half the work."

I smiled, thinking that if I didn't get rested till Sophia and May began to help me I should wear out first.

"The girls don't like housework, you know, mamma. But never mind. I dare say we shall do very well. Patty says the house is so convenient that it will be only fun to do the work."

Mamma drew a little sigh of satisfaction, and glanced around her room. It was a large, airy south chamber, having an outlook over cheerful green fields with blue hills in the distance. All our pretty things somehow gravitated to mamma's room, and it had already, though we had not been twenty-four hours in the house, a cosy, home look.

"I really think I shall begin to mend here," sighed mamma. "You know Doctor Vassar said a room with a southern exposure was what I needed. There is, though, just a little too much sunshine here. Don't you think you could manage to furbish up those old green chintz curtains? You might darn the rents, I should think—you do such things so nicely."

"I might lue them with something, I suppose."

"With rose-colored cambric," said mamma, eagerly. "That would be so pretty, dear. Do go and get them, Lu, and let's see what can be done."

So in discussions over the faded curtains the rest of the afternoon waned, and I did not get a chance to speak to Charlie alone again till after tea.

But the first moment I had I said:

"What could that have been, Charlie?"

Charlie drew his paper-cutter between the leaves of "Ballou," and replied coolly enough:

"It seems there is a co-tenant in the house."

"A co-tenant!" I echoed.

"No need of being frightened, Lu. We can't be hurt—only scared at the worst. I don't remember knowing a ghost to have done positive harm. Do you?"

I didn't think I did, but what difference did that make?

"I'd as lief be murdered outright as scared to death!" I said, sitting down quite helplessly.

"O, never mind, Lu. I tell you I think it will be capital fun."

"Fun!"

I shuddered.

"And then it mayn't be anything after all. The wind may have shut the door."

"Wind! There wasn't a breath of wind stirring, and no way by which a draught could have been in the room."

"Well, well! It can't hurt us, whatever it is."

I reflected and came to the same conclusion.

"Only Charlie, not a word to' Patty. Remember. And mother must not be frightened either. So don't forget that it is a secret between our two selves."

A little calm consideration soothed my fears wonderfully, and it was with more curiosity than fear that I lay down to sleep the first night in the new, or rather old house. But, to my surprise, and I am afraid to my disappointment, I was utterly undisturbed, and rose in the morning ready to laugh at my whimsies of yesterday.

Six weeks passed away quietly as is compatible with two young ladies practising on the piano all day long, and three small imps, whose ideal of delight includes unlimited noise. But I was, in spite of my cares, picking up, as mamma said. Mamma was better too. Charlie had settled down to reading law with the village squire. Hugh was writing a novel from which we all confidently expected great things. And all was quiet along the Potomac.

And so, the chintz curtains having been a success, I was at work upon thin white muslin that should adorn the parlor. I was in my own room. It was past eleven o'clock at night. Everybody in the house except myself was sound asleep.

I had ceased to be troubled by any hypothetical ghost, and I sewed quite contentedly. But suddenly (the room having that perfect stillness which is so noticeable at night) I seemed to become aware of somebody breathing at my elbow. For a minute my heart stood still, and I felt the cold sweat start upon my forehead. But presently Charlie's conclusion recurred to me.

"They can't hurt us anyhow. The most they can do is to give us a scare."

I would not be scared. So I shut my teeth tight, determined not to scream, till I felt my strength coming back, and my blood flowing regularly. All the time this slow, steady breathing went on close at my side.

I mustered courage presently to change my seat. The sound followed me. And I had

moreover an awful sense of oppression. I am sure it was not terror. Was it the impalpable atmosphere which encompassed my spiritual visitant?

I changed my seat two or three times, but I could not get away from that sound. I was losing my self-control again. Suddenly a thought struck me. I would go to Charlie.

But could I? I could try. I got up and crossed the floor, but the invisible presence went with me. Along the entries I passed, and there was a rustle of garments that were not mine. My own slippered feet made no noise, but there was a light footfall beside me all the way.

A strong draught of wind met me—met *us*, should I say? just at Charlie's door. If my light goes out, I thought, I shall die. But it did not. I reached the door, pushed it open. Charlie was awake and up, but I did not think of that. I cried out and he caught me in his arms as I fell. For I swooned away. When I woke Charlie was bending over me.

"Did you hear it?" I whispered.

"Yes! It is not gone yet. But don't be frightened, Lu."

I was braver now for I was not alone. For half an hour we sat holding to each other; then the room was still; the oppression, the nightmare which we had both felt was gone. Charlie spoke first.

"The co-tenant has made us a pretty long visit," he said, with a smile which seemed ghastly enough.

"Did you hear anything before I came?" I asked.

Before Charlie could speak there was a sound as of rapid running along the entry; swift steps descended the stairs; there was something like a struggle; and then a heavy fall.

We both sprang to the door. The bright light of the kerosene lamp was flung over the entry and staircase. But there was nothing to be seen.

While we stood hesitating, a new series of sounds commenced further off—a medley which we could not well define.

"We'll follow it up. Can you come, Lu?"

I could not stay alone, and I followed timorously, along the dark, narrow entries, through the kitchen, and finally through the narrow passage-way which led to that room in the wing which had been the scene of our first singular experience. And here I laid my hand upon Charlie's arm and implored him to stop. For there were strange sounds within

—a confused tramping about the floor, so hard and heavy that the walls beside us shook; presently a fall, with a sharp, metallic ring.

"There goes the oven door!" exclaimed Charlie.

There followed a sound as of a heavy body drawn over the floor; then came the strain and tug of lifting a weight, and then the iron door was slipped into its grooves with a clang.

Simultaneously Charlie flung open the door of the room. It was quite empty, of course. A pale moonlight shone in at the unshuttered window and revealed the cobwebs on the wall—revealed, too, something which we both shuddered in looking at—a dark, irregular stain upon the floor which inevitably suggested a pool of blood.

"O, come away!" I cried, and dragged Charlie away, almost until we were well into the body of the house again.

Just as we reached the head of the stairs the clock in the dining-room struck two. Charlie sat with me half an hour, but there was no further disturbance.

"I guess the entertainment is over for to-night," said Charlie. "You go to bed, Lu, and I'll finish the night on the sofa in mamma's sitting-room."

This arrangement was adopted. After a while I fell asleep. I thought I was in my first nap when Patty's voice at my bedside awoke me.

"O Miss Lu, who do you think is come? I was never to tell you, but you was to come down stairs, and find him there, and be beside yourself in your surprise. Hurry then, for sure it's eight o'clock, and that's late enough for you." And with this Patty hurried away.

I dressed hastily, ran down and there was our darling old Will, alive and well. All my long heart-sickness was over.

Home on a furlough! Ah! the meaning compressed into those words. O, but it should be a holiday! And it was.

We were all as merry as birds. Will was, in himself, enough to bring sunshine anywhere. My load was inexpressibly lightened. He was older than I, while all the rest were younger, and so I slipped off upon him many a care that I had borne uneasily.

And first Charlie and I took him into our confidence. Of course Will was incredulous, and when we had scornfully routed the whole battalion of natural causes which he had brought into the field—nerves, fancies, fears,

illusions—he stubbornly declared himself unconvinced.

"Well, you will see," I retorted.

And that night he did so, and hear also. The whole performance of the preceding night was repeated, with scrupulous adherence to the letter of the programme.

Only I had taken the precaution to install Will in a room next my own, so that at the first call he was beside me. With him near I was not much afraid, and of course a soldier who has faced the cannon's mouth is not to be routed by an invisible army.

There is a great deal in use. Even the supernatural becomes divested of its terrors when we become accustomed to it.

These singular manifestations were frequently repeated. We became in a measure habituated to them. All the older members of the family heard the sounds, also, except mamma, and most fortunately she was never disturbed.

At last I would wake, hear the sounds betokening the presence in my room, and fall asleep again. Will declared it was a gentle ghost that haunted me—not the one, he was persuaded, who made the racket in the old kitchen.

One night there was a peculiarly curious phenomenon. Little Jamie had showed symptoms of the erump, and I had taken him into my bed. In the night he woke and cried—not violently but sleepily, and as if disturbed and uneasy. My coaxing did not still him. But, by-and-by, there was a low sh—sh, prolonged as a mother sometimes hushes her babe.

"Will!" I called.

He came to me immediately, and we both heard the low, soothing noise, continued till Jamie dropped off into a quiet sleep. He was quite well in the morning, and at breakfast time startled us all by turning on me his round, blue eyes, and demanding, in his childish, peremptory way:

"Who was the pretty lady?"

"What lady?" I asked, astonished.

"Don't you know?" he said, impatiently. "The pretty lady that got me to sleep!"

"What is the child talking about?" said mamma.

"He has been dreaming, I suppose," I had to say. But was it a dream?

Autumn came. Will's furlough was to last till Christmas, and we had determined to retain the house till December, and keep our Thanksgiving there.

Patty regarded this plan with favor, and had a project of her own.

"We'll heat the brick oven in the back kitchen, and do our baking in it. You don't know how much better the turkey will be, baked in that oven."

"But, Patty, it will take an ocean of wood to heat it."

"O, there's plenty of dead wood lying around that had better be out of the way," Patty said, and elung to her plan so persistently that I told her to do as she liked.

So she impressed Will into the service, and with a long-handled hoe and a superannuated broom he was set to clean the oven.

I was making cake in the kitchen, and had heard the scraping and shovelling going on for ten minutes or more, when Will came to the door saying:

"Lu, can you bear a little more and not be frightened?"

"I don't think anything would startle me much now," I replied, half guessing at his meaning.

"Come, then, and see what we've found."

I followed him into the empty, desolate room which had been the scene of the strange phenomena.

There, lying upon a heap of ashes, I saw some pale, disjointed bones—human bones—

small and delicate—exhumed at last from their long resting-place.

"It is the skeleton of a woman," said Charlie, lifting up the bones of the hand. "And see here, Lu!"

It was a plain gold ring that could only have fitted a lady's finger.

That night the remains were quietly buried under a great elm in the pasture.

Patty could never understand why I had so suddenly changed my mind, and determined to have the cooking done by the stove. I had to put up with some sharp innuendoes, but I did not mind them.

After this discovery the midnight noises ceased, and for the six weeks that we remained there was no disturbance. During this time we made cautious inquiries in the neighborhood, and a weird, interesting story, but too horrible to repeat, came to us from the lips of an old crone who had outlived her generation—a story of betrayed love, and cruel murder, whose details may as well be spared.

The law never laid hands on the murderer; though he went down to his grave attended by dark suspicions. And now, after the lapse of half a century, the ashes of the victim testified to his guilt.

SCARLET LILIES.

BY MARIA L. POOL.

Bright on the snow-glare chime the stars—
The ghosts of the summer gone;
Still lies the earth in a frozen dream,
Waiting another dawn.

Cold is the field of lilies now,
As the lips that blessed me there—
As the face that smiled in the dusky light
In the frame of its rare gold hair.

O, face of my love, my light, my life!
Come back in this wintry night,

And give to my yearning heart one throb
Of its olden, deep delight!

Let me dream of the lilies' scarlet flush
In that meadow of summery green—
Of the odorous airs from the piny wood,
Breathed over that twilight scene.

O, smile on me once, though in dreams it be,
From eyes that are always mine;
Hold to my pallid lips love's draught
Of crimson, immortal wine.



TAKEN INTO PARTNERSHIP.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

JULIET WAYNE felt desolate and down-hearted enough. Her boots leaked, and her feet were wet, and she had not money enough in the world to buy a pair of rubbers. If she only had some rubbers, the old boots could be made to answer awhile; but the shoe stores had raised the price of their articles astonishingly. It was all on account of Good-year's patent; but the precise why and wherefore of the case, Juliet did not understand.

She put up her feet on the hearth of the stove, and contemplated them with a woful countenance. It was so strange, she thought, that number two boots could not be sold any cheaper than number seven. She could not see the philosophy of the thing. One might as well have big feet as little ones, as far as the cost of keeping shod was concerned.

It was raining dismally, and Juliet had a cold in her head, and her eyes were pink, and her nose felt swelled, and her throat dry, as if it had been made into toast. Then she had broken the little ruby brooch which had been her mother's, and been obliged to pin her collar with a brass scarf-pin, that had fallen to her in some kind of a lottery which she had been foolish enough to invest in; and to crown the whole, her landlady, a Mrs. Smith, had just called on her for the week's rent of her room. She wanted the money to buy a new dress for Jane Matilda, her promising daughter.

Jane Matilda was taking lessons on the piano, and had taken to wrapping her hands up in cold cream and kid gloves by night, and spent half the forenoon with an old pair of curling-tongs, getting her hair into *natural* ringlets.

The grocer's son, around the corner, had been making errands to Mrs. Smith's lately—and once he had asked Jane Matilda to go to the Museum with him; and as he was "well to do," of course it was perfectly proper for Jane Matilda to have a new dress.

Juliet was willing she should have it, only it was entirely out of her power to furnish the means, just at present; and when she told Mrs. Smith so, the good lady flounced out of the room in a pet, and slammed the door behind her. So you see, Juliet had enough

trials to make her feel quite down-hearted.

For some years she had been employed in the millinery establishment of Madame Le Baron, and had received very fair wages—for her taste was exquisite, and madame was fully alive to that fact. But suddenly madame had concluded to marry, and Mr. Shoddy, her husband, could not think of allowing her to continue in business. So she closed her store, and she and Mr. Shoddy departed for Europe, fully expecting to astonish all the crowned heads in that locality by their splendor.

Juliet had been out of work for three weeks, the greater part of which time had been spent in seeking another situation. But it was such a dull time, that nobody wanted to employ additional help. The fashionables were all out of town, for it was the middle of July, and it was too early, as yet, to begin to think much about the fall opening.

For herself, Juliet would not have cared so much, because she could have worked somewhere for her board; but she had an old grandmother in the country, who depended entirely upon her. Juliet's uncle, who was a rich farmer, had sent the poor old lady to the almshouse, alleging, as an excuse for his meanness, that she was only his father's second wife, and therefore no relation. But Juliet could not bear to think of the kind old soul in that ungenial place, and so she had paid her board with a nice family, near where Mrs. Barrett had lived all her lifetime, so she was quite at home. And for her sake, Juliet felt as if she must be earning money.

She sat still awhile, as wretched and uncomfortable as she could be, and then she thought she would make a little fire and dry her feet. She took a piece of newspaper from the wood-box, and lighted a match; but just as she was going to hold it to the paper, the word, in large letters—"WANTED"—caught her eye.

We all have a weakness for this reading of personal columns. I confess to it myself. Not that I ever find anything there "to my advantage," but I like to know what other people want, supposing they can get it.

Juliet read the notice:

"WANTED:—A smart, active woman, who

possesses undeniably good taste, as a partner in a well-known millinery establishment. One month's trial required, and if she be found suitable, her capacities will be considered an equivalent for capital, and she will be taken into partnership, with one third of the profits by way of remuneration. Call on Mrs. La Rue, 118 S— street."

It was rather a peculiar advertisement, but then Juliet had heard of such things. She understood well enough that Mrs. La Rue intended that the taste and business capacity of the person required should be such that her attachment to the establishment would be equivalent to one third of the income.

"A smart, active woman," said Juliet, thoughtfully, quoting from the advertisement. "Undeniably good taste." I wonder if I can claim as much? Anyway, I mean to make application for the place. The worst she can say is no. I'd like to know if Mrs. La Rue will object to me on account of my shoes? Dress goes a great way with some people. And there is a darn in the side breadth of my dress, but I can manage to keep that out of sight under my shawl."

Juliet got up, smoothed back her hair, and held some cold water to her red eyes. Then she put on her little round straw hat, with its black trimmings and the bunch of blue forget-me-nots, just the color of her eyes; and her carefully-kept stella shawl, with the salmon and blue border.

The little hat was wonderfully becoming, and Juliet Wayne was fresh and pretty as a daisy, notwithstanding her wet feet and the cold in her head.

She had one of those clear complexions that nothing ever mars or injures—flushed with pink in the cheeks and lips, and her blue eyes were the sweetest eyes you ever looked into; clear, calm and truthful, and not afraid to meet your most searching gaze. Then her hair was a light brown, and it had a way of breaking all up into ripples and curls, especially on wet days; and by the time she had reached S— street, it would have made a hair-dresser mad with envy, to see how delectably it had curled and twisted over her white temples.

No. 118 was a large, marble front building, with plate-glass windows, and a broad, arched doorway, over which hung the sign, in great gilt letters:

"G. LA RUE.

MILLINERY."

Considerably impressed by the splendor of

the establishment, Juliet stepped inside the door, beginning to feel very much like a criminal, as she glanced down the long room and saw the half dozen elegantly-dressed girls, who were attending on the customers. To one of them, Juliet managed to say:

"I wish to see Mrs. La Rue."

"Go down the passage to the left—first right hand door," said the girl, glancing at Juliet's dress, and fixing her sharp eyes exactly on that darn, which Juliet had forgotten to keep covered with her shawl.

Juliet blushed, and turned away quickly. She read the girl's thoughts correctly enough—she was wondering what a person with a dress like that could want with Mrs. La Rue.

Juliet tapped at the "first right hand door," and received an invitation to come in.

Mrs. La Rue was an elderly lady, with a keen, shrewd face, and a thoroughly business air. She was seated in the midst of lace, and ribbons, and bonnet silks, arranging and selecting for a girl in the back shop to make up for customers.

"You advertised—" began Juliet.

"O—ah! And you want the position, do you?" said the lady, running her eye over Juliet in a flash. "The advertisement did not say we wanted a girl not out of her teens."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I am twenty-four."

"You are, eh? Well, what can you do?"

"I am willing to show you."

"Where have you worked?"

"For Madame Le Baron."

"And she has married and closed her shop?"

"Yes, madam."

"Take off your hat and shawl, and make a bonnet out of this mauve silk."

"Is it for a blonde or a brunette?"

"A brunette, sallow as a Spaniard."

"How shall I make it?"

"I give no advice. Use your own judgment. Expense is no object. The lady wants it pretty and becoming."

Juliet understood that Mrs. La Rue was eccentric, and fell in with her mood at once. She laid aside her things, and went to work.

Mrs. La Rue went off, and was gone two hours or more. When she returned, Juliet gave her the bonnet all completed.

The lady looked it over with a critical eye. It was a beautiful creation, and no one could fail to be pleased with it.

"You will do," said Mrs. La Rue, concisely.

"I will take you. You understand the terms?"

You are to remain on a salary for one month,

in order that we may decide whether you will meet our requirements, and at the end of that time, if everything is satisfactory, you will be received to a third partnership. Will that please you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you can go home now, and rest to-day; and to-morrow get on a decent dress, and come here by ten o'clock prepared to go to work."

"Excuse me," said Juliet, with dignity, "this is the best dress I have. I am sorry if it will not—"

"Good gracious!" cried the lady, in evident surprise. "What have you done with your wages?"

"I have an old grandmother, madam, whose wants I supply; and after paying my own board, there is not much left for finery."

"No, I should think not. Here—" she took out her portemonnaie, and began counting over bills—"here are fifty dollars, the first two weeks of your salary. We paid Miss Burley a hundred dollars a month for being forewoman, and the jade got married and left us. I will pay you the same. Get you a dress, and come as soon afterward as possible. You see I trust you to be honest. And don't pin your collar again with that wretched little brass pin."

Juliet took the money which seemed such a fortune to her, thanked the lady and departed. She went direct to a dry goods store, and purchased two dresses. One a buff muslin for warm days, the other a blue merino for days when it was cold and rainy. She carried the cloth to Miss Bastings, who was a very expert dressmaker, and Miss Bastings fitted her, and agreed to have the merino done the next day by ten o'clock. She had two assistants, and she guessed she could manage it. Then Juliet went and bought a pair of boots, got her ruby brooch mended, paid Mrs. Smith, curled her hair, and felt like a new creature.

Where is the use of slandering money to such a degree as some people delight to do? See how happy fifty dollars made our heroine.

The ensuing day the blue merino came promptly. It was trimmed with black velvet, and was a perfect fit, and so very becoming that Juliet looked twice in the glass after fastening her collar—ostensibly to see if the brooch was in straight, but we all know that the little witch was only admiring the charming contrast between the gold of her hair and the azure of the new dress.

Mrs. La Rue scanned her critically, but found no fault, and forthwith she was presented to the shop girls as the forewoman.

After that, Mrs. La Rue was absent for the most part, and Juliet gave her orders, and issued her commands, without let or hindrance. She was the real mistress of the whole establishment.

In three weeks it was known all over the city that Mrs. La Rue had secured the services of a lady just from Paris—a story never loses anything by travelling from one person to another—and Juliet was transformed into a lady just from Paris in this way. The most charmingly delightful things were created there, the ladies said, and forthwith all the dear creatures rushed to La Rue's, and orders flowed in faster than they could be filled.

Juliet's month of probation was just out, when one morning Mrs. La Rue came into the store accompanied by a tall, handsome man of about thirty. She took him to the work-room, and just as the door closed upon them, Juliet came in from the street.

"Well," said Mary Giles, one of the girls, "Mr. La Rue has arrived at last."

"Mr. La Rue?" said Juliet, inquiringly. "I thought madam was a widow."

"So she is," said Mary. "This young gentleman is her nephew, the proprietor of the store."

"The proprietor? Really I do not understand."

"You are to be his partner," laughed Mary. "Is it possible you did not know that Mrs. La Rue was only here while her nephew, the owner of the establishment, was absent in Paris?"

"Certainly I did not," said Juliet, with a heightened color, and wondering if Mr. La Rue had sanctioned his aunt in the getting up of that advertisement.

The door of the work-room opened, and Mrs. La Rue looked out.

"Ah, here you are!" she exclaimed, at sight of Juliet. "Come in at once, if you please, Miss Wayne. Allow me to present to you your partner, Mr. La Rue."

Mr. La Rue extended his hand and took the fingers Miss Wayne mechanically extended.

"I trust your relations will be amicable," went on voluble Mrs. La Rue, "and I regret that I must leave you to get acquainted by yourselves, but I have received a summons which calls me home at once. It is so fortunate my nephew arrived just as he did!

Well, good-by; the train leaves at eleven, and it is nearly that now. I have just time to get to the depot. Good-by, Gerard." She kissed him hurriedly, shook hands with Juliet and was off.

Juliet did not know whether to laugh or cry, and Mr. La Rue appeared to be in very nearly the same state of mind. Finally he seemed to recover himself, and awake to the fact that it was necessary to say something.

"My excellent aunt is a little eccentric, Miss Wayne, but I trust we shall be amicable. I needed very much an assistant in my business, and I left the selection to her; and I am happy in believing that her choice is a judicious one."

And after making this fine speech, Mr. La Rue produced a paper which he read to Juliet; but she did not gather its meaning very fully, I am afraid. However, he condescended to explain to her that it was the paper which gave her a right to a partnership in the business, which would henceforth be managed under the name of La Rue & Co.

Her signature was necessary, he said. And she wrote her name, without having any very clear idea why she was doing so.

Then Mr. La Rue went off and left her, and she took to thinking over what kind of a looking man he was, and wondering what on earth had induced him to trust his aunt to get him a partner.

Decidedly he was fine-looking. Tall, and well-made, with a dark face lighted by great, luminous, brown eyes, and framed in jet black hair. He would have made a sensation almost anywhere.

He did not stay a great deal at the store. He had some other business which occupied much of his time, and it was evident he trusted his partner perfectly.

At the close of six months of partnership, Juliet received her share of the profits—and it was a larger sum than ever the girl had set eyes on in all her life before. Why, she felt rich as a queen.

One morning a new customer appeared. Miss Howardson, Mary Giles informed Juliet, the woman Mr. La Rue was to marry.

"He has been engaged to her for two years, they say," remarked the girl, in a low tone.

Juliet was adding up a column of figures, and she went back and added them over again before she looked up.

Such a superb woman she had never seen. Tall, finely-developed, with one of those rarely brilliant faces one so seldom sees out of a

picture. The great black eyes were soft as summer moonlight, and the red lips ripe and delicious as meadow strawberries.

She ordered a bonnet—she had been told that Miss Wayne had the best taste of any *artiste* in the city.

Miss Wayne bowed, and hoped she should be able to please her.

And then Miss Howardson drew on her buff gloves, and was at the door just as Mr. La Rue arrived with his fine pair of grays, and they went off riding together.

"A handsome couple," said Miss Giles. "O dear! I wish I had been born rich. Don't you wish the same thing for yourself, Miss Wayne?"

"O, I do not know," said Juliet. "Riches bring care, they say."

"I wouldn't mind the care," said Mary.

A few nights afterward, Mr. La Rue came in quite late—in fact only just before the establishment was to be closed. He came into the work-room, where Juliet was putting the finishing touches to a bonnet. He had a package in his hand, and as he passed into the little apartment beyond where the great safe was, he said:

"There is ten thousand dollars which I have drawn from the bank to send to my agent in Paris to-morrow. And I am going to leave it here in the safe, so that I can get it early in the morning. Mind you are not tempted to play burglar, Miss Wayne," he added, laughingly.

He went away soon, and Juliet thought no more of the money.

She had several bonnets on hand which were promised for the next forenoon, and she must work far into the night, or not get them done. And it was a part of her creed never to fail in any engagement she made. If she promised anything for a certain time, her customers were sure of finding it ready.

So she decided to stay all night at the store, work until she had got things so that they could be completed on the morrow, and sleep on one of the lounges the remainder of the night. She had often slept there nights, but Mary Giles, her assistant, had stayed too. Juliet looked at her watch—it was nearly eleven, and just then the porter went around closing the shutters and locking up. She told him she would remain, and asked him to leave her the key of the back door.

After he was gone she settled herself to work, feeling a little lonely, and wondering if she should be afraid."

Everything was quiet. She worked until one, and then turned off the gas. Just as she was wrapping a shawl around her to lie down, she thought she heard a noise, as of some one raising a window in the next room. She listened intently, and was sure she was not deceived.

Instantly she thought of Mr. La Rue's money, and decided that there was a burglar in the building. Strangely enough she did not feel afraid—she was inspired only by the desire to save her partner's property.

She opened her door a crack and peered through, and by the light of a dim lantern, carried by the burglar himself, she saw a stout, ruffianly-looking fellow standing in the centre of the room, evidently taking an examination of the place.

Suddenly his face lighted, as he caught a glimpse of the great safe. He darted toward it, examined the lock, and taking a key from a bunch he carried, fitted it to the lock. Immediately the door flew open, and he stepped inside.

The safe was built into the wall like a cupboard, and the man began carefully inspecting the different packages on the shelves.

A sudden thought shot through Juliet's brain, and quick as light she sprang forward, crashed together the iron doors of the safe, and slid the bolt! Then rushing to the open window by which he had entered, she put it down, lifted the heavy shutters on the inside, and dropped the strong bar across them.

The prisoner was cursing and swearing at a fearful rate, but Juliet had no fear of his making his escape.

She went back to her room, got a chair and some matches, and a shawl to wrap herself in. She lit the gas, took her chair up in front of the safe, and prepared to spend the night there. It was so late she did not dare go out on the street, and she did not know as Mr. La Rue would approve of her calling the police; so she decided to wait there until he came.

The night wore away very slowly, and at last the captive stopped swearing, and all was quiet. Juliet could not sleep, and by the time Mr. La Rue came, at five in the morning, she had got as nervous as any other woman.

He had come so early because he wanted to send the money by the agent, on the first train South.

At sight of Juliet, he stopped whistling and stood still, evidently thinking the girl had lost her senses.

"Why, Miss Wayne—" he began; but she interrupted him.

"There is a burglar in the safe—please see to him. I fear he is suffocated, for he has not sworn an oath for the past two hours."

"How came he there?"

"He got in through the window, and I fortunately heard him in season to rush in and close the door of the safe on him."

"But how happened it you were here?"

"I remained to finish some work."

Mr. La Rue opened the door, and found the man lying in a swoon on the floor. He bound his feet and hands, and sent Sam the porter, who arrived at that moment, after the police. And by the time they came, the burglar had got his breath again, and swore loud enough to make up for lost time.

After he was disposed of, Mr. La Rue found Juliet in the sewing-room.

"You are a very brave girl, Miss Wayne," he said, with feeling; "and I thank you for what you did for me. But I want you to promise me something. Will you?"

"What is it?"

"That you will never stay here another night. It is not safe. I will not permit it. Promise me—Juliet."

"But if I had not been here last night, you would have lost your money."

"My money is not to be compared to your safety. Promise me."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"That is my good girl. Go home now and sleep—your eyes are heavy—and do not come back until you are rested." And Mr. La Rue, audaciously enough, considering that he was engaged to another woman, bent down and touched his lips to her hand.

Juliet went home and laid down, and kissed the white hand just where he had kissed it, which was very silly of her, but then girls are foolish about some things.

The next day she saw him riding with Miss Howardson, and after that the beautiful sunshine seemed very dim to her, and she wondered what made her feel so tired and spiritless.

Miss Giles gossiped about the wedding, for they were to be married before very long, she said. Mr. La Rue was already having his handsome house refitted and furnished.

Juliet wished she would not talk so much, but she did not say so, though she was very glad when it was time to go to tea. The walk in the cool, fresh air would do her good, she thought.

It was the last of March, but it was still sleighing, and a new snow had just fallen. Half way to Mrs. Smith's a sleigh stopped beside her, and glancing up, she saw Gerard La Rue. He threw back the buffaloes and sprang out.

"I have been looking for you," he said, "and I am so glad you are come. It is such fine sleighing!" And before she could offer any objections, he had lifted her into the sleigh and was brushing the snow from her little Polish boots—for Juliet did not wear old things now. Then he tucked the robes around her, and they were off.

"It is so warm we will go entirely out into the country, if you like," said he. "The young moon will light us back."

"I have not had a sleigh ride in four years," she said, dreamily; "but, indeed, I fear I ought not to go. It may be improper—"

"No, it is perfectly proper, and I am going to take you in spite of everything. Why, Juliet, I have been anticipating this all day."

He put his arm around her—for they were quite in the country now—and asked, gently: "Are you warm, my darling?"

She started away from him, frightened at

the passionate tone of his voice; but he held her close to his heart.

"Juliet, I love you. I want you for my wife. You are my partner in business, but I must have a better claim on you than that—a stronger hold. I want you for all time."

"But Miss Howardson—"

"Miss Howardson has nothing to do with it, dearest."

"Then you are not going to marry her?"

"Never, with my own consent, Juliet. She is a fine woman, but there is too much of her for me. I want a wife just large enough to fill my arms, as she fills my heart; and my Juliet is the only one in all the world who just meets my requirements. Say you love me, Juliet."

"I do," she said, innocently. "But I never thought you—" And then she stopped, confused and blushing.

"But I did. I loved you the moment I saw you. And my Aunt Patty is a good fairy; I shall respect her always."

And then Gerard kissed Juliet's lips, feeling sure that no other man had kissed her so.

It was a very pleasant ride back to the city; and two months afterward, Mr. and Mrs. La Rue went to Europe on their bridal tour.

EFFIE.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

O, what has come over my little maid,
That her bright bead droops in this pensive
way?

And she keeps in the garden's stilly shade,
With a dream in her sweet brown eyes all day.

Where the fountain falls, with its silver drip,
Over the lilies so snowy and fair,
And every wind has a song on its lip,
And every sunbeam a bee in its hair.

Amid the red roses and butterflies
She sits, at the foot of the linden tree,
While a volume of sleepy old romance lies
Unheeded, though open, upon her knee.

For Effie is weaving a romance more glad,
And sweeter, and stranger, than e'er was told,
With never a chapter that's gloomy or sad,
Fresh as the morning, and still so old!

Effie is looking on pictures more bright
Than even the June time itself can show—
Pictures all crossed with rainbows and light,
Sunshine radiance and blossom glow.

And Effie, my dear, I see pictures, too!
I read all the secrets in bonnie brown eyes;
Don't think you can hide them, for I see
through
The curls and the lashes; and, Effie, I'm wise!

A little bird told me a tale last night,— [wing,
That came from the garden, with dew on his
And stopped on the lawn in the sunset light,
Mid the red laurels, to gossip and sing,—

About two young lovers—now, who might they
be?

That were talking low, in such tender tone,
On the old seat under the linden tree,
Where fountains are playing and lilies blown.

MY MOTHER AND THE BEARS.

BY J. E. ANDREWS.

JULY had come again; and with it heat and weariness to city dwellers. No wonder houses were closed, in the hot, pent-up streets. No wonder that many a farmhouse among the hills and mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire were thronged with bappy, cheerful faces; faces not entirely strange, but strangely altered in the years that have passed since they dwelt all the year round within those walls. Some new faces have also appeared. A gentle, loving bride accompanies the son to his childhood's home. A daughter claims a parent's blessing, and a seat by the old hearth-stone for her noble husband.

This summer, Farmer Andrews welcomes all his four boys home—I, John, the oldest feel a little hand quiver in mine as we alight before the old gate. Tremble not, my darling! Only loving hearts await thee! Only gentle words will be spoken to thee here in thy husband's home.

—*Rain* storms will come even in July. Two days the storm had continued, and as night came on the wind veered round into the east chill as November. Cows sought shelter in the winter stables, hens were nowhere to be seen. Ponto, our little, old, yellow dog, who never parted company with his masters, lay snugly curled in a corner by the ample kitchen fire. Conversation flagged. All listened to the moaning wind, or the branches of the butternut tree dashing wildly against the steep roof, while now and then a mass of wet soot fell hissing upon the hot fire.

"O mother," said little Nellie, our only sister, "tell Susie a story about the times when you first lived here. It's a real nice night for a story."

"I am afraid Susie won't like my stories as well as you do."

"O yes, she will, mother; I know she will."

"Susie has always lived in the city, you know, and is not used to our rough ways."

"I am sure I shall like the story all the better for that. Do tell us one," said my young wife.

"Well, what shall it be?"

"Anything, anything; only, perhaps, you will choose one of the wildest—so as to fit the night," said gentle Susie.

Mother looked at her boys with a little trouble in her eye, for she almost revered the superior culture and polish of my wife; but the usual calm returned to her broad, high brow, as, looking steadily a moment into the gleaming coals, she began:

"This night is much like one I remember—not many years after father and I were married and moved to this house. Our home had been in H——n, New Hampshire, but land was cheap and fertile here in G——n, and so we were married and came to this place. It was all woods around us then, except two acres just about the house, and the seven-acre lot just opposite. I was not used to such scenes, though I was a farmer's daughter. There were no neighbors within half a mile, and the road lay through the woods. I was not much afraid, for father was with me, and my faith in God's ever-watchful care was strong. We got on very well for several years; father had cleared more land, the seven-acre lot was planted with corn, and a pasture stretched along the south side of it, and back into the woods. That hill yonder was all woods then.

"About the middle of one July, father was obliged to go away on business, and leave me alone. He looked rather sad as he kissed me, and told me to keep up good courage; he would be away only two nights.

"It was a clear, beautiful morning; and after I had been hard at work several hours, making cheese, churning and doing common work, I felt pretty cheerful. So I took some sewing and called John to come and say his lessons. Tommy, there, was asleep in his cradle. John had got mostly through, when he cried out, 'The red heifer is in the corn.'

"I ran out, bidding him to rock Tommy till I came back. After a hard run the mischievous animal leaped back into the pasture, making a second breach in the fence. These must both be stopped, or the corn would be destroyed, and the cattle as well.

"I ran to the house for an axe, just looking into the kitchen to tell John I would soon return. I went back to the fence, replaced one of the broken-down stakes, and struck a moderate blow upon the upper end, thinking I would work leisurely. The sound was

echoed back from every side, clear and distinct; and before the reverberation had ceased, another sound came from the woods, a few rods beyond the fields. The cattle, which were all standing a little way from me, pricked up their ears, and wheeled close together, facing the direction of the sound.

"Another blow, another echo; again that loud call, and now it was answered by a similar one, at a greater distance. Though the call was new to me, I doubted not two bears were near, and the terror of my dumb companions confirmed my opinion. I thought for one instant they might be frightened by the noise I was making and retire; but upon giving another blow the call was nearer. Turning hastily toward the gateway by which the cattle entered the pasture, I opened it, closely followed by cattle old and young, and six sheep, which had fled from the woods in hot haste at the first sound of the bears. Securing the cattle in the barn with many hasty glances in the direction of the slowly approaching, dreadful calls, I seized a measure of corn and ran toward the house, calling my poultry. The last chick entered the little back-room with me, as two large bears leisurely tumbled over the fence into the road. I always kept the house pretty well shut up when father was away, and now I only had a door or two to close and bar, and we were as safe as we could be.

"What was before me? The two bears might reconnoitre, return to the corn-field, make their dinner there, and trouble me no more; but while the thought was still in my mind they turned toward the barn, attracted no doubt by the bleating of my pet sheep. Round and round it they walked, sniffing here and there, and now and then biting at the corner of a timber. I did not much fear their getting into the barn, for it was very stoutly built of logs. But how long we might be kept prisoners I knew not.

"Father's gun caught my eye.

"Why not shoot one of them if I have a chance?" said I.

"I took the gun down—drew the charge of shot, loaded it anew, and returned to the window whence I had watched my foes. I had closed the shutters all around, except the upper half of this one.

"Tired of wandering round the barn, the monsters turned towards the house. I dashed the breech of my gun through a pane of glass, that I might have a porthole from which to fire in case of an opportunity. Resting the

barrel of my gun in the breach thus made, I paused. Steadily they came on, unconscious of any evil intent on my part. They paused. My gun covered the front of the first. Dizzier than ever in my life, I pulled the trigger—my shot was true. The male lay dead. The female smelled round and round it, moaned, I thought called its mate in tones full of grief; but I had not much time to think, watching my foe, reloading my gun, quieting my boys, who were screaming with fright; I took as good aim as before. Success had nerved my arm; still my second ball only wounded the living bear. Perceiving her adversary, she dashed towards the window. I seized a blazing brand from the hearth—"

"Was it this hearth, and that window?" cried little Susie.

"Yes, dear, this hearth and that window. As I was saying, I flung it full in her face, as she put her vicious nose in at the broken pane. She started back with a dismal howl, and I fell to loading my gun for the third and last time, for to my horror, I saw there was but one bullet left. The bear crawled half-blinded back to its mate and lay down by its side.

"I aimed again just behind the shoulder; but my courage failed for an instant. Should this shot not prove true what would be our fate! But it was my only chance. I fired and again seized my brand. When I looked forth I found my adversary had changed her position, but seemed content with watching her foe.

"During this time, the sky had become overcast unobserved by me, and now a fine rain began to fall. Hastily giving the boys some bread and a basin of milk, I assumed my post. Day waned, night came on. With the last ray of daylight the bear was still alive.

"No longer able to see my foe, I rejoiced when the poultry were settled for the night, and hushing Tommy to sleep, I placed him by his brother, who had fallen asleep in one corner of the settle.

"My children, I hardly know how the night wore away. Every time the butternut swept against the house, I thought it the bear scrambling up at the window. Many times in the lull of the storm, I heard her low growling.

"Day came at last, heralded by crowing of cocks, lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, all impatient of their long imprisonment without food or water. My heart sunk within me,

for the bear's eyes met mine, and I was saluted with a low growl, as I ventured to look out.

"With something of desperation at my heart, I replenished my fire, fed plentifully, and supplied with water my fellow-prisoners, prepared breakfast and ate it with my boys.

"Again I looked forth. The bear appeared to be dead. I threw the shutters and window open wide—I hurled a hammer with all my force at the brute, but she stirred not. A smooth, round stone served the purpose of holding the door open in warm weather—there it lays. It followed the hammer—no motion—the bear was dead.

"I sank down in my chair, and what happened for a short time I know not. Soon a neighbor came in, and kindly attended to the cattle and still unmended fence.

"Father came home soon after noon, and he never left me alone over night again, till many years after the last bear had disappeared from the country."

Mother ceased speaking, took up her forgotten knitting, and the click of her needles was the only sound within the room for some moments, then she said quietly:

"Come, father, it is bedtime, let us have prayers."

AFTER DEATH.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Lying here dead in this shaded room,
Madeira blossoms twined in my hair,—
Shrouded in silence and in gloom,

The scent of death in the unstirred air;
With my hands stiff-clasped on my silent breast,
Fixed for God's great eternal rest,—

With my waxen lids pressed to my cheek,
I know strange things,—but I may not speak.

There's a pearly tear caught fast in the lace
That around my throat lies fold on fold;
So pure and warm it fell to my face,
Then down to my husband's tribute rolled,—
The costly robe, better fitted by far
For the graceful form of some Fashion's star,
Than the stark, cold clay in wait for the tomb,—
Lying here by itself in this sumptuous room!

Three hours ago, in his fine cloth dressed,
His diamonds as bright as his unwet eyes,
My husband came,—his gloved hands pressed
On a heart that shook with suppressed sighs!
Placing his walking-stick there by the door,
He tiptoed over the tapestried floor
Softly, so softly, as if in fear
Of waking his bride fast sleeping here.

Not even once did he touch my hand,
Nor let my name from his calm lips fall;
But he glanced me over, complacently bland,
Then turned to his portrait on the wall!

His kerchief, white, like scented snow,
The costly companion of his great woe,
Fluttered down like a flower at my side,—
The same he held when he called me bride.

That was all. He slowly turned away,
Leaving me here in this chilling gloom,
Shut in from the bright and sunny day,
In my pictured, carpeted tomb.
But by-and-by another step came,
And a low voice softly whispered my name;
The heavy curtains of silk and lace
Were folded back, and across my face

The September sunlight warmly lay;
He knelt by my side, smoothed back my hair,
Caressed my hands in the old fond way,
And brokenly sobbing forth a prayer,
Let fall on my cheek a pearly tear,—
In the face of death there could be no fear.
The heart's rich jewel that he then gave,
Seals me to him beyond the grave.

"My darling!" he said, "my little love,
Torn from me here by a cruel fate,
You will be all mine in the home above,
God give me patience to live—to wait!"
Slow covering my face, he turned away,
And my cold lips could not softly say,
"Belovèd, contentedly I lie here,
Holding highest heaven in that one tear!"



MRS. DALRYMPLE'S DIPLOMACY.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

"COUSIN WHART, wait a moment, please. I have just a word to say to you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, lifting the teaspoon from her china cup, and playing with it abstractedly.

The gentleman who was just unfolding his darling newspaper, still damp from the carrier, paused in the act, and looking across the table said mildly:

"Well, Hortense, I am listening."

"Would it be so much of an intrusion if I ventured to ask a lady friend of mine out here?"

The tone was doubtful and hesitating, but there was a little spark of triumphant confidence in the eye, veiled from his view by drooping lashes of pale brown; and the thin, mobile lips were just ready to dimple into a mischievous smile.

"A lady!" echoed the gentleman, in a tone of consternation. But in a moment he added, conscious of the ungallant inhospitality of his manner, "Of course I don't want to object to any guest of yours. If she is only a quiet, sensible woman, like yourself, and wont be setting the whole house in an uproar, and especially wont be expecting me to dance attendance upon her whims, why, I have nothing more to say. Only I think we have been exceedingly cosy and comfortable, so far, and I hope we shan't have any disturbing element."

"Certainly not, certainly not, Cousin Whart, I hope I know well enough what is due to you, not to introduce any one to trouble you. I'll promise you shall not be annoyed at all. I'll manage it so you shall scarcely be aware there is any one visiting here. The library shall be sacred from intrusion, and the rear garden, and your favorite arbor. You see, somehow, I seem to feel that I ought to see something of my friend this summer; and to tell the truth, I am a little dull, while you are shut up with your books, and fussing over your experiments, and off on your wild gallops. And with her here I could enjoy everything, and besides, when Frank comes, she'll help entertain him, and keep him quiet. I am certain it will make your seclusion more secure, or I wouldn't propose the thing," replied Mrs. Dalrymple, returning

the spoon to the cup, and looking vastly relieved at the result of her experiment.

The gentleman had returned to his paper, and was already some ways into the editorial before the conclusion of her speech. She glanced at his pre-occupied face, and smiled again, with a look of a general whose victory is just secured; and leaving the breakfast-table at which she had presided, she skimmed away up stairs into her chamber, and hunted up her daintiest note-paper, and forthwith sat down to a pleasant pen-and-ink chat, as was evident by the vivacious expression of her face, while her white hand, with the ebony and gold trifle clasped lightly in the fingers, flew over the satiny paper, leaving its delicate lines of tracery, stamped emphatic every short distance by a dash, or an exclamation point. It was finished at last, lovingly folded, and inscribed, "*Miss Sibyl Aubrey, W— street, Philadelphia.*"

And when it was fairly deposited in the little mail-box in the hall, ready for the carrier, Mrs. Hortense Dalrymple gave a little sigh of relief and murmured:

"Now I hope it will come out just as I wish, and I shall congratulate myself upon originating such a charming little plot. It will be such a chance for Frank to have her all to himself in this romantic neighborhood! If he doesn't win her, he don't deserve to be my son. Of course he will! He is young, and by no means dull of wit, and as fine-looking a young fellow as the country can show; and with that magnificent fortune of hers, how comfortable everything may be! I shall no longer be obliged to spend my summers with Cousin Whart, in such a stupid fashion. But Sibyl Aubrey is just the girl to enjoy this country place, and I think I shall know just how to please and fascinate her. Frank's coming shall all seem an accident, and I shall know how to help him along, and there's nobody to interfere. Thank Heaven, Cousin Whart is such an odd creature, and such a recluse, there's no fear of his bringing any other gentleman to distract her attention. Yes, I am sure I may count everything safe."

And Mrs. Hortense smiled, and nodded archly to some invisible personage, and re-

turned to her ordinary duties, which, to be sure, were not remarkably irksome. The adroit widow always talked as if she were bestowing some great favor upon her cousin, Wharton Berne, in flitting down to his handsome country estate every summer, and looking after the servants and household affairs.

"Dear, careless soul!" she would say; "whatever would become of your domestic affairs, Cousin Whart, if I didn't take pity on you, and come every summer to set things to rights? You'd be ruined in a few years!"

And Cousin Whart would open those dreamy gray eyes of his, and give her a grateful smile, and answer:

"Well, indeed, Hortense, I don't know, indeed; but I'm sure it's very kind of you. You are the most comfortable woman to get along with that I know of;" and fall back again to his reading.

But Mrs. Green, the housekeeper, had quite another idea of the matter.

"Humph! I should think she'd be ashamed of herself, playing the fine lady, and ordering me around so insolently, and she a getting her living every summer out of the master. I wonder he don't see how she sponges out of us everything she can. She carries away jolly and fruit enough to last her the winter, I'll be bound. Lawful heart! I wish she'd skip one summer, and let us have a little peace!" said that worthy, a dozen times in the week. And when she was made aware of the new arrangements, Mrs. Green held up her hand in holy horror.

"Goodness sakes! the assurance of some folks! To think it aint enough for her, and that lazy son of hers, to get their board here for nothing, but she must invite her company here, as if the house and all in it belonged to her. O, if the master would only have a little spirit and look into things!"

Nevertheless, one charming June afternoon the carriage was sent to the railroad station, while the master of the place was away in the woods on a botanical tramp, his specimen-box under his arm. Mrs. Dalrymple was a thorough diplomat. She had discoursed eloquently that morning on a charming unknown wild-flower she had seen on a long walk the previous day, more than a mile away, and she inquired, with such a charming, flattering deference for his opinion, if Cousin Whart would tell her all about the darling stranger. The result was eminently satisfactory. Wharton Berne put by the project immediately un-

derway, and stalked off to the woods to hunt up the flower.

The house, meantime, was left to Mrs. Dalrymple's control, for all poor Mrs. Green's stifled indignation. And when the carriage drew up before the pretty vine-wreathed portico, Mrs. Dalrymple, all smiles and delights, in a cool, lilac muslin, ran down to meet her guest.

A fair, classical face, with soft, dark eyes, and scarlet lips curved into slight haughtiness, was bent out eagerly, in answer to the lady's salutation.

"You dear girl! O Sibyl Aubrey! I was so afraid you wouldn't come."

"Not come, Mrs. Dalrymple? Why, the temptation you held out was perfectly irresistible! I should have come, though fire and water had conspired to prevent. Do you think I could turn away from such a refreshing prospect? A month—a whole month to ourselves, to romp, and enjoy everything in perfect freedom. No tiresome heaux, no troublesome gallants! O, I come to you with thorough heartiness. And this is my friend, Miss Gramont. You wrote me to bring my maid; but I thought Ceeile would be a reminder of the old ways. So I left her with all my party dresses, and coaxed Lucia to come instead. We mean to be genuine country girls, happy and jolly, and free from all the troublesome bonds of etiquette. Dear Mrs. Dalrymple, it was so good in you to think to give us this treat."

And while the graceful figure sprang lightly to the ground, Miss Sibyl Aubrey motioned toward the fairy-like companion with great violet eyes, and hair one golden flutter of soft, kinky curls.

"I am delighted to see you, I am sure, Miss Gramont," said Mrs. Hortense, her face one genial smile as she extended her head toward the stranger.

This was not quite honest in the lady, for in her heart she was impatiently soliloquizing:

"Whatever could have put it into Sibyl's head to do such a stupid thing as to invite this girl here. She'll be dreadfully in Frank's way."

And, still gracious smiles, she led the way into the house, and ushered them into the cool, inviting chamber.

"O how lovely! how sweet and innocent!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, rushing to the open window which looked out into a woodland view, with a sweep of pasture-land varied into hill and dale, and a ribbon of gleaming blue,

where the river ran wanton, curving itself into a dozen fantastic scallops.

"It is so peaceful—so deliciously natural!" she added, leaning out, and quite forgetting the demands of toilet; "O Mrs. Dalrymple, I foresee that I am going to enjoy the most delightful visit of my life."

"I hope so, dear child," answered Mrs. Hortense, well pleased at the girl's enthusiasm; "though I won't answer for the disappointment and chagrin of the gay friends and sighing lovers left behind. Are you quite sure you can do without them, Queen Sibyl?"

"Quite sure, indeed! I have been in a perfect fever of delighted anticipation ever since I received your letter. Such a letter as that was! Why, it almost took away my breath to read. You could not have guessed out, had you been with me all the time, half so well just what was the longing of my whole heart. Yes indeed, it will be refreshing to slip away for a little while out of our bustling, frivolous, deceitful world of fashion, to be romping children again, free from formality, laughing at etiquette. We haven't a silk dress with us, nor any of the fancy fixings. Only think how delicious, Lucia, to spring up tomorrow morning, knot up your hair carelessly, slip into a common morning dress without any fussings, and run down stairs secure from any impertinent masculine observation. Dear Mrs. Dalrymple! I've been puzzling whatever it was that made you offer me the kindness; that you should have selected me from all your acquaintances."

"Because I like you, first, and then, because I know you are just the girl to help me enjoy life. Come now, just brush off the dust, and come down to luncheon. There are strawberries, with the dew still on them, waiting."

A few hasty touches and the girls, arm in arm, tripped down the stairs following Mrs. Dalrymple's gliding step. The three ladies gathered around the oval table, spread out with such delicacies as can only come from a farm close at hand, and a merry, sparkling conversation ensued. Then they all went out to the grassy bank under the great locust trees, and spent the rest of the day in careless, indolent ease.

Mrs. Hortense caught sight of a figure stalking across the distant valley, and discreetly proposed an adjournment to the parlor.

"That's my Cousin Wharton coming. I wrote you how he wasn't in the least in anybody's way, and is always content, if only ladies are kept away from him. He'll have

his dinner and supper in one, and you needn't see him to-night."

The young ladies made no comment, but went off to the parlor to try a duet on the piano. And all through the pleasant twilight hour they sent their bird-like voices trilling forth in song after song, at first in madcap glee; but, as the shadows deepened, the strains of harmony grew slow and rich with tender melancholy.

They won Wharton Berne away from his solitary arbor, out to the rustic seat in front of the parlor window, and even compelled him to throw away his half-smoked cigar.

What would Mrs. Hortense have said, had she seen? But all was dark in the parlor, the instrument, it was evident, touched by fingers familiar enough to find their way without the help of sight. Presently the last strain died out, and some one came to the window and sat down.

"Now, Sibyl, play us a farewell, and let us hie away to slumber at this immaculate hour," said the voice of the lady at the window.

And willing fingers again touched the keys, and after the low, dreamy prelude, a clear, full, wondrously sweet voice sang the ballad:

"O, I have had sweet dreams! I have had sweet dreams!"

It was an old song now, but Wharton Berne remembered when it was new; when some one had sung it over and over again, at his fond request. That voice was silenced forever for earth, years gone! Those lips he knew had returned to dust, and yet, as he sat there, it seemed to him as if it must be she who was singing to him. He sat in a sort of trance, the tears slipping slowly down his cheeks.

A gathering glow from the window behind him showed that lights had been introduced. He heard a sudden bustle, loud voices, and a shriek in a woman's voice. These roused him effectually. He sprang to the window, seeing at once in the brilliant illumination what had happened. One of the fluid lamps, brought for the chambers, had been upset and broken. The flames had spread, and in endeavoring to extinguish them, one of the ladies had caught her white cambric dress in the flames. She rushed across the room, and as Mr. Berne's swift hand flung open the French window, she sprang out. He caught her in his arms, wrapped her quickly in the broadcloth coat he flung off from his own form, and crushed out the blaze.

Sibyl Aubrey caught the low, passionate words, "O my darling, O my saint!" as with one strong shudder he put her down, and she ran hastily back, frightened at the white anguish on his face.

A few moments of agitation and confusion, and all the danger was over. No one was injured, and only the burnt carpet and Sibyl's light drapery gave token of the catastrophe.

"What a fortunate escape!" repeated Mrs. Dalrymple, again and again. "O Sibyl, what should we have done, if you had been injured?"

The young lady shuddered, and scarcely glanced at the fair arm disfigured by a cruel blister.

"As I might have been, but for the gentleman. And I never thanked him. But it was your cousin, I suppose, and he did not wish it. How strangely he looked, and how deadly pale he was!"

"Poor Whart! I suppose it brought everything back to him. No wonder he was so overcome."

"Brought what back?" demanded Miss Aubrey.

"Poor Marcia's death. He was engaged to a very sweet girl. One can scarcely believe it now, but when he was a young gentleman he was very gay. He was to take her to a party one night. She was all dressed, the wraps lying on the chair beside her, when his carriage was announced. I don't know exactly how it happened, but she approached the mantel for her bouquet or something, and her lace skirt fluttered into the open grate. Of course she was instantly in one light blaze. She ran shrieking past the servants, down the steps, and Whart caught her, but only to see her head fall back, and her limbs drop helplessly. She died in terrible agony that night, and Wharton Berne left all the old scenes, and came here, and became what he is."

"Poor man! hapless creature!" ejaculated Lucia Gramont, pityingly.

But Sibyl Aubrey, with grave eye fixed on her burnt arm, said never a word.

That night, just before midnight, as Wharton Berne unclosed the library door to leave the scientific book with which he had tried to quiet his unusual agitation, and seek slumber, he met a graceful figure on the stairs, carelessly wrapped in dressing gown and shawl. The fair, young face was pale, the lips feverishly bright, and the large, dark eyes had a strange glitter in them.

"I beg your pardon," said she, stepping

back to give him passage. "I hope you won't take me for a house-breaker, but I have become possessed to obtain a piece of ice from that great pitcher on the sideboard. It seems as if that would cure the pain in my arm; and as I didn't wish to disturb anybody, I came on an exploring expedition myself."

He turned back promptly, just glancing toward the arm whose sleeve, turned back, showed the cruel blister.

"Come with me, and I will get you a dish of ice. All the rest are asleep. They are used to me, and don't mind my prowling around at uncanny hours."

He led her into the dining-room and put her into an arm-chair, while he went further, after discovering that the pitcher was empty. She sat quietly, hearing him rattling around the refrigerator in the adjoining room, until he came back in triumph, a huge square of ice on the tray in his hand.

"O, that is refreshing!" cried Sibyl Aubrey. "Give me a piece, I pray you, to ease this torture."

He saw the swollen veins beneath the slender wrist, and bent carefully to examine the burn.

"Dear child!" exclaimed he, in a voice full of tenderest compassion, "you must not have ice there, or you will have a worse inflammation to-morrow. I will wet a cool bandage, and relieve the torment a little, while I am preparing something to remove the fire. Why didn't you rouse up the whole house, rather than suffer so?"

"O, I hoped it would soon stop, but it grew worse, and then I thought of the ice," she answered, trustfully submitting her arm to his careful fingers.

In a little while he had made some sort of poultice and bound it around her arm.

"Now come into the library and sit awhile. You won't sleep, I am sure, for an hour or two yet, but in half an hour you will find ease, I promise you. Till that time let me help you fight the pain."

And he gave her the easiest chair in the library, brought cushions for her feet, and hunted up an old book of engravings, and showing them to her, one by one, told stories concerning each. And presently the little lines in the forehead smoothed away, and the scarlet lips relinquished their stern compression, and the soft splendor in the dark eye was that of pleased content, instead of feverish excitement; and looking up suddenly she exclaimed:

"You are so kind to me, sir, sitting up at this late hour to beguile the pain away from me. It is really better now. I don't think I need stay up any longer."

"Well, you need the rest, to be sure. But I'll bind on a fresh poultice. Be careful not to take cold to-morrow, and you are all right."

Then, as she stood at the door, with the taper in her hand, he said with a hungry wistfulness in his tone:

"It was you who sang 'I have had dreams,' was it not?"

"Yes sir, and it was you who saved me from a dreadful death. I did not dare to thank you then, you looked so deathly pale. I wish there was something I might do to prove my gratitude for all your kindness."

He smiled slowly and dreamily.

"Sometime you shall sing the song for me. A dear one, snatched away by the fiery torture which spared you, used to sing it once, and her voice and her eyes were like yours. It brings her back, to look at you."

Sibyl Aubrey's eyes were overflowing.

"I am so sorry for your great grief. I wish I might comfort you, but I cannot think of anything to say which is not feeble and weak in view of so sharp an affliction," she faltered.

"You have a tender heart; don't vex it with compassion for my trials. They are far into the past, and time heals over the wounds of the keenest suffering. Good-night!"

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. HORTENSE DALRYMPLE congratulated herself again and again upon the promising results of her diplomacy. The ensuing week was one of keen enjoyment, which did not seem to lose its zest as the days went on. Her cousin came to dinner twice with the guests, and was duly introduced, and made himself just entertaining enough to remove any suspicion of inhospitality, while he showed no symptoms of particular interest. He procured another stable horse, and in various unostentatious ways promoted their entertainment, but still remained in his seclusion. If there was one who came to heed that, in all their movements, he was sure to be lingering near their vicinity, that one was not Mrs. Hortense. But she came to the young ladies, as they were luxuriating in a fragrant couch in the middle of a great hay-mound in the meadow,

with a face of mingled consternation and amusement, during the second week.

"Girls, girls! whatever will you say to me? Here's a pretty dilemma! If I hadn't promised you should be free from all masculine intrusion, it would be different."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Miss Aubrey. "You don't mean we are threatened with an invasion from those disagreeable lords of creation! Just when we are enjoying ourselves so rationally, too. Now, Mrs. Dalrymple, don't tell us that."

"Whatever can I do, if there was only time to write," said Mrs. Dalrymple, in a tone of perplexity. "What could possess him to change his mind? And to think it should be Frank Dalrymple."

"Frank Dalrymple!" repeated Lucia Gramont, while a wave of soft pink swept across her delicate cheek.

"Frank Dalrymple!" echoed Miss Aubrey; "who is he? I am sure I don't know such a person."

"No indeed, of course you don't. But he is my son. And to think he should come intruding upon us now."

"Why, Mrs. Dalrymple, have you a son? I never knew it; you never told me."

"Well, he was only a boy, you know, and away at college. I do believe he is grown into a man by this time. He is all of twenty-three, I declare. O Time, remorseless Time! how you fly! And I haven't seen the dear fellow for eighteen months. He will think it hard if I turn him back. It would seem cruel."

"Very cruel," ventured Lucia.

"Of course it would, you mustn't do it," said Miss Aubrey, promptly. "My dear Mrs. Dalrymple, as long as it is your son, it will be very different. And really I have no doubt we shall find it a great improvement. They are useful creatures sometimes, these men. You know how nearly we came into a serious accident the other day when that strap gave way on my saddle, and none of us knew what to do. Let him come, by all means."

And so Frank Dalrymple, handsome, and gallant, and gay, came to make them merrier still.

If there was a little glinting sparkle under Lucia's golden eyelashes when the young gentleman was introduced, and if the latter gave her soft fingers a significant pressure, no one else was the wiser.

Miss Aubrey made no concealment of her appreciation of the addition to the circle, and

to Mrs. Dalrymple's extreme satisfaction her son and her wealthy guest were straightway warm friends.

Only a few days after Frank's appearance, Mrs. Dalrymple sprained her ankle. The accident happened the day before a contemplated excursion. On the following morning she asked, hesitatingly, when the master of the house came to inquire into her trouble:

"Cousin Whart, I wonder if you would do something to oblige me ever so much? You see, though I am quite comfortable, I can't stir from this sofa, and to-day there's the excursion. It is so awkward for three horse-back riders to keep together, and I'm loath to have the expedition spoiled. If you wouldn't be too much annoyed to accompany them—"

"Bless your heart, Hortense, I'll go; don't fret about that," answered Cousin Whart, with more alacrity than Mrs. Dalrymple suspected.

"You are so good! It will just save everything from being spoiled," answered she, gratefully.

And Cousin Whart rushed away, hunted up a riding-suit, and Mrs. Dalrymple, stretching her neck from the sofa, had the felicity of watching the party cantering out the gate, Frank and Miss Aubrey leading the way, her cousin and Lucia following.

This move seemed to have broken the ice for the master of the house. In future he was one of the group wherever it might be found. He came out of the dreamy haze with which the abstracted scholar had surrounded himself, and proved a wonderfully gifted and entertaining companion. Mrs. Dalrymple watched serenely the growing earnestness upon her son's face, and the rich crimson which gathered on Sibyl Aubrey's cheek, and the starry splendor deepening in her beautiful eyes. The keen-witted widow read its meaning.

"Ah ha, my lovely heiress! this summer holiday, which was to be so free from flirtation, is teaching you a better lesson. Only love itself lights such glintings in the eyes, and sends such rich overflow of crimson from the heart to the cheek. My spells are working marvellously. It is so good of Cousin Whart to keep Lucia Gramont from meddling!"

And so Mrs. Dalrymple bore her temporary disability with admirable good-nature. She sent the young people away, if they sought to share her solitude, declaring she was never more comfortable in her life.

Poor Mrs. Green could not repeat that assertion from personal experience. It was a bewildering and vexatious time for her, especially since her master has entered into the gay doings of the guests, and she was not positive half the time, that she was veritably in possession of her right mind.

Miss Sibyl Aubrey and young Frank Dalrymple were really very warm friends. They held frequent and prolonged conversations in the garden, from which the gentleman always returned looking brightened and encouraged, and the lady smiling and gracious. Mrs. Dalrymple watched them from her window one afternoon, and her heart beat high with assured hope. She looked up archly into Frank's face, as he came to say good-night.

"Well, Frank, have you nothing to say to me?"

"Why yes, mother; I said good-night."

"Ah yes; but is there nothing else—no piece of welcome information? I hoped to hear it to-night!"

The significance of look and tone could not be mistaken. The young gentleman blushed to his very temples.

"Why, mother, have you guessed? do you know?" he stammered.

"As if, because a certain roguish little archer has blinded your eyes, mine must also be dull! Of course, any one with half an eye can see that you are in love, and that she is quite as deep in the *grand passion*."

"And you approve?" he asked, hastily.

"Of course I do, approve heartily. Why else do you think I got her here?"

Frank kissed both her hands in an unusual ardor of filial attachment, and went away to dream of his lady-love.

Meantime, out in the arbor there was a still more refreshing scene. Miss Sibyl Aubrey was too restless to think of sleep, and leaving her friend in the chamber, she strolled off into the moon-lighted garden, and presently ensconced herself into a seat in a rose-draped arbor, watching the silvery clouds trooping across the deep-tinted sky, and listening to the drowsy stir of whispering leaves, and the plaintive call of a night bird in the neighboring wood.

A crunching step on the gravel, the aroma of a fine cigar, and then a heavy sigh, gave her warning that the master of the place was possessed of a like restlessness, and a similar desire to be soothed and calmed by the wondrous spell of the night.

He came into the arbor and flung himself

upon the seat, before he was aware of her presence. Although Miss Aubrey's heart beat with sudden vehemence, she quietly drew aside her white drapery of flounced skirt, and said, calmly:

"So you have come to enjoy the moonlight also, Mr. Berne?"

He started nervously, and rose quickly from the seat, throwing away the cigar.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sibyl; I had no idea the arbor had an occupant."

"Don't throw away your cigar. Out in this pure air, it could not offend the most fastidious. This moon is superb. I could not resist stealing away to enjoy it."

Wharton Berne sighed again, and then said, abruptly:

"I suppose you came to dream over sweet and delicious realities; but I hurried away to escape goading thoughts, dreary ghosts. This is indeed a lover's evening. From what Frank so incoherently muttered, as I intercepted him at his mother's door, I judge that we shall soon have cause to offer congratulations. Dear child, Heaven knows, I wish you all happiness!"

"Me? I scarcely understand you," said Miss Aubrey; and her voice took a little huskiness.

"Are we all mistaken? Do you not requite the young man's evidently sincere attachment?"

A silvery ripple of laughter broke up the hoarseness of her voice.

"Now, indeed, you have made a capital blunder. Poor, dear Lucia! how her blue eyes would pale with tears, if your suspicion were true! But it is not. Frank loves Lucia. He made a confidant of me long ago."

Her companion drew one long, gasping breath. She could feel how it shook him, for he was leaning against the lattice on which her hand rested.

"O, I am so glad!"

"What delicate lines of shadowing there are yonder," observed Miss Aubrey. "There is truly a wondrous witchery in moonlight; but I am not sure it is wise to indulge in it. Now I think I will return to the house."

"Not quite yet—wait a moment," pleaded he. "As you say, the moonlight has a witchery of its own, and it will last for but so few nights, why not enjoy it? It is strange, after all, that it is not you."

She stood leaning against the arbor, not yet returning to her seat, nor rudely persisting in retreat.

"It is strange enough Frank could see beauty in any other where you were present," continued he, dreamily. "It is all strange."

"Many men, many minds," answered she, lightly.

"And then most girls would be impressed with his gay manners, his ready grace, and fresh, young beauty."

"I never fancied *young men*," retorted Miss Aubrey, half resentfully, and then stopped short, as if conscious of some tacit confession.

"Sibyl Aubrey, you admitted that the moonlight had its spell. Call it that, if you think me mad, presumptuous, audacious; but tell me, could you fancy a man forever past the buoyancy of boyhood, a man grave, retiring, pain-worn, but whose whole heart goes out to you with a passionate devotion he believed lost to him forever?"

Her stately head was drooping to the clasping hands, he caught her agitated sob.

"Sibyl, sweet Sibyl, you have come to me like an angel, waking from the black ashes of desolation a resurrected love. From the first moment I heard your voice, my heart stirred as beneath a potent spell. When you came, flame-wrapped, into my arms, it seemed my lost darling restored to me by Heaven's beneficent hand. O Sibyl, if I dared be so selfish as to ask you to brighten and bless my life—to give me the blessed privilege of watching over you, of smoothing all possible troubles from your pathway—of loving you—O, if I dared!"

She drew away her hands, a glad smile flashing through the tears.

"And if you dare not ask me, sir, you will never receive your reply."

He caught the two white hands in his strong clasp, and his deep voice shook with the vibrating chords of hope and fear.

"Sibyl Aubrey, will you give to me the priceless gift I beg of you? Will you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Mr. Berne, I will; and I never answered yes before with half the gladness, and trust, and deep content, with which I speak it now."

The moon alone should tell what followed as he drew her to him, exclaiming in the very words with which he had first addressed her:

"O my darling! O my saint!"

Mrs. Dalrymple was able to walk without aid the next day, and she made her appearance in the parlor, to which the quartet had retreated after dinner, smiling and gracious.

Frank came forward with a bright smile.

"Just in time, dear mother. We ask for your congratulations upon the happiest consummation one could ask. If you do not object, we shall send an order to the nearest jeweller for a choice assortment of engagement rings. Do you need the explanation we have all been having?"

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Hortense, triumphantly. "I am not so blind as that. I am very, very happy. I could not ask a dearer or more acceptable daughter-in-law."

She swept forward with a beaming glance toward Miss Aubrey; but Frank, taking Lucia by the hand, interrupted the movement.

"You see, my Lucia, your mother is ready to welcome you. Come, Mr. Berne—Cousin Whart, it is your turn."

Cousin Whart, happier than any crowned king or victor knight, led Sibyl Aubrey forward.

"I shall bless you to my latest day, Cousin Hortense, for bringing this dear guest to the house. Henceforth, she is its mistress."

Mrs. Dalrymple opened her eyes, staring from one couple to the other. There was such a choking, gasping suffocation at her throat, that she put up her hands and untied the lace bow of her cap.

"You understand, don't you?" repeated Cousin Whart. "Frank and Lucia are one happy couple, and Sibyl and myself another."

Mrs. Hortense conquered herself by one masterly effort. She swallowed down the

troublesome choking in her throat. She called up a tolerably good imitation of a happy smile, and shook hands with them, one by one, offering her congratulations. She even kissed Lucia's blushing cheek, when she longed heartily to box her ears. But, as soon as possible, she got away and crept into her own room. Once there, she walked up to the full-length mirror, and glaring defiantly at the reflection there, she exclaimed, shaking her hand menacingly:

"So this is the result of your scheming! A pretty diplomat, indeed! You've just entangled your son with a girl not worth a shilling of her own! The very creature, I do believe, you took such pains to win him from while he was there at college. And you've cheated yourself nicely out of your home here. Cousin Whart married—how can you come here summer after summer? A pretty piece of diplomacy. Bah! No doubt they will seek your services at the foreign diplomatic office. O!"

And Mrs. Hortense sat down and had a good shower of angry tears, after which she retired to her couch, and sent down word to her dear friends and happy guests to excuse her absence, as her ankle was not quite so well.

"Lame, indeed!" she muttered again, pulling the coverlet over her face; "and lamer in diplomacy than in anything else. How I hate the word! Bah!"



DOWN THE STREAM.

BY ISABELLA MILLER.

The winding, widening stream of life
Looks bright to us in gladsome youth,
As joyously we sail along,
Safe-guided by the hand of truth.
We pluck the flowers that lean above
The silvery-spangled, starry stream;
We catch the bubbles rainbow-dyed,
And careless onward sail and dream.

But when we've gone far down the stream,
And bright blue skies are clouded o'er;
When time has mingled tears with joys,
And distant seems each flowery shore;
When all around on rocky reefs
False lights of guile and sin are set;
When tired sailors drop their oars,
And tears *will* come and vain regret;

Then glad we'd turn our barks about,
If downward tides were not so rude;
And struggling seek the calmer waves,
And olden, joyous solitude,

Where castles rose on every cloud,
And all the isles with gems were starred,
Where gates of wondrous, shining gold
The magic touch of youth unbarred.

Alas! no bark goes up time's stream,
But all are ceaseless sailing down;
The Fount of Youth was but a dream,
Where weak man thought his cares to drown;
To lay aside his joyless years,
And take up youth's sweet hopes once more,
And gather love's bright flowers that grew
Along the music-echoing shore.

But joy! when bars and breakers crossed,
We draw a-near the widening sea,—
When trembling hands lay down the oars,
And barks glide on with sails set free,—
Faith sees a beauteous land beyond,
A-blaze with sunset's golden gleam,
Then tired hearts would not turn back,
Nor sail again the rugged stream.



WHY THE MAJOR NEVER MARRIED.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

JACK MARTIN, or Major Martin, as we youngsters learned to call him, was a favored guest at my uncle's house, thirty years ago, and was the peculiar admiration of us juniors who were just sprouting into early manhood. He was the model of a well-preserved bachelor of fifty, tall and erect, with a fine military carriage of figure, long side-whiskers, which civilians had not then the audacity to wear, as now, a Wellington nose, an eye like a hawk, and a voice as rotund in its cadences as that of an Irish orator. He had retired from the British army, upon half pay, and, unlike most of such people, with a little money beside; and we used to think that there could be no handsomer style of a man than that of Major Martin, with his undress uniform, half covered over the breast with medals, sitting at the foot of my uncle's table, or leading some one of our many cousins through the contra-dance. He was the very beau ideal of manly politeness, and had a charming, easy way, that made him immensely popular with the ladies. I have

seen young fellows of five-and-twenty sulking against the wall, and watching with envy the major, as he promenaded the room with their lady-loves; and when it came to waltzing, everybody confessed that there was not his equal in the country. And then he was a rare conversationalist, and a captivating story-teller. I have seen men of large experience and remarkable adventure in the world, who became frightful bores the moment they opened their mouths to speak; but this was never so with Jack Martin. No man nor woman ever coughed, or rattled the dishes, or began talking loudly to the host, when he commenced, "When I was a subaltern in the Blues," or "That reminds me of a funny thing that happened at Bombay," or "Just about a week after the battle of Waterloo, sir." There was always point to his jokes, and spirit in his adventures; and, indeed, in those lamented days of magnificent dinner-parties, when the youthful element was always largely represented, no man could safely pronounce his entertainment a success

in advance, who had not secured the presence of Jack Martin, beyond a peradventure. But, strangely enough, he lived and died a bachelor. All the women admired him, and I believe half of them loved him; and how it was that he had never married one of them, I could never clearly comprehend, until he told me himself. Some people said he was spoiled by flattery, and could never content himself with such a single devotion as a good husband must feel; others had it that he was a flirt, and liked to display his powers too well to fetter himself; and there were others who would say that the major had an early disappointment, and had long forsworn love and matrimony. There was some truth in this last theory, although it was true in a different sense than I had supposed before I had it from his own lips.

It was one lovely moonlight night in my seventeenth year, after the breaking up of a most pleasant party, that the major and myself were sitting out on the piazza. We had been talking upon indifferent things until he lit his pipe—for he had an old campaigner's love for the weed, and never used a cigar. Gradually he became thoughtful, and answered me with monosyllables, till I ceased to talk, and sat watching his handsome profile as the light of the moon outlined it against the wall. He smoked slowly, as one in a deep reverie, and when he hummed a verse of one of his own songs which he had sung to the company that evening, I knew he was thinking of something in the past.

"O yes, there's a memory long as the life,
And dearer and sweeter 'tis growing,
Of eyes that will sadly look out from the strife,
When battle's red current is flowing."

"Now, major," I broke out, "tell me a little about yourself. Do you know, we boys wonder and wonder why it is that you never married. I believe you could tell a story about it, if you chose. Will you?"

He turned his head and looked at me with a look of quizzical gravity, which made me certain that I had touched him on a tender place. "Ned, you reprobate," he said, "what put that into your skull? Can't a man live to be half a century old without taking him a wife?"

"I never could," I answered, very emphatically. And with that he broke into one of his joyous, hearty bursts of merriment, such as often led the mirth of a whole drawing-room full.

"Well," he continued, "that's the difference between seventeen and fifty. Thirty-three years' experience, my lad, puts a very different complexion on a man's views; for, begad, I believe I thought very much as you do when I was a cornet, with just a faint promise of a moustache. But, now—" and the major twirled the ends of his luxuriant hirsute adornment—"now, love is a kind of a myth to me—except the love of my meerschaum; and I'm abundantly satisfied to kiss my pipe stem; that, and that only."

"But it wasn't always so," I persisted.

"No, of course not. Hang it! I see you will have my story, and I can get rid of you best by telling it. The episode was rather a sad one to me; in fact, ludicrous as it was, in part, I believe I have never entirely recovered from it; and I don't remember ever telling a soul about it. Your question was making me serious, until you upset me with that quaint answer, which sounded so much like your father, that I feel like telling you what you want to know, if it's only in memory of the happy days he and I had together in the field and the saloon. I think he was with me when it happened; but it was nigh thirty years ago, and there's nobody this side the water who knows about it. So here it is: only, my boy, keep it to yourself till I'm dead and gone; for, after all, I think there's a sore spot yet in one corner of my heart, for the Mag Maxwell of thirty years ago—God bless her!"

I am not disobeying his injunction by telling it now; for he has been asleep two years, with such a redolent memory surviving him, as I hope to have when I have gone to my own rest. As he said, it is not much of a story; but it shows how a great, noble heart may be shipwrecked.

I was hardly twenty-one at the time, but was in a way for rapid advancement. I was the senior subaltern of the —7th Foot, and could reckon pretty confidently on a captaincy before the next Christmas. The regiment was at Malta then, and gloriously situated; very little duty to do, capital quarters, good society, and, best of all, a good prospect of enjoying it all for some time to come. Colonel Maxwell was a favorite at the war-office—a cousin, I believe, of the under secretary—and excepting in time of war, of course, his command could count on light duty and pleasant quarters. There are some unhappy corps in the service, or were then, against whom the

office seems to have a special spite, shipping them from Quebec to Calcutta, and thence to Dublin, all in the course of a twelvemonth. It was never so with us. There was no regiment in the service stood higher for bravery or general efficiency, if I do say it, and we fell into a way of thinking that we deserved all the favoritism we got. There wasn't a speck of war, just then, in any quarter of the British possessions; and, as always happens at such times, our officers were bringing their wives and families over to them; and such as hadn't wives, were seriously thinking of getting them. Among the latter, was Lieutenant John Martin.

Aside from the painful recollections of the time, I shall always think of that summer at Malta with a great deal of pleasure. Our barracks were built on a smooth terrace overlooking the blue Mediterranean, with gardens lying back from them, and a beautiful shaded road running to them. We were as comfortable as need be; and before the end of August we had the ball-room finished, and three evenings a week were devoted to hops, concerts or promenades. And after the ladies came, and before I fell under the ban of the colonel's displeasure, as you shall hear, I thought, on the whole, Malta was about as favorable a spot as I should ever want to be assigned to.

The ladies were the wives, the daughters and the sisters of our officers; hardly enough, of course, to stock the ball-room, but that was a want easily supplied from the society of the town, where scarlet coats were decidedly popular. The field-officers all had wives and daughters; the matrons rather sedate, as might be expected, but excellent company, for all that; there were a round dozen of the line who had wives and children; and there were sprightly, handsome girls enough, among the daughters and sisters, all under the watchful care of the elder ladies, to excite the jealous rivalry of the subs. And of them all, Maggie Maxwell shone pre-eminent. Colonel Maxwell was the father of no less than six daughters, of whom Mag was the youngest; and all but she had married in the army. Two of them found husbands in the 7th, and the others were distributed equally among the infantry, cavalry and artillery. The "Maxwell establishment" had grown to be a standing joke before Mag was old enough to make love to; and, in the meantime, the colonel had conceived a whim which, in the end, was the cause of all my misery. He was

not of aristocratic birth; he was, in fact, as plain and unassuming a man, out of his uniform, as ever wore the king's colors; and nobody ever heard that Lieutenant Colonel Smith, or Captain Jones, or Lieutenant Simpkins, or the rest, had encountered any difficulty when they proposed to marry his girls; indeed, it was whispered that the colonel had been somewhat assiduous in getting them happily off his hands. But, as for Mag, it was well understood he had other views. She must never marry a soldier. He thought he'd done about enough for the service, in a domestic way; he didn't clearly perceive why he should be the father-in-law, as well as the colonel, of the regiment. Mag he considered as fitted for a very much higher sphere than any of her sisters had found; not, of course, that there could be anything more honorable than to marry an officer of the British military service; but he should be old enough to be retired, by-and-by (there was a tradition among us that he was about ninety then), and when that day came, he wanted at least one of his children near him. Those were just his views; and if he had allowed Mag to come to Malta, contrary to his first determination, it was only because he wanted to avoid an unpleasantness in the family. It was to please Mrs. Maxwell, sir; for no other reason. Mrs. Maxwell was a woman of unreasonable temper, if he must say it, and he hadn't been married to her fifty years to find that out. An extraordinary woman, sir, if he did say it; a woman who had a decided will of her own; and the Lord only knew what a fuss she would have made in the world, if nature had made her a man. So that when she wrote him that affectionate letter, closing with the words, "Maxwell, you old fool, hush up! I shall have my own way; Mag shall come with me, for the poor child needs the voyage and the change of air; and if you and I together can't keep all the young popinjays of your regiment at a distance, it will be quite time for you to be put on the retired list;" when she wrote *that* to him, he understood that the matter was settled. But he wanted it understood among the boys that he wouldn't have any nonsense—no, not a bit of it. If any man of the subs attempted to cast sheep's eyes at Mag, he'd put him under arrest, and have him detached on recruiting service. Yes, by the gobs, he would!

All this was confidentially communicated by the colonel to the adjutant, about a week after the arrival of the ladies; and by the

adjutant to us. The two had lingered at the table so late, that the lieutenant-colonel and myself, as senior sub, had to take charge of the parade; and as the colonel mellowed over his Oporto, he grew quite confidential with old Sykes on the subject of his domestic affairs, and finally inquired, point-blank, whether he, the adjutant, suspected that any, and if so, which of the subs was already smitten with Mag. Sykes was a clever fellow enough generally, but just at that time he had a grudge against me on some account—I don't know exactly what, but I think I had left him out at my dinner-party, because he got drunk so early, habitually, and proposed such silly toasts; but, however, he blurted out that it was the talk of the garrison that Lieutenant Martin was deeply affected in that quarter; at least, he was severely joked about it, at the mess.

"So the wind sets in that quarter, eh?" returned the colonel. "The presumptuous young scamp! A nice idea he must have of his position and mine, and his merits! By —, adjutant, I'll have that flame smothered, or I'm not the man I take myself for! Now, sir, bear this in mind; you are to keep him on duty every other day, and as much oftener as will be necessary, to prevent his meeting her. We'll give him a thorough course of detail, till he recovers his senses. Do you understand?"

Sykes did understand; and he took a malicious pleasure in literally obeying his instructions. For the next month there was hardly a day passed that I was not put on some duty which kept me at the barraeks; and it was always contrived so as to keep me from the dances and dinner-parties, which the other officers enjoyed to their hearts' content. I remonstrated with the adjutant, and was referred to the colonel; but when Sykes informed me of his instructions, I was not slow to interpret their meaning, and so refrained from appealing to Colonel Maxwell. But my resolution was quickly taken, that no such tactics as these should prevent me from winning his daughter, if a good allowance of British pluck could be of any avail; and I determined to show the old man that he could not drive me from the field by any such selfish use of his authority. I was, in fact, deeply in love with Mag from the first. I had met her at the quay, on the evening of her arrival, whither the colonel had sent me to escort the ladies up to their new quarters. She was a tall, dashing brunette, with an eye

which would have captivated a much less impressive man than I; and her merry laugh and mischievous ways completed the business with me. You may laugh at me, you young jackanapes; but you won't laugh two or three years hence, when you meet some such style of a girl, and find yourself conquered before you have had a chance to resist. That evening, on the way up to the quarters, we talked together as frankly as though we had been friends from childhood—as frankly as two guileless young natures can always commune with each other. It was a long walk, and I lengthened it as much as I could; and I was rather encouraged when the ambulance met us half way, and the fat old Mrs. Maxwell and the rest of them got in to ride, that Mag declared she preferred walking, as the evening was so pleasant. The truth is, it was a case of love at first sight. She told me afterward that she owned it to herself before I left her; and as for me, my own feelings were too positive to admit of a doubt. She told me all about herself, where she had lived and what she had done; how her mother had kept her out of society, and particularly that of the army, and how lonely she had been at school, and with her aunt, Deborah Maxwell, who had always had the principal charge of her. How the poor girl ever preserved her wonderful vivacity, under the repression she had been subjected to, I never could see; but here she was, as blithe and handsome as a gazelle, after being shut up the whole winter in Dublin with Aunt Deb; and when I told her something of our life here at Malta, and of all the social pleasure which we expected from the presence of the ladies—the balls, the *fetes*, the horseback rides, and the moonlight sails in the harbor—she clapped her hands gleefully, and accepted my offer on the spot, to be her cavalier.

"Mother is always telling me what awful fellows you lieutenants are," she said, archly; and then added, with a gush of laughter, "but I really don't see anything very frightful about *you*. I've never seen any of the officers but father, and some of the pompous old fellows he used to bring to dinner with him, and who always called me 'Miss Margaretta,' and were buttoned up so tight that they could hardly open their mouths. We shall be real splendid friends, I am sure."

After that, before her father took the alarm, I walked with her one evening on the terrace, and that finished the matter with both of us. It makes me sigh to look back to that time,

when I was so happy in anticipation, in spite of all the difficulties of the situation. What is it Byron says?

"But sweetest far is love—first, passionate love."

And he's entirely right, although I don't suppose he knew anything about the better sort of it. There is nothing in this dark world so beautiful as the spectacle of an honest-hearted, manly young fellow, and a pure-minded girl, deep in love with each other. They are the most hopeful, trustful and devoted people imaginable; all the miserable selfishness which finds a place in the hearts of everybody else, is driven out of theirs; they live and enjoy life only for each other, and if there are difficulties and discouragements in the way, they only love and hope so much the stronger, in defiance of parents, fortune, and the world generally. So, at least, it was with Mag and me. When I made her understand why I could never join in the society of the quarters, upon which my heart was set at first, she opened her blue eyes to their widest, and then set her white teeth together, and stamped her foot in the most determined way.

"And you are suffering all this for me?" she said. "Jack Martin, you dear, good boy, you are worth more to me than the whole pack of them, and I love you a great deal better for what they make you suffer. Don't you believe it? There!"

What do you suppose she did? She reached up and put her arms round my neck and kissed me—once, twice, three times. Ah, Mag, you darling, I wonder if we shall know each other by-and-by, when it's all over with me, and I go toward the land where you've gone?

The major wiped a tear from either eye, coughed, kicked his ankles violently against the lattice, and continued:

Well, we were not slow in devising a system of secret meetings; and with the aid of two of my chums who heartily sympathized with me, we managed to meet as often as every other day, without exciting the least suspicion. I was zealous in the performance of my duty, and apparently took no thought of the society of Mag Maxwell or anybody else; in fact, Sykes reported to the colonel that the scheme was working admirably, and that Lieutenant Martin was in a fair way to be cured of his nonsense; and the colonel twirled his gray mustaches, and said, "I

thought I knew how to manage them, Sykes." As for Mag, she seemed the gayest of the gay; she danced, walked, rode and flirted with the subalterns indifferently, setting them all by the ears, and treating them all with such equal favor that her father was delighted with her. "That's right, girl," he would say (as she told me); "break their hearts as fast as you like; I won't let them get to blows; and by-and-by you shall have a member of parliament for a husband."

"That was news to me," she said, looking up innocently into my face. "You don't mean to join the civil service, do you, Jack?"

The colonel, and Mrs. Maxwell, and the rest of them, saw how Mag conducted herself, and set their minds at rest; but they did not dream of our stolen interviews, and of the thousand and one plans to overcome our difficulties with which we bothered our simple heads. Elopement was out of the question, because there was not a priest on the island at that time, other than our chaplain, who would not have been frightened to death at such a proposition.

"If we could only conciliate your father," I sighed.

"I'm fearful we never can," said Mag, echoing my sigh. "He has repeated that odious idea about marrying a member of parliament, as much as fifty times. The other day I asked him if a bishop wouldn't do; and do you think, he seemed to consider it all in earnest; for he answered, 'Yes, possibly; some man who stands high in the church or state; but never a soldier.' He has the most unaccountable prejudice against my marrying one of his own profession—all because my sisters are soldiers' wives. But he hasn't half as good a son-in-law as I could give him."

She always made me laugh when I felt the most doleful, with one of her queer sayings. I had not done laughing at this one, when she clapped her hands and cried out, joyfully:

"Such a happy thought as I've just had! I verily believe Aunt Deb can help us ever so much."

Deborah Maxwell, whom I have named once before, was one of the ladies of the Maxwell household at Malta; a tall, angular spinster, of the most uncertain age; although from certain dates which some of the officers had gathered about the Maxwell clan, she was thought to be not less than forty-seven. She was the colonel's youngest sister, and a lady well known to every officer who had

held rank under her brother for the past thirty years. Beginning when a girl of seventeen, a bold, wild made-up, as our older officers described her, and when the colonel was a captain in India, she had been a devoted attache of whatever corps he was assigned to, whenever and wherever the presence of ladies was either possible, desirable, or even tolerable. There was hardly a general or field-officer in the service who had not waltzed and flirted with her in those days, in some quarter of the globe, when they were captains and subs; and during all these thirty years, she had sedulously pursued the darling object of her heart—the winning of a husband from the service. At such times as the exigencies of campaigns forbade her presence with us, she would retire to an old home in Dublin; and upon the first opportunity she would be sure to rejoin us, more ardent than ever in the pursuit. Poor woman! I could pity her, were it not that she was at the bottom of all my misery.

The years slipped away, taking from her the bloom of her youth, and bringing not the recompense of a husband, until she came to Malta, thinner, more angular, and more wrinkled as to her fallow face, than ever before; but with a set of curls which none of us had ever seen her wear before, teeth which Captain Burnet said were unquestionably hers, if they were paid for, and that stereotyped, languishing smile, which ought to have melted the stony heart of some son of Mars before most of us were born. To me, the old creature was positively insufferable. For the last three years, or ever since I had served with the —7th, I had seen her dangling upon it, a perfect nightmare to the older men who had escaped her fascinations in times past, and a terror to the newer ones, upon whom she ever brought to bear her most powerful fascinations. And understanding her as well as I did, it surprised me to hear from Mag that she might help us vastly, at this juncture, if she would.

"She has an immense influence over father," she explained. "I believe she has more than mother has. Mamma can govern him, but can't coax him a particle, when he gets into one of his set ways. Now I'm pretty sure that if Aunt Deb can be made to go to work at him in good earnest, she can drive all those odd notions of members of parliament out of his stubborn head, and make him think well of you for a—well, no matter; I shan't use that compound word any more."

"But I doubt if she will think well of it herself," I suggested.

"Botheration, Jack Martin! don't you think I can coax Aunt Deb into anything? Just wait till to-morrow, and I'll tell you what she says."

And on the morrow she did tell me. Aunt Deb had received her confession with positive affright; had lifted up her hands, protesting that Mag was a wicked, wicked girl, and she didn't really know what would become of her; that her brother would be fearfully angry, and never would consent; and in fact she did not approve of it herself. And then Mag had soothed and calmed her, and after half an hour's skillful manipulation, had brought her to say that she would dare even her brother's displeasure for her dear Mag, and that she would do all that could possibly be done by any one to help us. But there was one thing must be done first. She wasn't entirely satisfied about Lieutenant Martin. She wanted to think well of him; she must like any one that her dear Mag liked; but she had an old grudge against Lieutenant Martin. He had used her most shabbily a year ago, at the grand review at Dover, and had never explained it at all. She wasn't the person to be slighted by any subaltern of the —7th, and when Lieutenant Martin made amends for his ungentlemanly conduct, it would be quite time for her to intercede with Colonel Maxwell for him.

"What did you do, Jack?" Mag asked.

"The Lord knows; I'm sure I don't. No doubt she's right about it; I must have snubbed her unmercifully half a dozen times. But that shall be made right, Mag; only arrange an interview for me, and she shall think me the very nicest young Briton alive. I'll manage her!"

Mag went straightway to her aunt, and begged her to grant me an audience immediately. Miss Deborah demurred; she didn't wish to do anything imprudent, and she was afraid this would be. What would Colonel Maxwell think, if he knew she had seen me privately? But for the sake of her dear Mag—yes; for her sake, she would take even as great a risk as this. She would meet me at ten o'clock that night, down by the oak tree at the sea-wall.

And I went, unsuspecting gossling as I was. Ned, my boy, you're pretty smart, for a young one, and think you know considerable; and you would have done just as I did—and thrust yourself into the trap just as I did. It's

a fact, after all, that nothing but age and experience can confer wisdom. Seventeen hundred times since have I thought of the snare that this old Delilah wove for me, and as many times have I anathematized the blindness which sent me headlong into it. Well, well, we can only be young once, so we can only be silly once. Don't interrupt me, Ned; what I say is the sorrowful truth.

I was on hand at the appointed place, promptly at fifteen minutes before ten. Never suspecting any trick, it did not occur to me to look for eavesdroppers; but, as I afterward discovered, Sykes and Simpkins were lying *perdu* on the other side the wall, and drank in every word that was uttered. Presently a female figure came up with a nimble step, and drawing the shawl down from her head, disclosed the familiar features of Aunt Deborah.

"O Lieutenant Martin—is it you?" she began, with two or three abortive attempts at a sob. "Such a time as I have had to get away without being seen! And if they should miss me, I don't know what I would do. O dear, how my heart does beat! O dear, dear—I am so faint! O my—O!"

She snatched my hand and placed it where her heart was supposed to be, when I immediately perceived that there was no perceptible palpitation at all. I attempted to disengage myself; but she was now leaning her whole weight on my shoulder; and I was actually compelled to put my arm round her to hold her away from me.

"My dear Miss Maxwell," I said, "don't, I beg of you, be so agitated; there is surely nothing to excite any alarm. You embarrass me seriously, and I hardly know how to begin what I had to say. You know, I suppose, why I solicited an interview?"

"O Mr. Martin, don't—don't, I beg of you! Whoever would have thought such a thing of you?"

"Be calm, Miss Maxwell; pray be calm. I assure you, I had no reason to suppose that this would take you by surprise. You have been acquainted with me about three years—"

A convulsive "yes," interrupted me, and the woman laid her aged head and false curls on my shoulder.

"And I had no reason to think that you cherished any other sentiments toward me than those of the kindest regard."

"I love to hear you say that," she murmured.

"And I now assure you, that however my actions may have appeared to show to the

contrary, I have ever regarded you as one of the best of my friends—"

"The friendship of you men is so dangerous," she parenthesized.

"A lady who has stood very high in my regard, and toward whom I hope my relations will not long hence assume a nearer aspect."

"O Mr. Martin, don't, I beg of you!"

"Why not, Miss Maxwell? Indeed, you must hear me. You cannot be a stranger to the sentiments of affection which I entertain for your niece—"

"What?—for who?" she screamed, starting with well-simulated surprise, and immediately grabbing me by both arms.

"Why, for Mag, of course. Didn't she tell you that we were engaged, and—"

The woman seemed suddenly transformed into a tigress. She threw her long, bony arms about me, pinning my own to my sides so that I was comparatively powerless, and sent forth upon the still night air a succession of such piercing shrieks and screams as well-nigh deafened me.

"O, you horrid man! O, O, O! that I should ever live to be deceived in this way! O my poor heart! Help! Murder! Thieves! O you wretch! Help! Colonel! Adjutant! Lieutenant Simpkins! Save me! O, O!"

She kept up her infernal noise, holding on to me all the while, at the same time that I was too astonished to break away, until half the garrison had rushed to the spot, including officers, soldiers, and several of the ladies. As soon as the colonel saw the cause of the alarm, he ordered the men back to their quarters. By this time the woman had released me, and thrown herself down at my feet, where she made a miserable pretence of sobbing and crying.

"Mr. Martin, what does all this mean, sir?" asked the colonel, with his very sternest manner.

"I've nothing to say here, sir," I replied. "I've no explanation to give, before this crowd of people." Here several audible comments, such as "Brute," "Scoundrel," "Monster," and the like, from the ladies present, reached me. "I believe I can explain it to your comprehension, if not to your satisfaction, at a private interview; and, in the meantime, I declare that I have done nothing contrary to my obligations as an officer and a gentleman."

The colonel was both angry and puzzled, and he looked from Deborah to me, and back to her, in evident perplexity.

"You may go to your quarters now," he said. "You will probably hear more of this by-and-by."

Mortified, outraged and maddened almost beyond endurance, I obeyed; and hardly had I thrown myself upon my bed, and vowed vengeance upon the crafty man-hunter who had so artfully drawn me into this difficulty, before there was a sharp knock at the door, and Lieutenant Simpkins entered. He was, or pretended to be, in a towering passion; but he had uttered hardly a dozen words, before my own wrath was boiling at fever heat. He said that I had broken the heart and outraged the tenderest sensibilities of his wife's aunt, and made myself an unfit associate for gentlemen. What more he would have said may be conjectured; my temper had already been strained past endurance, and this new revelation of Simpkins joined in the plot to peddle me off to Deborah, was more than I could bear. I jumped up, called him an infamous liar, pulled his nose, and kicked him out of doors. Half an hour after, one of the officers waited on me with a challenge, which I promptly accepted, naming the next morning as the hour of meeting. To cut the story short, the duel took place, and I put a ball through Simpkins's cheek, knocking out several teeth, and giving no particular beauty of expression to his face. And, as a matter of course, I had hardly returned to the barracks before I was put in close arrest.

In the meantime, a tremendous storm had been brewing in the colonel's household. Sykes had reported to Colonel Maxwell the true object of my meeting with his sister, as he understood it from the first, and one of my confidants, the officer who had helped me in my stolen meetings with Mag, proved treacherous to me, and reported to the colonel the whole truth, from beginning to end. Mag was summoned before a joint council of

the colonel, his wife and sister, and boldly avowed the truth, at the same time charging home to Miss Deborah her flagrant hypocrisy. That ancient maiden screamed and went into convulsions, and Mag was locked up in her own room. The next morning, it was known that Mrs. Maxwell and her daughter had taken the steamer for England late the previous night. My poor Mag!—my brave, noble girl! She was true to the last, and sent me a note which I have now somewhere, vowing eternal fidelity, bidding me come home to her as soon as I could get exchanged, and cheering me with the assurance that not all the fathers and mothers in the three kingdoms could keep us apart. Poor, poor Mag! I have always cherished her memory too dearly to admit of another love. And the major wiped his eyes again.

"What happened amiss to her, major?" I asked.

The steamer on which they took passage was the ill-starred Dublin Castle, which foundered in the Channel. Not a soul escaped.

As for myself, I was court-martialled for the duel, and sentenced to six months' suspension; but the sympathies of the court were all with me, and the sentence was remitted. The whole affair made such a noise that Colonel Maxwell was seriously threatened with a court of inquiry; and he was very glad to approve my request for assignment to another command.

"And what became of Deborah?" I asked.

"She married a young greenhorn who obtained a lieutenancy in the —7th, and henpecked him to death."

And the major heaved a great sigh, looked contemplatively at his Wellingtons, refilled and lit his pipe, and was quickly lost in a tobacco-reverie, whereof, I know, that rare Mag Maxwell was the queen.



DEFEATED.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

"FLORENCE, the old place looks the same as ever, and is doubly dear to me after all these years of absence, and I fondly hoped that I might have the pleasure of rambling over the grounds in peace and quiet. In other words, I hoped that I should find this, of all places, free from all womankind save yourself."

"Why, Ralph! do you mean to say that you have turned woman-hater?"

"Perhaps not that, exactly; but had you seen as much of the sex as I have, you might understand my feelings. They are a humbug."

"You seem to forget that you are addressing one of them."

"You are nobody, Flo. It is these visitors of yours that I mind."

"You have no reason to feel unkindly toward my visitors. Agnes Calvert is too much of a lady to intrude upon any one, particularly if she learns that her room is better than her company. And as for Letty King, she will never give you a thought. So, my fine gentleman, do not trouble yourself; and you may rest assured that you will not be troubled with my guests."

"Come, come, Flo; I expect to meet your guests, and treat them with civility; but I am not to be caught in a trap by any husband-hunting females; so they need not lay any for me."

"Don't flatter yourself. You are as safe here as though you were on a desolate island." And with this, Florence Ingraham caught up her sewing, which she had in her earnestness thrown down, and began to work as though she was relieving herself of a burden of indignation with every stitch.

"I cannot understand, Florence, why girls so cling to one another. Why, we fellows, when we part at school, that's the last of us, unless we happen to meet, and chat for an hour over old times; but you girls—you shed tears, and swear eternal friendship, and visit each other, until time and domestic affairs cool your ardor."

"Ralph Ingraham, if you were not my brother, I would box your ears. Now, I hear Miss Calvert's step upon the stairs, and I know she is coming out to us. Now see that you do not ruin the reputation of your house,

which I have so exalted during your absence, by any rude or ungentlemanly exhibition of contempt for our sex."

Miss Agnes Calvert was elaborately got up for the occasion, in a dress of spotless muslin, and a rich azure sash, and band of the same color binding up her amber hair, just allowing a few stray curls to hang carelessly upon her shoulders; and she came, reading intently from a volume in blue and gold (the colors harmonized finely with her dress), as though she had not an idea of the existence of a being save herself. She had not lived beneath the same roof for a month or more with Florence, and heard of this wonderful brother Ralph, of his sayings and doings, and let it pass unheeded. Not she. She was getting along in her twenties; just about that age, when youth and beauty seem fleeting, and the hateful title of "old maid" beginning to be whispered by malicious ones, and she felt desperate. For a fortnight or more, she had been laying plans, which, well carried out, were to make her Mrs. Ralph Ingraham, and this day she came down stairs with a firm determination to form, then and there, the foundation of her fortune. She was not in love—for how could she be? She had never met this Ralph Ingraham. But it was enough for her to know that this stately house and magnificent surroundings were his; that many of the beautiful pictures that adorned the walls were said to be his work; that books of poems, with exquisite passages, were pencilled by his hand; that every room bore traces of his fine taste and culture. This was enough for her, and had his face been hideous, she would have married him, providing he could surround her with these things; for she loved wealth and taste above all things else.

With a slow, carefully-measured step, she came along the hall, her eyes still bent upon her book, seemingly oblivious to all around her. Ralph saw her, and scanned her face closely. He was no fool, and with the quick perception of a man who had travelled through nearly every civilized country in the world, and spent much of his time in the study of human nature, he saw through her at once; and had she seen the queer smile that flitted across his face, she would have thrown down

her book, and cared but little whether she looked well or not; but she did not see it, or even him, until Florence said, softly, "Agnes dear;" then she raised her large blue eyes lugubridly, and met the gaze of the handsome, dark-eyed stranger.

"My brother Ralph, Miss Calvert."

"I am happy to meet and welcome to his native land, one whose name and excellences are so well known to me. It is indeed a pleasure."

"A very pretty speech," thought Ralph; "and well studied, I dare say. Confound it! I must reply, I suppose. Well, here goes: And I also am happy to meet Miss Calvert, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for honoring our poor bouse with her presence, and thus whiling away hours that must have otherwise hung heavily upon the hands of my little sister. There, that was about it, I fancy." And he smothered a laugh that would have indeed destroyed Miss Calvert's hopes, had he given utterance to it.

Miss Calvert took the chair he proffered, and seated herself, spreading her ample skirts about her with artistic care, turned carelessly the gilt-edged leaves of the blue and gold volume, and began her work of captivating Ralph Ingraham. First, she began by bringing him to a rehearsal of his travels; carried him by force through the cities and wilds of Merrie England; whisked him over the highlands and lowlands of Bonnie Scotland; tried to wink out a tear over the sorrows of down-trodden Ireland; trotted him across the Channel to France—"Good gracious! where is this female going?" thought he. Florence saw the look of distress, and came to her brother's rescue, saying:

"I wonder where Letty is. I have not seen her since dinner."

"Letty? O, I dare say she is well enough; although one cannot help feeling anxious about her, she is such a child! You have not seen her yet, Mr. Ingraham?"

"No, I have not. Nor do I wish to, if she is like you," he mentally added.

"She is troublesome sometimes; but, after all, she is a dear little thing."

"So she is, Ralph, a perfect darling; and look! there she is. Is she not a fearless rider? See her!"

For an instant, Ralph could see nothing for the cloud of dust; but presently she came in sight, the black horse clattering furiously down the road at a tremendous rate, urged on by her impatient driver, who seemed almost a

child. With a bound, they cleared the low hedge, and galloped across the green sward up to the piazza.

"By Jove! That leap was immense!" ejaculated Ralph, half rising from his chair.

"Yes, Letty rides passably well," said Miss Calvert; "but it makes me nervous to see her, she is so reckless."

By this time, horse and rider were at the steps, and with a light spring, the young lady dismounted, and stood upon the piazza.

"My brother, Miss King," said Florence.

Letty King stood holding the bridle in one hand, her dress soiled and dusty, and her glossy black curls tumbled into a confused mass, her cheeks glowing, and her dark eyes flashing; and Ralph could not help glancing from the studied elegance of the one to the careless ease of the other, and thinking, "I am certain of one thing. This young lady has no designs upon Ingraham Hall, or its owner. I am safe here." Then he stepped forward, bowed with grace, and held out his hand. She gave him hers in a quiet, child-like fashion, saying:

"I am glad you are come, for now I shall not have to ride alone every day. Florence has been obliged to remain at home every day, because she expected you, and was afraid you would come in her absence."

"And you were annoyed, I dare say."

"No. For had you been my brother, I should have done the same thing. But now she will go with me."

"May I go sometimes?"

"O yes. It will give you a good chance to observe the improvements that have been made during your absence. One can see clearer on horseback, I fancy."

"Why did you not remain at home to-day to welcome me?"

"Because I could not give up my ride; and I knew there were plenty here, and then there would be time enough to get acquainted. Or, rather, that is what I should have thought; but I believe I did not think anything about it when I rode out. Are you tired, little Bess? Come, we must have something to eat, and let company take care of themselves." And so saying, she led the horse toward the stable.

"Miss King, allow me to save you that trouble."

"No, thank you. You will soil your clothes; and more than that, Bess would not think me grateful for my ride, if I were too lazy to see her safely in the stable, with a good supper before her."

"Well, upon my word, she is a queer creature—a relief, however, from that milk-and-water Calvert."

Miss Calvert, all smiles, was waiting for him to conclude the conversation they had been carrying on when Letty arrived; but he had no desire to partake a second time of the same dish, so he adroitly kept her at bay, by making the most commonplace remarks, and thus passing the half hour that intervened between that and Letty's appearance.

Letty King was as incapable of anything like art as a child, and Ralph understood her as readily as he did Miss Calvert. She came down in a neat, plain muslin, her black curls hanging in rich profusion upon her plump white shoulders. She was very pretty; a sweet, child mouth, a short, saucy upper lip, low brow, and a clear, blooming complexion. But her eyes were the chief charm; a soft, dark gray, as clear as crystal; and when she looked at any one, she seemed to be trying to read their inmost thoughts, so intent and searching was her gaze.

"Well, Miss Letty, here you are at last. How did you enjoy your ride?"

"O, ever so much, Florence. Bessie was in gay spirits, and we came over the road at a tremendous rate. There are plenty of shagbarks just over the hill in the back pasture. I mean to go and get some one day this week. Will you go?"

"Delighted!"

"May I go?" asked Ralph.

"No. Who would entertain Agnes? She never goes on such harum-scarum excursions, and I don't blame her. I would not if I could help it. I can't; for these rides and long tramps have become my second nature, and I could no more live without them than without food. I do not expect everybody to be like me."

"I should hope not, Letty. One like you in a community is quite enough," sighed Agnes.

"Am I dreadful, Florence?"

"Yes, Letty, I suppose you are."

Ralph Ingraham, woman-hater though he was, could not help feeling a strange interest in the saucy, independent little creature, sitting there so unaffected and careless, as though he was just nobody at all, only looking at him now and then with her gray, searching eyes, talking quietly with Florence, or carefully looking over the book which Miss Calvert had thrown aside.

It was autumn, and all nature was clad in

gorgeous robes of scarlet, brown and gold. Trees, that a few weeks before had worn their dress of living green, now stood out clear against the bright sky, clothed in robes of brightest hues. Ralph was an early riser, and the next morning he stood upon the piazza, watching the sun as it rose from behind the mountain, flooding the bright world with its golden light until every leaf and blade of grass quivered in its glad joy. It was very quiet; not a sound to be heard about the house; and Ralph thought, "Well, I shall at least be free from my tormentor for a few hours each day; for I dare say she would not leave her comfortable bed for a thousand such sights as this. I hope not, at least."

Suddenly he descried a little brown figure down by the hedge, leaning carelessly upon her arms, her black curls dancing in the morning breeze, her gray eyes all aglow with the beauty before her, and he had not the will to resist, and in a moment he was by her side.

"You are an early riser, I see, Letty."

"Yes. I would not miss the glorious sunrise for a good deal. It is my life. Don't you love it?"

"Yes; and this is the first American sunrise I have seen for many a year."

"You have been travelling a long while, have you not?"

"Yes."

"O, I would give so much to have been with you. This world is so full of beauty!" And Letty drew a long breath, and the gray eyes lighted with a brilliancy that caused Ralph to gaze with wonder and admiration.

"Do you play, Letty?"

"Yes. What made you ask?"

"Because I saw worlds of music in your eyes then. Will you come in and play for me?"

"Yes." And she followed him up to the house.

Ralph threw open the window, and let in the warm sunlight, and then opened the piano for her, and sat down and waited for her to begin. It was a treat, even for a refined ear like his, to listen to the soul music she drew from the instrument; music like herself, like the bright morning; and he listened entranced until she ceased.

"There, the inspiration's flown. I can play no more now. If I did, you would not like it."

"How do you know I like it any way?"

"As you learned of my playing. I see it in your eyes."

Ralph called back all the hard words he had spoken concerning the sex, and resolved to tolerate them in the future, if only for the sake of Miss Letty King.

Agnes Calvert, in her dainty muslins and golden ringlets, fluttered about Ralph with a will, and he talked soft nonsense to her until she fancied he was in love with her, and laughingly declared the same to Letty.

"Poh! It seems to me you are very conceited. I declare, I should as soon expect a king to fall in love with me as Ralph Ingraham."

"With you, child, it is a different thing. You and I are not the same person."

"O, I am very well aware of that, but I don't believe Ralph Ingraham means to fall in love with any one."

"Wait patiently and see. You shall be here visiting Mrs. Agnes Ingraham in less than a year's time."

Letty laughed—a very doubtful laugh it was, too—and she turned away, thinking that if she did not visit Ingraham Hall again until she visited Agnes Ingraham, it would be a long while before she visited it. So she said nothing, but kept on in her quiet way, yet carefully watching their every movement.

Florence was very unlike her brother, and her perception was anything but sharp, so she took it into her head to imagine that he had a fancy for her friend Agnes. Now Agnes, in her eyes, was a very good friend, but she could not bear to think of her as a sister. She came to this hasty conclusion all of a sudden, and burst upon Letty, who sat in the summer house one afternoon, with "Letty, Ralph and Agnes are engaged!" and then left as suddenly as she came.

"Ralph and Agnes engaged! How strange!" And Letty wondered, and somehow the red lips grew white as she thought, and she leaned back with a strange heaviness in her heart.

"So you have succeeded, have you?" said she, as she sat upon the piazza with Agnes an hour later.

"Of course. Did I ever undertake anything and fail?"

"O, I suppose not. But I doubted it in this case, it seems so strange!"

"Letty, between ourselves, I can bring most any of them to my feet if I choose."

"Well, what good does that do? You cannot marry them all."

"O, of course not; but it shows my power. I do not care to marry."

"Do you mean to flirt with Ralph?"

"Perhaps so. It is just as I take a notion."

Letty King was on her feet in an instant, her little form towering a full inch above her usual height, her dark eyes flashing, her lip curling, and her hand playing nervously with the jetty curls.

"Contemptible!" she muttered through her teeth.

"Who is contemptible?" asked Agnes, carelessly.

"You, Agnes Calvert, or any woman who would trifle with the heart of a man like Ralph Ingraham. It is vile—it is wicked! I hate a coquette!"

"What a firebrand you are, to be sure!"

Letty looked charming standing there looking at Agnes, with indignation stamped upon every feature; and so thought Ralph, who, seated in the shadow of the rose-bushes, had been an unwilling listener to their conversation. A look of admiration crossed his face for a moment; then it gradually grew into a perfect picture of contempt and disgust, as his eyes rested on the insipid beauty near her. Had Miss Calvert seen the withering glances that proceeded from the shadow of the rose-bush, she would have never mentioned the name of Ralph Ingraham again. But she did not; consequently, she was ready to talk of him whenever she found a listener.

Letty watched her as she sauntered down toward the arbor, her dress trailing behind her in its soft, graceful folds, lending an air of perfect grace to her tall, elegant figure, and thought, "Well, she is beautiful!" And Ralph, from his hiding-place, saw the bright face grow sad, and something like a tear dimming the dark eyes, and he felt a strange desire to rush out and take her in his arms, and tell her how falsely Miss Calvert had spoken, and that in his heart he had place for but one, and that one was sweet Letty King.

"Thank you, Florence. I had much rather ride on horseback. I do not like the carriage," said Letty, one morning, as they all stood ready for a ride in the cool morning air, only waiting for Agnes. "But there is no need of Mr. Ingraham's going on horseback."

"I had rather; that is all."

"But Agnes will not enjoy her ride one bit."

Ralph lashed poor "Blucher" with his whip, and bit his lip by way of reply.

"Let Ralph have his own way, Letty. I always do," said Florence, from the carriage.

Agnes came down just then, dressed in a style better fitting a drive in Central Park

than through the woods, and so it occurred to them all; but Florence made room for her, and said:

"You look splendidly this morning, Agnes."

"Thank you. Do you go on horseback, Mr. Ingraham?"

"Yes. I feel like enjoying the air this morning, and I am quite sure I should not in the carriage."

She could say nothing, however chagrined she might feel at thus losing his company; so she leaned back, determined to enjoy herself at all events.

"This is real pleasure, Letty," said Ralph, as they rode along. "The air, the scenery, the lively state of Blucher, and your company, make me feel happier and more at liberty than I have felt since I came home. I dote on freedom."

"So do I. I cannot bear to be pampered or fettered in any way. Now, I could not live as Agnes does, although I know it is very ladylike and proper. But I can't bear to be 'fixed up.'"

"God grant that you may never like it, but still be the same free, happy girl that you are now! Take care; Bessie is full of prauks this morning."

Letty's horse seemed to feel the influence of the bracing morning air, and pranced and tossed her head, showing an unusual amount of spirit. Ralph noticed it, and so spoke, for Letty, fearless and skillful as she was, seemed very careless of her antics. All at once, something startled her, and with a bound she was off, leaving Ralph and the carriage far behind.

"Good heavens! she will be dashed to pieces!" And putting the whip to his animal, they clattered after her.

Letty was a brave little girl, and she pulled hard upon the reins, saying, "Be quiet, Bessie, good Bessie." But Bessie would not listen to the sweet voice, but kept on, until Ralph, on his powerful Blucher, reached her, and grasped her by the bridle, and drew her up with a jerk. Then springing to the ground, he fastened her to a tree near by, and turned to the white, trembling little Letty.

"Poor child! you are as weak as an infant," said he, as he lifted her from the saddle.

And Letty could only say, "O Mr. Ingraham!" and then her white lips quivered, and she sank half-fainting to the ground.

"Letty, Letty, my darling! are you hurt?"

She had not lost consciousness; was only weak and exhausted, and those words sent the warm blood back to cheek and lip, and she struggled to release herself from his encircling arms.

"No, I am not hurt."

"Are you afraid of me, Letty?"

"No."

"Then will you hear what I have to say?"

"Yes."

"Will you contradict Miss Calvert's wicked stories concerning me?"

"What do you mean? How can I?"

"By telling her that it is false; that I never profaned the sacred word love by uttering it in her presence, and that I love you, and you are to be my wife."

"O Mr. Ingraham!"

"Will you not tell her so for me, Letty?"

"Do you really wish it?"

"Yes, darling. Or let Florence, who I know would tell her gladly."

"Then I will."

Ralph drew the little form close to his heart, and kissed the blushing face, and gazed fondly into the clear gray eyes, which henceforth were to brighten for him alone.

By the time the carriage came up, they were ready for their return, and they rode home quietly.

"Dear Agnes," said Florence, that afternoon, "don't you think them a handsome couple?"

"Who, pray?"

"Why, Ralph and Letty. They are engaged."

"Engaged!"

"Yes. Isn't it delightful?"

"O yes, very," gasped Agnes.

"I am so happy. It all happened this morning, but I have been expecting it."

Wicked Florence! She was as much surprised as Agnes herself, but she knew she was tormenting that lady beyond measure.

Agnes, strange to say, received a letter that night summoning her home; at least, she said so, and of course no one doubted her. At any rate, Martin drove her to the depot the next morning.

Ralph and Letty are married, and receive yearly, at their splendid residence, crowds of friends, but among them they have never welcomed Agnes Calvert.

BY THE SEA.

BY MRS. MARY A. LAMSON LESTER.

Down over the sea the sunset rays
Are tinging the breakers with purple and gold,
And I watch them to-night, as in other days,
Ere my heart to earth's beauty grew cold;
Down over the waves the seabirds flit,
Or hover with drooping wing,
Where out on the bay the white ships sit,
And light at their moorings swing.
And gazing out from my window low,
I can look over the sandy shore,
Whereon the gay crowds ever come and go,
To list to the breakers' roar.

Some gayly dance over the silvery sands,
While others walk slow from the crowd apart;
And the gentle pressure of clasping hands
Tells the tale of each loving heart.
One group—O, why should there partings be,
To wring our hearts with utterless woe?—
Look sadly out o'er the darkening sea,
Where the freighted ships so gayly go;
They are watching the one that left the land,
Just as the sun's last ray,
Sliding off from the silvery strand,
Gilded the waves of the beautiful bay.

Ah me! I have watched through these weary years,—

As those sad ones are watching to-night:
Till my dark eyes' fire was quenched in tears,
And my cheek with long vigils grew white,—
For a loved one, tender, and true, and brave,
Who went from me over the hillyow main;
The ocean's depth is his watery grave,
And I watch for his coming in vain.
But surely I know, on the other side
He is waiting to welcome me,
And claim me there as his spirit bride,
On the banks of the summer sea.

Now the twilight softly gathers her veil
Alike over the grave and gay;
The moon sheds forth her radiance pale,
And lights up the silvery spray;
While softly down through the purple skies
The holy starlight falls,
Until we deem they are angels' eyes,
Looking out over the crystal walls.
Night foldeth her dusky mantle down,
And reigneth o'er land and lea;
The laughing crowds flit back to the town,
And all is hushed by the sea.

MAGGIE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY BETT WINWOOD.

"THREE trunks and a band-box, as sure as I'm alive! Why, Maggie Westmore, what on earth are you coming to?"

"I hope you are not going to scold me so soon, mamma," said Maggie, with a deprecating laugh. "I shouldn't like to have you. You have no idea how glad I am to be at home once more."

She paused upon the steps, looking rather grave, and absently began to trace a profile with the tip of her parasol, in the dust that had been allowed to collect there.

"What can sister Helen be thinking of," she said to herself, "to suffer the front stoop to get in such a condition?"

"I suppose you enjoyed living in the city, Maggie?" broke in this same sister Helen, a little shortly. "You used to speak of gay times, in some of your letters. It is a real sin to waste so much money on amusements as some of those city people do."

"Yes, I enjoyed it," returned Maggie, sup-

pressing a sigh. "But really, Helen, I do not think there is so much money spent foolishly as you seem to imagine. Of course there is something squandered, but I believe you will find that the same is also true of people living in the country."

"Well, we will not argue that point. Only I am rather glad, after all, that Uncle Lester took it into his head to adopt you, instead of me."

Maggie wanted to say that she was glad, too, but restrained herself. This was the first time she had been home on a visit for more than two years, and so of course she did not wish anything to occur to mar her pleasure.

"Come in, my child," said her mother, bustling up the steps. "Your father is in the store yet, but will be home to tea. He is very busy to-day, or he would have stayed at home to meet you."

Maggie entered the house, concealing her

disappointment as well as she was able. She had hardly reached the family sitting-room before her two brothers, Willie and Ned, bounded in, greeting her most boisterously.

"You dear fellow! How glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed, drawing little Ned to her, and trying to kiss him.

"Quit that!" and the boy pulled rudely away. "Don't try to come the soft over me. I am too old to be babied any longer."

He looked very dignified with his eleven years' experience in this vale of sorrows. Maggie laughed, though there were tears in her eyes. She expected to see her mother rebuke the lad, but Mrs. Westmore only said:

"Neddie has an exalted idea of his own consequence, you perceive. Well, I don't know why he should be discouraged in it. If he don't assert his own independence in the world, no one will ever do it for him."

"That is so, ma," assented the young hopeful.

"Yes," said the matter-of-fact Helen. "Of course you are very glad to meet with Willie and Neddie once more, but it isn't best to be too demonstrative. It looks silly and weak."

Helen seated herself primly in a chair beside a window, and took up her sewing.

"You can take off your things and leave them on the hall table, Maggie," she said, never offering to assist her.

Mrs. Westmore had gone on some mission to the kitchen, and so Maggie quietly obeyed, and removed her wrappings, though it was with quivering lips. This was so different from the welcome that she had fondly pictured to herself. "Either they are not glad to see me, or are wofully deficient in politeness," she thought.

"You won't find us much like your city friends," said Helen, pushing forward a chair for her to sit down. "Our little village was never noted for aping any new-fangled ideas."

"And yet there are some fine people here, if I remember correctly."

"Of course. It would be strange indeed if there were not."

Maggie had declined the chair, and was now standing beside the window, opposite her sister, looking rather wearily out into the street. Suddenly a strong hand was laid upon her arm.

"Haven't you no greeting for me, Maggie?"

"O, is it you, Harry? Of course I have—a thousand of them," and she grasped the

young man's hand very warmly, a bright glow breaking suddenly into the cheeks.

"You have come to quite a young lady since I saw you last," he said, looking at her keenly.

Her eyelids drooped a moment. She was wondering if he remembered those happy days so long ago, when they used to go to school together, he a great strong boy, almost a man, then—and she a wee girl, and how she had often promised to be his wife, some day, when they were both grown up! What folly children are sometimes guilty of!

Harry Henderson was a third cousin of the family, or about as nearly connected to them as that would be. He had been brought up among them, though possessing considerable property—thousands enough to have at least admitted of his keeping up a good style anywhere. He was a lawyer, just coming into practice, and seemingly undesirous of a wider field of influence than that country village.

"You must have been very busy with your thoughts, not to have heard me when I came in," he went on, his strong eyes yet upon her face. "I made noise enough, Helen will tell you that," and he laughed.

"Yes," said Helen, speaking quickly, "you might have heard the clump of his boot heels half way to the street."

"It was all my heedlessness," returned the young girl. "I was thinking what a nice, quiet place this is. To be sure it could be improved, if one had only the time and means. I wish it might be done."

She glanced about the room with a sigh. The arrangement was certainly not a pleasing one to a person of delicate taste. The furniture was expensive enough, but sadly out of order. The carpet was not over clean, and the only picture on the walls was a faded-out print of Napoleon crossing the Alps, of which the only merit was its unlikeness to anything under heaven or on earth. It is a wonder that the shade of the little corporal did not haunt the room, to avenge himself that such a caricature should be suffered to hang there.

On the mantel were two bouquets of dried grasses, from which the beauty had faded forever. At one end was a little earthen bird, perched upon the edge of its nest, and opposite it a plaster of Paris parrot, gorgeously dyed in green, yellow and crimson. On a stand by one of the windows were a few sickly plants, that looked as if they had been trying to grow, but only made out to spindle.

"It is well enough for us, as it is," said

Helen, rather curtly. "We cannot afford to purchase every new improvement for our convenience. We are not city people, you will remember."

For some reason, the elder sister seemed to like to throw out remarks like this last, whenever she could make a place for them. One might have thought that she was possibly a trifle jealous of Maggie's training in city life, despite the contempt with which she pretended to regard it.

"Yes, it will do very well," repeated Harry. "We are certainly just as happy without them."

Maggie opened her eyes in wonder. "Has he, too, become a part of this hum-drum, slipshod life?" she asked herself, with sudden pain.

She longed to say something more, to speak out and explain her real sentiments, but the time did not seem propitious, and she was wise enough to remain silent.

At tea time her father came home. His greeting was a little formal, but she knew by his manner that he was very glad to see her, and that satisfied her. She soon began to feel the most at ease with him of any member of the family. Somehow his blunt, gruff ways did not distress her as much.

With a great rattling and clattering of chairs and dishes, they seated themselves at the supper table. The repast was bountiful, but without any attempt at taste or neatness in the arrangement. The table-cloth was soiled; the silver needed polishing; the food was heaped together in the middle of the table. Everybody helped himself without any regard to his neighbor. Maggie could not help but contrast it with the system and order that regulated her uncle's table.

Mrs. Westmore sat at the head, looking anxious and worried; Mr. Westmore was silent and taciturn, and seemed only bent on despatching the meal as soon as possible; Helen, who sat opposite Harry, had no appetite, and divided her time between nibbling at her bread and butter, and stolen glances, first at Maggie, then at Harry, as if afraid the two would interchange a single glance of which she was not aware. Willie and Ned sat further down, eating as for a wager.

No one offered to wait upon Maggie. Harry seemed a little absent-minded, and probably did not know that she was uncared for.

"Can I trouble you for the bread, Willie?" she asked, at last, addressing her elder brother who sat near her.

"I suppose you might," and Willie went on eating.

Mr. Westmore frowned, and darted an angry glance at the boy. Maggie saw it, and hiding her own wounded feelings, hastened to ask:

"Well, will you please pass it to me, Willie, dear?"

"Why didn't you ask like that in the first place? Only my name isn't Willie dear!"

"Aren't you ashamed of such conduct, Willie?" began his mother, reprovingly, looking more anxious and troubled than ever, while Maggie thought:

"What a young heathen he is, to be sure! I wonder if something can't be done to tame him a little, before I go away?"

She had no relish for the meal, after that. Pretty soon she heard the two boys laughing shyly between themselves, and by-and-by Ned said in a loud whisper:

"I wonder if it makes everybody so dainty living among grand people? I am going to ask ma, to-night, now see if I don't!"

"Do," returned Willie. "And you'd better ask if she thinks Sister Maggie pares her beans when she eats them. I shouldn't be surprised if she did."

Even Harry Henderson heard these remarks, and they seemed to recall him to himself. He glanced keenly at the girl's face, and shrewdly suspected the emotion that she was brave enough to try to conceal. He was too well used to the family ways to have minded them much, under ordinary circumstances, but now he could not help but pity the poor girl, and during the remainder of the meal manifested this compassion by a close attention to her wants—indeed too close to suit the elder sister.

"Have you been reading Lord Chesterfield of late, Harry?" she asked, curtly, as he passed the cake to Maggie, with an unusual show of politeness.

It was a rude speech, and he colored under it.

"It wouldn't hurt any of us to learn a little courtesy," he returned, resentfully.

"Ah, I see. Maggie is converting you to her way of thinking. Well, I am sure you are a promising pupil."

Maggie felt very much hurt at these remarks of her sister, though she tried not to let them trouble her. Mrs. Westmore heard them, growing more and more anxious and restless, and very soon gave the signal for withdrawing from the table.

"Don't mind the boys, my child," she said, apologetically, drawing near to Maggie, as they crowded from the room. "It isn't often that they are as rude as you saw them to-night."

Before Maggie could reply, Mrs. Westmore hurriedly added:

"I hope you will be very careful when you are with Helen and Harry Henderson. It will never do for them to quarrel. It might break up the match, and he is a rich man, you know. Your sister could not find a more eligible man."

"Is Mr. Henderson going to marry Helen?" she asked, with a start of surprise.

"Hush. They will hear you! Nothing has ever been said directly, I believe, but then it is an understood thing in the family. Helen couldn't do better."

Maggie turned away with a keen pain at her heart; but she was a brave little woman, and laughed and talked so glibly that no one ever suspected it—not even Harry himself, who seemed to watch her movements with considerable interest.

This young girl was not one to sit down quietly and fold her hands, when everything was at "sixes and sevens" about her. Therefore she could not behold the barbarous customs and ways into which the family were falling without an attempt to rectify them. At her uncles, she had been used to seeing everybody treated with deference and politeness, and all the household arrangements made with good taste and order, and a different state of affairs annoyed and troubled her excessively.

She meant to inaugurate a new era. Accordingly, she was up at an early hour the next morning, and commenced her labors by carefully sweeping and dusting the front porch. As she ceased from her work, her face all aglow with exercise, Harry came out.

"Good-morning," she said, looking up at him with a bright, frank smile.

"It seems that our city lady has taken up a new role," and he glanced at her duster and broom.

"A necessary one. But I said 'good-morning' to you!"

"So you did," with a laugh. "But we are not used to so much ceremony in this house. We take all such things for granted. Say it to Helen, and see what reply you will get."

"I am going to when I see her. It is so much pleasanter to begin the day with a civil word."

"It may be with you."

"And is it not with you, Harry?"

"We are getting sternly practical in this house," he said, lightly, yet with a deep glow in his eyes. "I'm afraid it will be hard for you to become used to us again."

Maggie was fearful that he was about to allude to the past. She could not endure to have him do that.

"Have I not made an improvement here—in the looks of the stoop?" she asked, quickly.

"It don't look quite so outlandish, that is a fact," he assented.

"Thanks; that is more of a concession than I had hoped to get from you."

He laughed, and they went slowly into the parlor together. The very sight of that room was an agony to the young girl.

"Here is an abundant field for labor," she said, seriously. "I am really aching to make a habitable room of this. First of all, Napoleon the mighty must come down from his high perch."

"That picture belongs to Helen," returned Harry, with a queer look. "It has hung there ever since she was a baby, you know. It is as sacred in her eyes, as a piece of the cross, or St. Peter's sandals!"

Maggie had forgotten that. It was hardly likely that the prejudiced Helen could be made to look upon the matter as she did. Napoleon the mighty seemed destined to keep his position.

"At any rate I will have a different arrangement of the mantel ornaments," she said, with a sigh.

The breakfast bell rung, and they hurried in. Helen only laughed at Maggie's cordial "good-morning," at which Harry gave the girl another of his queer glances.

"He has become used to this want of courtesy," she said to herself; "but at least I believe he don't like it any better than I do."

The meal passed very much as the supper of the night before had done, only Mr. Henderson was a trifle more civil and attentive, for his part. After breakfast was over, Maggie went to her work again. The parlor blinds were dusted and opened, letting a whole flood of sunshine into the room. The faded grasses gave place to some fresh flowers, and the earthen bird and the gaudy parrot were consigned to the oblivion of the closet, not soon to be resurrected. The room was carefully swept, and the sofa and chairs arranged more gracefully and easily. Her own portfolio of

drawings was brought down to be left on the centre table.

"The plants are not doing as well this summer as usual," said her mother, looking at the dried and spindling *things* in the corner. "I am sure I can't conceive what is the trouble with them."

"Perhaps they need more light and air," suggested Maggie. "You know that plants must have a plenty of both."

Ah! wily Maggie! to manage in this way.

"You are right. I believe I will have them taken out to the stoop at once. Possibly they may revive a little out there."

Mrs. Westmore was as good as her word, and so another eye-sore was disposed of.

Helen watched these innovations in a cold, sneering way that was terribly exasperating. To think of a younger sister stepping ahead of her in this way! This was what vexed her most of all.

"Really, Maggie, you can't make a city palace of this old house, with all your trouble," she said.

"I don't expect to," was the bright reply. "But I should be glad to make everything look pleasanter and more cheerful. What will you wager that Harry don't say to-night that I have made an improvement?"

Helen glanced in her face a little nervously. Why should *she* wish to do anything to please Harry?

Sure enough, when young Henderson came home from his office at night, he noticed the change at once, and to judge from the expression of his face he found it a very agreeable one.

"This is some of your witchcraft," he said, turning to Maggie.

"How do you like it, Harry?" she asked.

"Triumph! Well enough. It is a change, and you know that is always welcome. But I don't believe in frittering too much time over such matters."

He spoke rather brusquely, but there was a light in his eyes that belied his words, and so the young girl understood it.

"Time is not frittered away when we are laboring for those we love," she said.

He looked keenly in her face.

"Your whole life seems hinged on that one sentence, Maggie," he said, with a quiver in his voice. "You used to be just so when a child, before you ever went away from here to live. Don't you ever think of that old time now, Maggie?"

"Let me go! Mother is calling me!" she

cried, pulling away from him, and hurrying from the room. She dared not allow him to go on.

Somehow the room looked colder and drearier to him when she was gone. Her cheerful presence seemed to put everything else into an agreeable glow. He wondered what he should do without her, when she had gone back to the city again.

"I wish Helen was more like her," he said, settling down to the evening paper with a sigh.

And so Maggie worked on patiently, day after day, and not without her reward. Now and then she was strengthened by some faint sympathy in her efforts. Under her management, the household was better regulated, and Mrs. Westmore, consequently, less flurried and anxious, and her husband better natured. Harry became more polite and careful in his general manner; Helen was a trifle less prim and unbending; and the boys, with whom Maggie had become quite a favorite, always treated her like some little queen. Neddie would have taken up the gauntlet in her favor against any one.

As the weeks slipped by, Harry Henderson watched her proceedings with a great degree of interest. He realized the good that she was doing in that household, and secretly blessed her for it. His sympathies were entirely with her, though he ventured to say but little, lest he should arouse Helen's jealousy.

But he could not perceive this young, tender girl working so untiringly, and against such difficulties, without fully appreciating her worth and unselfishness. He felt that her merits were lost, in a measure, upon that household, and so longed, somehow, to get her away from there, and claim her all to himself.

She was watering the plants in the stoop one morning (she had taken all the care of them since their removal), when he went to her, resolved to tell her what was passing in his mind.

"You are a real wonder, Maggie," he said, earnestly. "You bless everything that you touch. Just look at these plants, now—green and thrifty. They were more like dried herbs, in the parlor, yonder."

She laughed pleasantly.

"That is only the effect of plenty of sunshine and water," she returned. "No other magic has been employed. You might have done the same thing, had you set yourself about it."

He looked as if he doubted it. He moved nearer to her, and got hold of her hand.

"Maggie," he said, "I want you to help me make something good and great of life. I shall never be good for anything without you. When we were children together, you used to promise to marry me! Why will you not promise once more—promise now?"

She turned very pale, and tried to get away from him, when she saw how much in earnest he had become.

"Don't, Harry! You forget yourself!" she exclaimed. "What will Helen think? You are to marry her, you know."

"Never!" he cried, excitedly. "She does not love me—she never did. Besides, I never asked her to become my wife."

"But she has expected that you would, though."

"Pshaw, Maggie, it's only my money that she is after. If she should give me up of her own free will, would you marry me then?"

"Don't ask me," she said, breaking loose, her face burning with blushes. "Remember, that time has not come yet, and until it does you must not ask me such questions."

She ran into the house after saying those last words. Perhaps she ought not to have given the young man so much encouragement, but she thought, with Harry, that Helen was more captivated by the money than anything else.

In less than a week, Harry came home one night, trying to look very grave and melancholy. While at tea, he let out his trouble.

"The Grafton bank has failed," he said, shortly.

There was a universal exclamation.

"What a calamity!" cried Mr. Westmore. "They held the bulk of your property! You must be a ruined man!"

For some moments all was excitement. Helen went into hysterics, and refused to be comforted. Maggie was the calmest of them all. She had seen a roguish twinkle in Harry's eyes that made her rather suspicious of him.

The next day's papers told the whole story. It was a hopeless failure, and Harry's affairs seemed in a worse condition than ever. During the day, he came home, and asked to see Helen alone.

"You know of my altered circumstances," he said, the moment she entered the parlor, where he was awaiting her. "However, I hope it will not delay my marriage. When will you be ready to become my wife?"

"What do you mean, Harry Henderson?" she asked, with well-assumed indignation. "I have never promised to marry you at all that I know of. You'd better take Maggie. I know that you love her much better than you ever did me. She would take to cottage life better than I would."

And Helen sailed from the room with this parting shot. She seemed determined to have no nonsense about the matter, at least. Shortly afterwards, when Harry met her walking out with the new doctor—who was reputed to be a man of means—he understood better how she could be so easily reconciled.

He waited several days after this, before he again broached the subject to Maggie. Then he addressed her very much after this fashion:

"My dear, how will you like having the doctor for a brother-in-law, instead of me?"

"Very well, I am sure," she answered, with a blush.

"Why?" eyeing her curiously.

"I should think you might guess the reason, Harry," she returned, dropping her burning face upon his shoulder. By-and-by she raised it to ask, roguishly:

"What of your money in the Grafton bank?"

"I had drawn it out several days before the failure," was the composed reply. "We are going to the city to live, and you shall have some of it to buy a brown stone front with, if you choose."

And thinking over all her "experience," she did choose!





OLD HUGH'S LOOK-OFF:

—OR,—

MAURY STONE'S PRIDE.

BY AMETHYST WAYNE.

"HALLOO! here's fun, boys! Here's a new scholar!" shouted the tallest boy of the group in the yard.

It was just as I expected. I knew I had got to be the target for all their jeers, and sport, and insulting glances, when I took my satchel and started for school.

If I could only have taken a good whipping that morning, instead of being obliged to march down the street, through that large play-yard, and under the portico of Dr. Polisher's great building, how happy I should have been! But there was no escape for me, and I knew it, and I knew besides that there ought not to be any escape. But, O dear! that didn't help my heart's fluttering in that queer, faintish fashion, that takes all the life out of a fellow. I felt, for all the world, as if I was marching straight up to the biggest kind of a dentist's chair, where a great ogre was standing with a terrible pair of those terribly glittering instruments. There was a great lump in my throat, and my knees were knocking together, and my lips trembling like a sick monkey's, and all because I had got to face the music there at the famous school of the widely-known and greatly-respected Dr. Polisher.

I was ashamed enough of myself; but that didn't help me to behave any better. I took the longest way around by the post-office,

and then cut through the fields, tucking my book-satchel under my jacket; for I really thought every soul I met, from poor, wizened-looking Widow Martin to the pompous and dignified squire, who was lounging with his cigar at the great, stone gateway, knew that I was on my way, a new scholar for Dr. Polisher.

Not that it was Dr. Polisher himself who could frighten me. He was a portly, handsome man, and whenever I had seen him in the streets or at church, had always worn such a benignant, comfortable look, that I rather mistrusted he would wink at a good many tricks on the part of his boys, before he would spoll the good look of his face by an ugly frown. Nor, indeed, was it any one especially of the pupils who gave me such a horror of the experiment I was about to make, although I had a nervous remembrance of Reginald Motley's sneering red lips; but I think it was most of all my own consciousness that I was putting myself in a false position.

Dr. Polisher's school was an aristocratic institution. There was not a single poor boy in it; but every one was either the heir of a rich man, or the relation of an influential one; and here was I, the only child of a poor widow, going among them. I somehow seemed to feel as if I deserved all the con-

tempt and abuse they might put upon me. I felt the hot blood seething into my cheeks at the very thought. O, if I could only have kept on at the public school! But my mother said that I must have instruction in higher branches than were taught there, and she told me that though Dr. Polisher's tuition fees were high, she could better afford to pay them, than to send me away where my board would also be required. In this decision Mr. Starkweather also concurred. Mr. Starkweather was her chief adviser, and assisted and advised in her business matters. He came out from the city, at long intervals, to see us; but I don't think he was any relation. I often wondered why he seemed so interested in us; but I never liked to ask mother about him, because she was always so much graver and sadder after his visits, that I would not prolong the impression.

I meekly suggested that I did not see why I need to go to school any more at all, since I could read, and spell, and write, and dispose of all problems in arithmetic, that I should ever be likely to need. Why couldn't I go to work and earn something for myself? There was Jake Seranton would be glad to take me for one of the hands on his fishing-smack. I knew how to steer, and haul on the ropes, and make sail, and in a little while I should be an able seaman; and then maybe I'd soon get along, and own a fishing-boat of my own, and could take care of her, instead of spending the hard earnings of her needle.

When I said this, growing bolder as I proceeded, mother sighed and kissed me, and I was quite sure it was a tear slipped down her cheek, and splashed upon my hand; but she said, firmly, that I must go to the school. Come what would, I must have a good education. And that was how I came to be walking on my way to the dreaded school, all of a shake and tremble. I tried to whistle, but the tone I got up was as sickly as the notes of a cornstalk fiddle. Then I kept saying over to myself:

"What a smart fellow you are! Who are you afraid of? Aren't you as good as any of 'em? I guess I'd be a little more of a man. I'd show 'em I wasn't afraid of any of 'em. I'd have a little more respect for myself"

But it wasn't any good. I've noticed that when you get weak-kneed in that fashion, there's only one way to do; just to let your trepidation run with you as far as it will, and then suddenly you bring up with a sharp turn, pick yourself up, and turn about man

fashion. So I went creeping along, until I found my-self under the arched gateway whose gilt letters announced:

"DR. POLISHER'S ACADEMY FOR BOYS."

And there was the lion I dreaded waiting for me. A group of young fellows, Reginald Motley at their head, were practising archery. I was in hopes they would be so busy as to overlook me, but their leader's eyes were too sharp for that.

"Halloo!" he shouted; "who's all this?"

And down went all the bows, and the whole group gathered around me. I had a desperate desire to turn about and cut for home at about the rate a comet streaks along, but I pushed on toward the academy door.

"Halloo, I say!" shouted Reginald Motley. "Stop where you are, you fellow, until I've found out about you."

It was queer, but the very thing which had scared me so to think about, took away all my alarm. The arrogant insolence of his tone just cooled off my embarrassment. I faced around, looked at him defiantly, and answered:

"I don't know what that has to do with you. I don't suppose you are Dr. Polisher, are you?"

"Humph! a little game-cock!" observed the young gentleman, sarcastically. "I've seen the chap before. He's the same little vagabond who kicked my dog down on the beach. You belong to one of those dirty fishing-smacks, I reckon."

"Yes, I kicked your dog, and I'll do it again, if you set him on again to scare poor little Susy Lee, as you did that day," answered I, indignantly; and took another step toward the academy door.

"What a distinguished philanthropist!" sneered the persecutor, stepping in front of me and stopping my advance. "But what, I say, are you doing here? If you have fish to sell, don't you know enough to go around to the kitchen door?"

"O Reg, you're too bad!" said a pitying voice. "You know very well the poor fellow has come to the school."

I looked around me, and met the kindly glance of a pair of gentle, blue eyes, beaming from a very delicate face, which no one who saw could help liking, it was so full of innocence and good-will.

"Thank you," said I, looking at him over Reg Motley's shoulder. "You are right; I have come to the school because my mother

sent me. I wish to goodness I could have helped it."

"I guess you will wish so in earnest before you get through here," ejaculated Reg, laughing triumphantly. "You come to our school! That's a queer piece of business. What right have you to come here among gentlemen's sons?"

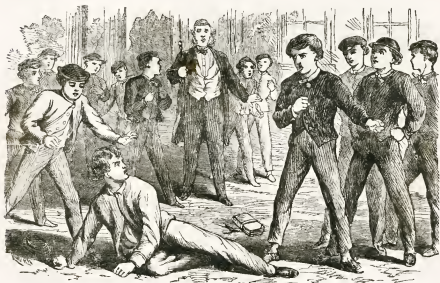
"If you are a gentleman's son, you do not behave like one," retorted I; whereupon a few boys in the silent but eagerly attentive group laughed a little, which seemed to anger the fellow extremely.

He flung them one or two angry glances.

"Humph! I guess I know who wont go with me on the next cruise of the Nautilus,"

He came round like a tiger, and sprang at me, his eyes gleaming with rage, his cheeks purple.

I stood back a little, and I wont say that my heart didn't beat like a trip-hammer, but I kept myself calm on the outside. I hadn't been through the rough and tumble of the common school, without knowing that a boy who lost his self-command lost the battle always, or, at least, the one who kept cool gained the respect of the lookers-on. Besides, I had measured him that day on the beach, and guessed, although he was taller than I, that his aristocratic and dainty rearing had weakened his muscles, and that in a close scramble my tough, work-strengthened arms had, by far, the best advantage.



MAURY'S FIRST BATTLE.

muttered he. And the boys who had laughed looked suddenly blank.

Then he turned to me and shook his fist.

"Now look here, you chap, you may as well back out in the commencement. I tell you we are all gentlemen's sons, and we wont have any charity fellows among us. I know you, for I took pains to hunt you up, and you live in that mean little cottage on the cliff, beyond Fisherman's Lodge. And I say you have no right to come amongst us, and I wont have it."

"And I say that I am going to the academy door, and you may just stand out of my way," answered I, giving him a sudden shove, which sent him whirling out of my path.

"I am no fighter," said I; "but I can look out for number one, and defend myself against insult. Now I wish to go to the school-house."

And with my head pretty straight, I imagine, I walked on. The first I knew there came a tremendous blow in my back, which nearly drove the breath away from me. I turned around just in time to ward off a second, and seeing there was no use in dodging the matter, I threw down my satchel and began to practise some scientific evolutions, which Jim Sands the pugilist had taught my friend, Joe Stephens the big fisherman, who, in turn, had imparted the valuable information to me. The result was, that Master

Reginald Motley was speedily stretched upon the grass, and I was standing victoriously over him, puffing and blowing like a porpoise.

"Stop, stop! Good heavens, young gentlemen! what does this mean?" exclaimed an indignant and astonished voice behind me.

I turned around, all the poor exultation that was tingling in my blood dying out into a cold chill of keen regret and mortification. There stood Dr. Polisher, his bright black eyes as round as rings, his benignant forehead knit into an ominous frown, his gold-headed cane in his hand, already upraised in a threatening gesture.

Reg Motley stretched himself at full length on the ground, and gave a low groan, and then closed his eyes. I knew it was all sham, for I had taken especial pains, according to Jim Sands's theory, to throw him without inflicting any injury.

"Well, well, well! Upon my word, this is a pretty sight, right before the academy door, and only twenty minutes before the bell will ring for the commencement of the school services! Young gentlemen, I am astonished, indignant, mortified!"

With each word, the emphasis grew more decided, and I felt as if I should be glad to have the ground open and swallow me up.

Reg Motley gave another hypocritical groan.

"Master Motley, can't you rise? Roxton, help him up."

Roxton, a stout, rosy-checked lad, with a suppressed smile hovering around his lips, assisted the fallen hero, who presently stood up, but with both hands pressed against his side.

At last the eye I dreaded came to me, and a puzzled expression crossed the doctor's face.

"Why, it is not one of my boys, after all!" he exclaimed, in a tone of great relief, and then added with extra severity, "How dared you come into this yard? Don't you know it is sacred to the pupils of this institution?"

I felt my lips twitching, but I managed to answer firmly:

"I beg your pardon, sir, my name is Maurice Stone. I was coming to the school for the first time to-day."

An expression crossed his face which puzzled me. He seemed to be as much annoyed by my name as by this troublesome dilemma in which he found me.

"And a pretty first appearance you make," said he.

I blushed to my very ear-tips, and remained silent.

"Shan't you send him away, sir?" demanded Reginald Motley, blusteringly. "I am sure my father—"

"Hush, Motley! I shall call upon a disinterested party for the explanation of this disgraceful scene. There is the bell. Come in now and attend to your lesson. When all this excitement has cooled off, I will hear Frank Joy's version of the story."

And having said this, Dr. Polisher motioned for me to follow him, and the rest of the boys filed in behind. We left our caps in an ante-room, and all proceeded to a large, long room furnished like a schoolroom, with chairs and desks, and at one end a long platform, with three desks, and an arm-chair at each desk.

I was shown to a seat somewhat isolated from the rest, and for the first hour I kept my eyes upon my book, and did not venture to satisfy my curiosity. Gradually, however, my courage returned to me. I had not been so very much to blame, after all. I hoped that Doctor Polisher would see this, if only the boy called upon would give a truthful account. And when I had arrived at this conclusion, I allowed my eyes to make more thorough investigations.

Two assistants came in and took seats one on either side of Doctor Polisher's desk on the platform. One was a little, dark, withered looking old man, the teacher in algebra and geometry. The other was quite a young person, with an exceedingly frank and pleasant face, which attracted me at once. I learned afterward that she was a French lady of reduced circumstances, who had been secured to impart to the pupils that rare virtue, in a teacher of French, a correct pronunciation.

When the recess came, I followed out into the yard because the doctor's gesture directed me thereto; but I made no attempt to join the boys. I went quietly to a fence, and leaning over it, watched a flock of ducks swimming in the little pond beyond. Reginald Motley found an opportunity to pass near enough to hiss in my ear:

"I had a grudge against you before, for interfering on the beach; but it's nothing to this one. I'll make this school too hot for you before you get through."

I made no other reply than a glance of silent contempt, and, turning my back to him, went on looking at the ducks.

Presently I saw the pleasant-faced, blue-eyed boy who had been the only one to remonstrate at my reception, coming out of the academy door. He made it in his way to pass

me, as he joined the other boys, and he said, kindly:

"I have told the teachers just what was said and done. I said plainly I did not blame you at all."

"Thank you," answered I, gratefully. "Then your name is Frank Joy?"

"Yes, that is my name. I am afraid you won't have a very good opinion of the boys here. But Reg Motley has always held tyrannical sway over them. His father is a very rich man, you know, and Reg owns that darling yacht, the *Nautilus*, and his parties are the treat of the season; even I must admit that."

"I am afraid I shall have a hard time here," said I, mournfully.

"I am afraid you will; for you see Doctor Polisher has to yield a little to Reg, for I believe he is under great obligations to Mr. Motley in some way, and that makes the thing surer for Reg."

Some of the boys called him and he left me, ruefully contemplating the prospect, which was not improved when, after the school was finished, Doctor Polisher called me to his desk and said, coldly:

"I find, from Joy's account, that you are not so much to blame as I supposed. Master Motley is an impulsive, impetuous lad, who does not stop to consider the meaning of his words or actions. But he is a great favorite with the pupils, and you will find yourself invariably injured by any difficulty you may have with him. You have certainly shown unjustifiable haste to pick up a quarrel, and I caution you that I shall deal less leniently with you if there is a second disturbance. I was very loath to receive you. I feared unpleasantness for you, because—because—you are old enough to understand the difference between your position and that of the rest of the pupils—but Mr. Starkweather insisted that you would be willing to pass over the annoyance; and, as a favor to him, I consented to receive you, so long as your good behaviour justified me. I have been thus explicit with you, that you might understand the matter at the outset, and withdraw, if the prospect looks too discouraging."

This speech sounded to me dreadfully harsh, unkind and hard-hearted. I bit my lip angrily, and was almost ready to answer proudly that there was no need for him to receive so unwelcome a pupil—that I would trouble the academy of Doctor Polisher no further. But I was afraid my voice would

fail me, if I attempted it, so I only nodded my head and walked hastily out of the school-room.

As soon as I reached the street I ran, and I rushed in upon my mother, who sat at her endless sewing (she was a seamstress), all out of breath, my cheeks hot, my eyes full of angry tears.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, mother, I've been to the academy, and I hope I shall never set eyes on the inside of it again in all my life!" exclaimed I, throwing down my satchel.

My mother dropped her sewing, and turned around a startled face.

"Why, Maury, how can you talk so, dear? I am afraid you've come home in a bad humor."

"I should think I might. O mother, don't send me there again! I can't bear it, I know I can't, and I am unwelcome to them all."

She saw now that it was no light, boyish trouble, and her dear, sweet face grew pale, and put on a look of unutterable sadness.

"Maurice," said she, "I have been sitting here at my sewing, feeling so thankful and happy that the arrangement I have so long planned, and hoped for, was effected. Don't tell me, my boy, that any fault of yours has dashed all my hopes."

"Let me tell you just how it was," said I; and so I sat down on the footstool, and with her hand on my shoulder, and her sorrowful eye watching every expression of my face, I repeated my day's experience, trying my best to tell it impartially and truthfully.

A long, tremulous sigh came from her as I concluded.

"Thank Heaven! it is not so bad as I feared. You have still the privilege of going to the academy."

"The privilege of going?" repeated I, bitterly. "O mother, after what I have told you, would you send me there again? Have you no pride?"

"Yes, Maurice, I have pride, such a pride as would rejoice in my son being well educated, and nobly governed by his own calm spirit. Listen, my dear boy. There is no other way for you to get the education you need, and which I so ardently desire you to have. I cannot send you away where your board must be paid, for it is already just as much as I can do to make both ends meet."

"Let me go without any more learning," I

cried, eagerly. "I don't want you to be wearing out your life for me in this fashion. Let me go on board some of the fishing-smacks, and earn my own living, and something besides to help you."

She put her two thin hands to her pale face and shut her eyes a moment, and a strange feeling of awe fell upon me, because I knew that she was praying. When at length she opened her eyes, she took both my hands in hers and said, in an appealing voice:

"Maury, you know your mother loves you better than all the rest of the world, don't you?"

"Yes, mother," answered I, feeling the mist creeping into my eyes.

"You trust her thoroughly, don't you, as meaning to do everything for your best interest?"

"Yes, mother," answered I, again, my voice getting still huskier.

"And you love me, darling boy; you know that I have had a good deal of trouble and sorrow, and much care, but that for your sake I have borne up cheerfully? You would do everything in your power to save me from further pain, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, mother."

And now I was sobbing outright. My mother put both arms around my neck and kissed me, her tears mingling with mine as she whispered:

"Then you'll be my own brave boy, and you will have manliness and dignity enough to throw off their unkind looks and words. You won't let them cheat you out of this education your mother so ardently desires for you. You will go back to the academy tomorrow, dear Maurie?"

O, it was terrible for me to give the answer she desired. For a minute it seemed to me that I could not, but her tears conquered. My own sweet, patient, unselfish mother! Should I deny her this earnest desire? She knew better than I why it was so imperative. I ground down my distress. I choked back the hard sob in my throat, and returning her kiss, I answered:

"Yes, mother, I will go."

Her tender caress, her grateful joy, was sufficient recompense.

We had a pleasant supper after that. She brought out all her store of delicacies, and treated me as if I were some grand visitor, and then she told me stories of famous men who had conquered stubborn circumstances,

and grown strong through surmounting of obstacles. And then she took the Bible and read to me the wise proverb of the wise old king, "that he who ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he who taketh a city."

And a grand courage came to me, and I said to myself, and I told her, that I was armed with a coat of mail, and none of Reginald Motley's shafts should have power to wound me. She smiled, but warned me that, in the enthusiasm of the new resolution, it is always very easy to be brave, but the true hero is he who abides patiently the continued shock of battle.

While we were talking, there came a knock at the door, and my mother, sitting nearer it than I, went over and opened it.

"Is Master Maury in doors, marm?" asked Joe Stephens's voice.

I went to the door at once where Joe stood tarpaulin in hand.

"What's wanting, Joe? here I am."

"I've got to run down to the point in my boat. The smack is laying there waiting for me to bring down some things Jake Scranton forgot, and I want a hand to help a little, for the breeze is pretty stiff, and she'll want lively handling. We shall get back by twelve o'clock, and I'll give you a silver dollar for the job."

"It's a glorious moonlight, and will be splendid sailing. O mother, you'll let me go, won't you?" exclaimed I, for a sail with Joe was one of the irresistible temptations for me.

My mother stepped out the door and looked up at the sky.

"It looks a little squally, Joe," said she, anxiously.

"Yes'm," answered Joe, respectfully, "it will be pretty lively sailing, but Lord bless you, there aint no danger for them as knows enough to keep their eyes open and not carry sail right in the eye of the squall. I'd trust Maury all alone to manage the boat, and sure you won't think an old salt like me is going to let her get into harm!"

"No, I don't think you will, Joe," answered my mother, with another glance at the sky, and then as she came back into the room she said, smilingly:

"But I am dreadfully jealous of you and your boat, Joe Stephens. You have altogether too strong a fascination for my boy. I can't let you make a sailor of him."

"Bless your good heart, marm," answered Joe, scraping and bowing in his honest, but loutish fashion. "What's in the bones already, don't have to be put there. There aint a

youngster in the town can beat him in managing a boat, and I wouldn't be afraid to trust him with the smack either."

I flushed up hotly with pride. There was no other compliment had quite so sweet a flavor as this praise of my seamanship. And while my mother was giving Joe a piece of cake I ran for my thick jacket and my woollen cap.

Mother kissed me as I went away, and there was a little reluctance veiled beneath her playful smile.

"I let you go, Maury, because you have been so good to-night. I won't deny you these little trips, if they help you to bear better the life at the academy."

Joe and I hurried off down to the beach. The moon had already soared far up into the sky, and though a few inky scuds were drifting across her face, the whole scene was resplendent with her lovely light. I glanced around admiringly, while Joe, whistling a queer sailor song he had learned, whose chorus came out every line or two, "O whishy, O whishy, O," loosened the ropes and pushed off.

It was a low, gently descending shore, sprinkled rather plentifully with little groups of cottages, with here and there a fine, handsome estate, the country residence of some wealthy city gentleman, and twinkling lights began to glimmer out from the shore in response to the stars peeping forth timidly as if washed out by the more powerful flood of moonlight.

We kept along the shore, and the sail being set, the little craft, laying over on her side, sped along, the water gurgling away in white wreaths from her wake, which glimmered like beaded silver. It was so beautiful that I was thrilled with a strange sort of delight, so exquisite that it approached pain, and sent a mist to my eyes. What a world of beauty this is! I could never understand why the people in it do so much to mar its peace and loveliness. And this led my thoughts back to Reg Motley, and then I thought of the Nautilus, and looked over to the anchorage where she usually lay, with a trim little sail boat moored beside her. Before I knew Reg Motley personally, I believed he must be the happiest boy in the world, to own such a sail boat, as that was the very height of my ambitious hopes; but to have a yacht with her skipper and crew at her service seemed to me nothing short of a fairy prince. The Nautilus was there, her trim proportions mirrored in the

silvered wave, but I saw that the sail boat was absent. I did not speak of it, for it was natural enough they should, some of them, be out, enjoying this jolly breeze and enchanting moonlight. I congratulated myself that I had luckily been of no need to Joe, who kept up his whistling, except when, now and then, he moved the tiller, and broke out into hoarse singing. Pretty soon we had to keep our eyes at home with the boat. It was a stiff breeze sure enough! She lay over till the water almost splashed into our laps, and went on her way like a wild thing.

"It's more in jerks and puffs down here," observed Joe, as he put off a little further from the shore. "Come here and hold the tiller, Maury; I'll shorten a little."

I went over and took his seat, and it required both hands to hold the tiller, such a sweep of water from our rapid motion worked against the rudder.

"It's a little rougher than you expected, isn't it, Joe?" said I, presently, watching the yeasty billows come rolling one after another toward us.

Joe whistled that low, prolonged whistle that says so much.

"Sho! you don't say you're frightened, Maury."

I laughed gayly as I answered, turning my face exultantly to the freshening breeze:

"Frightened! I'd like to see the sea that can frighten me."

"Mebbe, mebbe, youngster," answered Joe, meditatively, while he made another round of the sail rope. "You've got a brave spirit of your own for your years; but it's no good to be over-boastful. The sea is mighty powerful when its wrath is aroused, and though it's sense to have cheerful trust in good timber, and plenty of sea room, there be times when the stoutest man feels like a worm, and knows that his life is in the keeping of other hands than his own."

"Hark!" exclaimed I, interrupting him suddenly, and sharply.

Joe turned his head and listened. Only the rasping of the sail, and the roar of the wind, and the splash of the waves.

"I was sure I heard a voice calling!" exclaimed I, excitedly, and then in another moment we both heard it, gasping and sobbing as if from some one in mortal peril, but shrill and high.

"HELP—HELP—O HELP!"

I almost lost my hold of the tiller as I started up from my seat.

"Take care! jam her down again," shouted Joe, and I hurriedly obeyed.

He came over and took my place, and said:

"Look sharp now, your eyes are younger than mine. See where the answer comes from if you can, when I halloo."

And putting his hands to his mouth, making a trumpet of them, while his knees held the tiller as in a vice, he shouted in stentorian tones:

"Ahoy—ahoy there, A-H-O-Y!"

Shrill and frantic came back the answer:

"Help! help! We are perishing."

I had my ear trained to its utmost acuteness, and I was able to follow with my eye to the spot whence the sound proceeded.

"O Joe, I see it. There is a long dark object, and something like white skirts trailing across it. Why, it must be a boat, keel uppermost."

"Whereaway, whercaway, youngster?" demanded Joe, in quite as much excitement.

"Over there to the left. Don't you see?"

"Come and steer for it, and tell me how to tack."

"I obeyed, and in hardly more than two minutes we were near enough to see plainly. It was indeed a boat capsized, and two figures were clinging to the keel.

"Hold on! Help is coming!" shouted I.

"For Heaven's sake, hurry!" came back in feeble, spent tones, in a woman's voice.

"Take care, Maury, I'm going to drop the sail. We must use oars now!" said Joe, hoarsely.

I gave him all the help possible, and in a moment more, we were alongside the wrecked boat.

I saw a boy beyond the woman, and as the ghastly, terrified face was turned toward me, full in the light of the moon, I learned who it was. I am thankful to say that I never thought of our antagonism or his unkindness. I only felt profound commiseration for his alarm and deadly peril, when I recognized Reginakl Motley.

"I'll see to the lady, Maury, do you pull in the boy," directed Joe Stephens.

I leaned out as far as possible and stretched out my arms to Reg Motley. But, exhausted, frightened and thoroughly panic-stricken, he had no courage, and dared not relinquish his desperate grasp of the boat. Perceiving this, I slipped over the side, holding with one hand upon the gunwale.

He seized my arm, and the movement dislodging him, he went floundering into the water. If he had remained quiet no harm would have come of it, but with a wild yell of terror he flung himself upon me, clasping both hands about my neck. The sudden shock broke the hold I had upon Joe's boat, and the mad, insane fashion with which he bore upon me his whole weight, disabled me from swimming, and forced me under water. He clutched my throat so tightly I was nearly strangled, and could not release myself. I was conscious of a buzzing, singing noise in my ear. I felt the dizzy rush of blood to my head, and knew that we were both sinking. Yet, still I could not shake off his frantic, desperate clutch. My fierce efforts only hastened the catastrophe. Struggling, floundering, we both sank lower, and went down—down—to the very depths of the ocean, it seemed to me.



JULIE'S ADVENTURE.

BY LOUISE DUPEL.

LITTLE JULIE was almost as wee as Tom Thumb in the fairy book, whose mother tied him to a thistle while she was milking her cow, for fear that he would blow away. She was six years old, but her sister Katie, who was only four, was quite as tall as she, and much larger, and all the little six-year-olds in the street—and I assure you there were a good many of them—o'ertopped her curly head by inches, much to Julie's mortification, who was vexed to have everybody think her such a very little girl, when she was so old.

It was midsummer, and mamma had gone away to the mountains, taking Katie with her, and leaving Julie at home with her nurse and papa. Julie wished very much to go with mamma, for she had been in the country, and the remembrance of it was like the prettiest dream she ever had; the gay, green fields where the brooks played at hide-and-seek in the grasses, and the long, sunny meadows filled with daisies and buttercups, that were like so many bright, winking eyes, looking at the sky all day, and shutting themselves up at night so that they could never see the stars as long as they lived. But, after all, it was very grand to remain at home and be papa's little housekeeper; for mamma had impressed upon her mind, very deeply, how necessary it was that some one should stay and care for poor papa while she was away, and Julie took up her new duties with great importance. Biddy gave her a bunch of keys, which she wore dangling at her little waist, while she went about "seeing to things," just like mamma, for all the world.

One Sunday afternoon Julie got tired of staying in the house, and coaxed Nora the nurse to take her out into the park, which was a little way up the street from her papa's house. It was a pleasant place, that pretty, green park, lined with great trees and so bright with flowers—flowers that you mustn't touch for your life, however; and many a little bird, who lived away off in some country orchard, came there on sunny days to slug; and many a little bee left the scented bean-flowers and golden squash blossoms of some cottage garden, and made a fleet voyage through the air to taste the dainty lips of those more aristocratic blossoms. Then there

was a fountain that kept talking and murmuring in its drowsy way, as if it were trying to tell fairy stories. Julie made believe that it did. The bees were working that day just the same as if it wasn't Sunday, and the fountain was telling its sweetest stories, and ever so many people were promenading through the shady walks or sitting on the pretty rustic seats under the trees. Julie liked the park on Sunday better than on any other day; for if one must be still, and not hop about on one foot, nor play with dolls, nor roll hoop upon the sidewalk, it is better to be still where there is something to see and to hear, and so she sat with infinite content on a low seat near the fountain, keeping very still to listen to its murmur, and watch the bright spray that changed to rainbow colors in the sunshine, until it grew toward evening.

But poor Nora the nurse was listening to the vesper bells that were just beginning to call people to church, and wishing that she might go, too, with the crowd of people who were already on their way. But it was of no use, for all the rest of the servants had a holiday that day, and there was no one to leave Julie with. "O dear!" she sighed; for Nora was a good Catholic, and then one meets so many friends at church, and she hadn't seen her sister Biddy or her sweetheart Jerry Sullivan, who was too bashful to come and see her, for three weeks.

"What is the matter, Nora?" questioned Julie, looking up in surprise to see Nora's happy, round face lengthened so.

"O nothing, darlint," said Nora, "only I was wishing to go to church. It's sore on a body to be kept away so long, and everybody a'go'in' and the bells a'ringin'."

"Well," said good-natured little Julie, "you can go. I am not afraid to stay alone."

"No, honey, it would never do in the world. Your papa is away and the house would be left alone intirely, and what would such a nute as yerself do to keep away the fairies?"

"Poh," said Julie, bravely, "I'm not afraid of the fairies; they don't steal children here as they do in Ireland—our fairies are good, mamma says so."

But Nora would not consent to her staying

alone, though Julia persisted that she must, for a long time, for, besides wishing to be kind to Nora, she thought it would be very grand to keep house a whole evening all by herself.

"Well, then," said Julie, at last, "I'll go to church with you—it doesn't keep very late, does it?"

"No," said Nora, "but you'd be asleep before you got there, and what would your papa say? He'd be that angry with me that he'd turn me right out o' doors."

"Papa wouldn't care at all. He took me out himself, one evening, and I never go to sleep early, you know that I don't, and I want to hear the music, and see the little white boys light the candles. Biddy told me about it."

Just then who should come along but Nora's sister and Jerry Sullivan, on their way to church? and Nora could not resist the temptation to join them.

"But," said she, "I'll only walk on a piece with them, and you can come, too, Miss Julie."

But she walked and walked on, until she came to the church door, and then, persuaded by Biddy and Jerry, she couldn't help going in, and Julie, who had added her voice to coax her, was delighted. She had thought that she had never seen a church so nice; the music was splendid, and the altar looked so gay and grand, with its decorations and lights, and the priest chanted in such a queer way, she couldn't understand what the words of his chant were at all, and all the people bowed to the church when they came in. Julie thought that that was funny. She wondered why papa and mamma weren't Catholics—she would be one when she grew up. And the little girl sat very still, listening to the music and looking at the great illuminated window behind the altar, and the strange figures painted upon the walls, until the organ began to sound very far away, and the lights grew very faint, then she curled herself up in one corner of the pew, and was soon fast asleep. And when the service was over, Nora, who was eager to say a great many things to Biddy and Jerry which she had stored up in all this long time of separation, forgot all about her little charge, and they, who had as much to say to her, forgot her, also, and besides, there were so many Biddies and Noras, and Johnnies, and Pats pressing up to speak to them, that they couldn't keep their senses about them at all, so they went out with their comrades and left poor Julie,

who was dreaming as tranquilly as if she had been at home in her own little bed, alone. The last footstep pattered out onto the sidewalk, and the sexton, after putting things to rights about the altar a little, turned down the lights, never noticing the mite asleep in her solitary corner, and then he went out, too, locking the great door, and leaving the church in silence and darkness.

A clock struck somewhere, with loud, distinct strokes, and Julie, stirring uneasily in her sleep, her head, which was propped up against a pew cushion, fell with a jar against the hard wall, and she awoke and looked around her in bewilderment, and for a few moments had no idea where she could be, it was so strange to be sitting up in the night with one's things on.

But when her eyes were fairly open she saw the great colored windows with the moonlight sifting through them, the outline of the high altar, and the gleaming pipes of the organ in the gallery, and realized that she had been left in the church. You can imagine how frightened she was—she did not even dare to stir, but she screamed until every echo in the church was aroused and answered her in amazement. It was such a grand, dark, gloomy place to be left alone in at night; many a grown person would have trembled with fear in a like situation, and poor little Julie was almost frantic. Various ghost stories that had been smuggled into the nursery at home, by Nora and Kate, flitted through her mind in rapid succession, until she fancied that she saw strange, gliding shapes in the dusky aisles, and heard slow, hollow footfalls creeping over the marble floors. Then there was a moonbeam that shone directly into a pair of great, staring eyes in a picture over the altar, or, at least, they seemed staring because the rest of the face was in shadow, and she fancied that they regarded her with a look of stern displeasure, and even if she closed her eyes she couldn't help seeing them all the time.

How could Nora have been so cruel as to leave her there, she thought, and would it ever be morning again, and should she ever get away from that dreadful place in the world? The minutes seemed as long as hours in passing by, and Julie, crouching in her corner trying to hide away—from what or whom, she could hardly tell—thought that she had waited there as long as the longest night that ever was, when there was a noise at the outer door and then *real* footsteps in

the vestibule and, O joy! Nora's voice in its sharp, excited key;

"Bless the darlint!" she cried, folding the trembling little girl in her arms, "and it's frightened to death she is, and I'll niver be after forgivin' meself, niver in the world. Sure and I forgot all about yees, yees was so still in the church, and I wint home with Biddy and never minded about yees until I was goin' up the steps at home, and straight I wint to the sexton's, and after the bother of getting him up with the key, I'm here at last."

And Julie, now that Nora was there to

take her home, began to be very brave. To be sure, she was a little frightened, she said, but she didn't care the least bit in the world now, and she walked home as bright and wide awake as if it were broad daylight and nothing had happened. But she never has had the least desire to go to church with Nora again, and when she goes with papa and mamma she is careful to keep her eyes as wide open as possible, and never to lean back upon the cushions, for fear that she might fall asleep and be left alone at night in the church again.

CHEERFULNESS IN SUFFERING.

BY FRANK T. UNDERHILL.

By the pleasant porch in summer
Hung with vines of verdure rare,
Where the bee, a constant comer,
Droned its music on the air;

Where the birds, with bliss o'erflowing,
Poured their notes the livelong day,
And the shadows, coming, going,
All around the precinct lay;

Sat a boy, the widow's treasure,
Worn and feeble, pale and lame,
But upon his face a pleasure
Beamed with never-dying flame.

Though in posture never moving,
Everything gave joy to him;
All the scenes of beauty loving,
Eye nor spirit e'er grew dim.

Childish voices round him sounding,
Ne'er a saddened look had he;
And his heart, with love abounding,
Echoed to their noisy glee.

Dearly loved he joyous nature,
Hum of bee, and song of bird,
And the landscape's every feature,
And the singing brook he heard;

Cattle lowing in the meadow,
Forest waving in the breeze,
Glowing sunlight, falling shadow,
Voice of insect minstrelsie.

Everybody knew and cheered him,
Gave him pleasant word and smile,
And the loving souls that neared him
Bettered were themselves the while.

On them fell his patient spirit,
Beaming through its weight of care,
And the joys the blest inherit
Rested round his easy-chair.

But a change the scene investeth:
Vacant is the little seat;
Round the porch a sadness resteth,
Late with peace and love replete.

Though the birds their song still utter,
And the bees their drone outpour,
And the leaves of summer flutter
By the widow's cottage door,

He that gave the scene its beauty
By his patience and his love—
Type to us of faith and duty—
Rests in painless peace above.



THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Upon three eggs, well beaten, pour a pint of milk scalding hot, stirring all the time; sweeten to taste; flavor with lemon or rose-water; bake twenty minutes in an oven at a moderate heat; it will bake better when the dish containing it is placed in another partly filled with hot water. A custard made in this way is vastly superior to one made of cold milk, as it does not "whey."

BISCUIT PUDDING.—Crumble four moderate-sized biscuits in two pints of sweet milk; take a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, three eggs; beat them separate, and pour the white on top; add a little nutmeg; bake half an hour.

TINCTURE OF LEMON.—Fill a pint bottle half full of brandy or whiskey. When a lemon is used cut the rind up freely, and place it in the bottle, thus making your own extract for flavoring cake, etc.

LEMON PIE.—Grate the yellow part of the peel of one large lemon, and add it, with the juice, to two-thirds of a cup of sugar; mix smoothly one and one half tablespoonful of flour to three-quarters of a tea-cupful of water; stir all together, and add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs; bake, with only an under-crust, to a nice golden-brown color; when done, pour over the top the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with two tablespoonful of powdered white sugar; set in the oven for a few minutes to harden.

CURRENT CAKE.—Take two pounds of flour, half a pound of butter rubbed in the flour, half a pound of moist sugar, a few caraway seeds, three or four tablespoonful of yeast, and a pint of milk made a little warm. Mix all together, and let it stand an hour or two at the fire to rise; then beat it up with three eggs and half a pound of currants. Put it in a tin, and bake two hours in a moderate oven.

SETTLING COFFEE.—The following is recommended as being a good way not only to settle coffee, but to prevent the escape of its aroma: For one pound of coffee take one egg and beat it well. When the coffee is nicely browned, and cool enough not to cook the egg, pour the egg over it, stirring it until every kernel is coated with a varnish, and let it stand a few minutes in a warm place until it dries. This will prevent the escape of all aroma, is not

affected by moisture, and the egg helps the coffee when it is ground and steeped.

APPLE AND PASTE PUDDING IN BASIN.—Make one pound of paste, roll it a quarter of an inch thick, lay some in a bowl, fill it with apples cut in quarters, add two cloves, two ounces of sugar, a little butter; put another piece of paste on the top, and join the edge nicely; tie it in a cloth and boil. It can be served up either in the basin or turned out. Do not open the top to put more sugar in, as it spoils the flavor and makes it heavy. All fruit puddings may be done the same way.

MINCE PIES WITHOUT APPLES OR MEAT.—Six crackers, one cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, one half cup of vinegar, and two cups boiling water, will make three pies.

OLD FOWLS.—Fowls of doubtful age may safely be converted into a pudding. The fowls should be trussed as for boiling, and enveloped in a crust roly-poly fashion—that is, the pudding cloth tied at both ends. Boil for five hours, by which time an old fowl acquires a degree of tenderness which it would never attain by ever so careful boiling or roasting. The flavor of the dish is considerably increased by stuffing the fowl with veal stuffing or force-meat of any kind. Sausage meat is good.

MINCE PIES WITHOUT MEAT.—Take figs and raisins, any convenient proportion, chop, and add a little lemon juice or chopped sour apple. Stew it before putting in the crust. This requires no sweetening or flavoring, and is perfectly healthful. Materials can always be got in the market, and are no more expensive than those which require sugar to sweeten them.

COOKING BEETS.—When they are washed the little fibres and ragged excrescences should not be broken off, as the juices of the root will thus be lost. Young beets boil in an hour; but in the winter they require from two to three hours. When tender, put them for a minute or two in a basin of cold water, then take them in your hands and slip the skins off. This is a much better way than to remove the skin with a knife. Lay them into a dish, cut them several times through, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add a little butter, and if you choose vinegar also. It is a good way to cut up all that remain after dinner, put on salt and vinegar, and set them aside to be used another day.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

AN AMBITIOUS JOURNALIST.—An adventurous London journalist, who is going to Abyssinia in advance of the expedition, tried to nigriify himself recently with tincture of iodine. Thus transformed, he took a quiet walk in the sunshine (of course in a walled garden), and was rather surprised to find himself photographically tattooed with an exact reflex of the trees and flowers around him.

FRUIT FLAVORED AT WILL.—A gardener of Gand has, after many trials, succeeded in giving any kind of fruit the flavor he pleases while it is still on the tree. Let us take an apple, for instance; he pricks it rather deeply in four or five places with a large needle, and then lets it dip for a while in a bowl containing a liquid possessing the flavor he wishes to communicate. After a few seconds this will have penetrated into the pulps; and this operation being repeated two or three times, at intervals of eight or ten days, the apple is left to ripen on the tree, and will subsequently be found to have acquired the taste of strawberry, raspberry, cloves, etc., according to the liquid employed.

THE DEATH RATE.—Professor Loomis, in opening a course of medical lectures in New York, said that the improvements in medicine have increased longevity seventy-one per cent in Paris in sixty years; that one hundred years ago the death rate was one in twenty, and is now one in forty, and that there is a greater difference in the average longevity between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in London than there was between a year of general health in that city and a year of cholera.

A CURIOUS WATCH.—During the reign of Catherine II., of Russia, an ingenious Russian peasant, named Kaluhin, constructed a musical watch to perform a single chant. The machine was about the size of an egg, within which was a representation of the tomb of the Saviour, with the Roman sentinels on watch. On lightly pressing a spring, the stone would be rolled from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, the angels appear, the holy women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant which is sung on Easter eve be accurately performed.

A CURIOUS SUNGLASS.—A wonderful doctor, with a wonderful sunglass, is at work. By the simple use of a sunglass and the rays of the sun, he has effectually removed life-long deformities from the faces of a number of per-

sons; but little pain is caused. A gentleman in Windsor, one-half of whose face was badly discolored from his birth, was made to rejoice in a whole clean face; and a young lady who suffered from an unsightly excrescence on her chin, was similarly relieved. A mole burned with an actual little blaze, and then disappeared with a slight "pop" or explosion. The patient felt little or no pain after the first momentary "sing." Another man writes that the doctor's glass cured him of an obstinate cancer. It had been twice removed by surgeons. Burned out by the doctor's glass it stays out, or, at least, it has stayed out for upwards of a year.

SINGULAR TREE.—In the Island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet, after half an hour the tree is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up; and others continue flowering in the night during the whole year.

AN UNDERGROUND FOREST.—The McGregor (Iowa) News learns that Captain Appleman, who lives on a point of land nearly the highest in Fayette county, east of Clermont, while sinking a well, a few days ago, through heavy clay at the top of a hill, at the depth of twelve or fifteen feet, came upon the top of a forest, the trees, many of them, standing upright in the solid earth. The trees were small, about fifteen feet in height, and standing in a position showing that the earth by which they were submerged had been gently and gradually deposited around them, else they could not have maintained an erect position.

AN INTELLIGENT CAT.—The owner of a cat lately taught him to trade mice for meat, receiving from his master a piece for every mouse presented. One day a mouse was brought and laid down before the clerk, who did not happen to understand the arrangement. Tom, determined not to be hauled off the reward, carried the captive up stairs and laid it before his mistress, who, not liking such a present, scolded him for bringing it into the house, and threw it out of the window. The cat then ran down stairs, went out and found his mouse, and kept it until night, till his master came home, when once more the mouse was brought in, and kitty claimed his reward and received it.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A PLANTATION PREACHER.—The following is a story told by the Bishop of Tennessee at the recent Church congress, as showing the education of a plantation preacher. He said:

I was visiting a plantation, and the bell was rung, and the negroes, numbering some five hundred, gathered in the parlors and piazzas of the house, belonging, unfortunately for himself, to a bachelor. After reading a chapter to them I preached, and said that I would hold a service the next day to baptize such as should be presented. I baptized between seventy and eighty, and, after a service, I fell into conversation with "Uncle Tony," a plantation preacher. I asked him about various Christian doctrines, and finally said:

"And what about the resurrection?"

With a very solemn face he replied, "You see, master, intment is intment."

"Yes."

"Well, you see dere is a speritual body, and dis body made out of dus'."

"Ycs."

"Well, you see, when de Angel Gabriel comes down from heaben, and golu' up and down de ribber Jordan, a blowin' of his trumpet, and the birds of heaben singin', and de bells of heaben ringin', and the milk and de honey rainin' down on all the hills of heaben, he will bring de speritual body wid him down from heaben, and take dis here body out of de dus', and take the intment and rub it on, den stick togedder—and dar dey is."

KIND INQUIRIES.—Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down on Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among those relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza, where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the

spell by, "How's your father?" which was answered much after the same manner as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came:

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

WESTERN IDIOMS.—Immigrants from the East were very merry at the expense of their Missouri neighbors in Kansas. In a street discussion a loungee was defending as correct the rural Southern phrases—"We 'uns" and "You 'uns." One of the bystanders asked him:

"Are you a grammarian?"

"Which?" was his bewildered inquiry.

"Are you a grammarian?"

"Why, no, I'm a Missourian!"

It was a distinction *with* a difference. But the fun is not all on one side. I remember an old Missourian who was brought in contact with many Eastern men by the establishment of a new stage line through the neighborhood. Said he:

"I've lived on the frontier all my life. I know the English and the sign language, and have picked up a smattering of French, Spanish, Choctaw and Delaware; but one language I can't understand, and that is this infernal New York language!"

DETERMINED TO BE REVENGED.—An old lady, a professor of the washerwoman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the country. One afternoon, soon after she was comfortably established in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the west, and before many minutes a tornado swept through her small property, scattering the timbers of her little barn in every direction. Coming out of her kitchen, and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady at first could not find words to express her indignation; but at last she exclaimed:

"Well, here's a pretty business! No matter, though. I'll pay you for this. *I'll wash on Sunday!*"

PICTURES FOR THE SEASON.



A bachelor's idea of wedded bliss.



Ye ancient times in Merrie England, when it was marry or pay a tax to lone widows.



Santa Claus and the children.



A police officer receives the snow-ball intended for another. Picturesque attitudes of the boys.



Mr. Slow is caught between two fires, and wonders where the policeman is.



The good-natured driver, and his jolly load of boys.

